

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1885.

ON THIS SIDE.

IV.

THE most brilliant and attractive of American cities was looking its best when "the allied forces," as the English party laughingly called themselves, invested it. Congress was still in session, pleasure very much at the helm. The numerous parks were lovely with the first vivid flush of green, and already boasted their fairest flowers, the little children just escaped from their winter hot-houses. The streets were gay with throngs of people, even at other hours than those when the Departments give up their employees. Smart carriages rolled smoothly down the wide asphalt avenues by day, containing maids or matrons, richly dressed, poring intently over their social ledgers and day-books in the shape of visiting-lists, making an occasional entry under protest, or scoring off thankfully, almost devoutly, entries already made, as they stopped at first one house and then another and either left the customary heaps of pasteboard or stopped to make a call. And at night the same carriages took half the dear five hundred to meet the other half at innumerable entertainments, and everybody agreed that flesh and blood could not stand the wear and tear of such a life much longer, but continued to go everywhere all the same. The wives of certain officials felt that

they at least had stood it as long as mortal woman could, and envied Miss Kilmansegg one of her golden possessions, while counting their "days," that they might apply their hearts unto other matters, if not to wisdom. The soul of the eligible young man sickened at the sight of fresh invitations or the thought of chicken-salad. The heart of the susceptible young lady had been broken over and over again by naval officers, army officers, foreign attachés, and agreeable strangers at large. But, like that thrilling story in which the hero swallows the contents of a vial of arsenic, shoots himself through the head, and then leaps from London Bridge into the river, exclaiming, "The end is not yet!" the season held its own, in spite of all its tragedies, comedies, romances, and sensations of every kind. And, to look on that social surface on whose brow "Time writes no wrinkles," one would have supposed that Moore's millennium had come, and that "not tear nor aching heart could in this world be found."

Mrs. Sykes had opposed stopping in Washington, on the ground that it was "quite unnecessary," as the Capitol, which was "the great card of the place," could be distinctly seen from the train as it moved in. Left to herself, she would certainly have bought the little book of views of the city

offered for sale *en route*, transferred them to her diary with a *réchauffé* of the descriptions attached, and gone her way more than content. But she was overruled; and even she found a little that she could admire here and there, in the public buildings, the handsome avenues, and the charmingly individualized houses, that have so entirely the air of having been built for homes, instead of being run up by the block to contractors' orders and then converted into homes.

They put up at the hotel recommended by the De Witts; and next morning Sir Robert, being desirous of making certain inquiries, was told that "Mr. Maffy, at the office," would "post him" about everything. The official to whom he was thus referred proved to be a very pale young gentleman, with a general air of having sat up all night, a rapid utterance, and a perfect willingness to impart all the information desired as to the situation of the post-office and the nearest bank, the hours when the foreign mails closed, and so on. He was so obliging, too, as to add certain supplementary suggestions—"wrinkles," he called them, and certainly "extras," though not charged as such—as to what Sir Robert should do, see, and avoid, not only there, but throughout America. There was no difficulty, either, about finding out where the residence of his minister was, latitude being reckoned from there, instead of from Greenwich, in Washington,—real-estate agents making their "ad" (*captandum vulgus*) of a house as "in the immediate neighborhood of," "twelve blocks north of," or "on a line of cars leading directly to, the British Minister's." Affecting spectacle of American respectability sheltering itself under the ægis of St. George!

Having got all this information, Sir Robert posted certain letters and notes, and then said to Mr. Maffy, "Should you think it likely to remain fine? Have you usually good weather at this season?"

"First-rate," replied Mr. Maffy confidently. "Yesterday was a sample of what we get about now. How are your

ladies this morning? All right, I hope; but if they are tired, and would like to stay in their rooms, I'll see that their meals are fixed up to suit them and sent up. And if they would like anything to read, I'll send them up something. I've got all Messrs. Bulwer and Dickens's works, and I subscribe for several magazines."

Deathless, unquenchable gallantry was the key-note of Mr. Maffy's character; but Sir Robert did not understand the situation at all, and stared in an evidently perplexed way at the speaker.

"What should they stay shut up in their bedrooms for on a beautiful day like this?" he asked. "If they want anything to read, they can send out and get it in."

With this he took himself off, leaving Mr. Maffy with an impression that he was "not a polite gentleman at all,—probably *jealous*," and carrying away a confused idea that Mr. Maffy was "an impudent fellow," who had meant—he could not say what; whereas the truth was that Mr. Maffy prided himself on being "a polite gentleman," and was not conscious of any social gulf between himself and the people stopping at the hotel that could not be bridged by these small attentions, which he was very much in the habit of showing.

The ladies were much amused when told of the incident, said he must be "a most droll, curious creature," and thought Mr. Maffy was "trying to take them in, perhaps, in some way."

"What do you say to a good, brisk spin?" suggested Sir Robert. "I have not stretched my legs, except to potter about a bit in New York, since I landed, and I am longing to get out in the country again."

It seemed that they all felt the need of a constitutional, and off they tramped accordingly to Georgetown, and far beyond, enjoying their walk as people do with whom walking is not merely the getting over so much ground in a given time at a certain pace, but a fine art. Nothing escaped them. The earth, air, and sky, the rocks, trees, plants, the note of every bird, came in for a share of notice.

They botanized a little, and Sir Robert whipped out a trowel that he had brought, and Miss Noel had her pocket-microscope with which to inspect each treasure-trove as he enthusiastically transferred it either to his pockets or, when those began to overflow, to her basket; and both were quite charmed by "the plants of the country." They found a fern just beginning to uncurl its fronds which neither of them had ever seen before, and which awakened an intoxicating hope that they might be "the first to introduce it into England;" a lily something like their own Thames water-lily, and "quite worthy of an English garden;" an anemone which Sir Robert remembered to have seen in Palestine and considered to be the one that eclipsed Solomon in all his glory; "delicious" bits of moss, "fascinating fungi," and delight without end. While Sir Robert was cutting off buds, twigs, leaves, and bits of bark to be inspected and dissected at his leisure, Mrs. Sykes, quite fresh from Murchison and Hugh Miller, was interesting herself in various stones and pebbles which she had observed or picked up. Even Ethel and the two young men, having been trained to use their eyes, found a great deal to enjoy. The scenery was by no means unappreciated, and the ladies did a little sketching, — Miss Noel making two water-color blurs representing nothing whatever to the ordinary eye, and Mrs. Sykes dashing off a very clever and spirited outline of a view that pleased her, to be worked up later. The "spin" was an affair of twelve miles, and they came back to a late luncheon as fresh, to all appearance, as when they started, ravenous, and delighted to have gathered more than thirty plants quite new to them.

They intended to repeat the experience very often, but it proved the only quiet, tranquil episode in their stay, for their letters of introduction, having been presented, met with an immediate and generous response, and they were sucked at once into the social whirlpool, from which it would have required a strong effort of will to release them-

selves. Invitations of every kind fairly rained upon them, and visitors poured in without end. They dined at the White House,—at least some of them did,—at their own minister's and other ministers', went to parties and receptions at the houses of the Cabinet officers, teas, luncheons, *déjeuners-à-la-fourchette*, Germans, entertainments innumerable, to say nothing of concerts and lectures and operas. They made acquaintance with hosts of people, who vied with each other, it seemed to them, in showing them every kindness and a most lavish hospitality,—people from Maine and California and Illinois and Cuba and the countries lying between,—very charming people most of them, and a few as odd as possible, Washington being a net that catches every kind of fish, from a whale to a minnow, and some varieties rarely seen elsewhere. They differed so radically from each other in appearance, manner, voice, and speech, and opened such an extensive field for observation and comparison, that Sir Robert's search for a national type became a very serious business indeed, especially as so many other things claimed his time and attention. A busier baronet was never seen. He attended the Congressional debates and took a lively interest in the questions discussed, pronounced the Senate the most dignified legislative body that he had ever seen, and the House "an alert, business-like, practical set of fellows, though not particularly statesman-like in appearance and behavior." He thought "the speaking surprisingly good," and compared the speakers with this and that orator in the French Chamber of Deputies or the Reichstag. He made "thumb-nail sketches," as he called them, of the more prominent members, often hitting off a likeness admirably in a few lines, and a *précis* of the most eloquent speeches, for the diary, together with an account of the lines upon which the two great parties were laid down, and of their leaders. He looked up Indian legends at the public libraries, and transferred such as pleased him to the diary. He went all

over the Treasury, and informed himself as far as possible about the currency, especially its more interesting features, the coins now rare and no longer in use, such as the Continental paper money, the pine-tree shillings, the Granby and Carolina elephant coppers, the golden eagle of 1796. The national banks and the financial condition of the country had to be looked into, and the result was recorded in the diary in facts and figures that would have satisfied Mr. Gradgrind, —formidable statements that fairly bristled with statistics, tabulated expositions of the imports, exports, cotton-, tobacco-, and corn-crops of the United States for about fifty years, with more than incidental mention of the war debt, and an argument in favor of a national floating debt. He went to the Patent-Office, and came back with his head one nightmare of screws, rods, boilers, engines, pistons, patents, to express in the diary a profound respect for "the amazing inventive talent of the Americans." He revelled in the Smithsonian, and made an acquaintance that developed into intimacy with a savant there, "who laid him under a considerable obligation" (*vide* the diary) by presenting him, "on the first occasion of meeting," with a fish from Lake Champlain of a period when it was *à la mode* for fishes to wear their bones externally, as Australian cherries still do their stones. He made a pilgrimage to Mount Vernon, and the diary glowed with honest admiration of and veneration for "the great and good Washington, who had the genius of Napoleon without his selfish ambition and cruelty." He went to Arlington also, and proved conclusively in the diary that "Washington and Lee were really Englishmen once removed." He carefully measured what Mr. Ramsay called "the chimney they are puttin' up down by the river to John Washington," and contrasted it in the diary with other public monuments in various parts of the world. He got histories, maps, geographies, biographies, and went about his American studies with an energy and thoroughness which never relaxed during his stay in the country, and which

made him eventually better informed about it than ninety-nine men out of a hundred born in it. Englishmen are apt to be either grossly ignorant of it or to know it in this way. And with all this he returned scrupulously every call made upon him, neglected none of the social duties, and enjoyed its pleasures, dining nightly with judges, professors, admirals, generals, Senators, and personages generally. It is not surprising that he thought Washington "an uncommonly pleasant place," and declared with truth that he "met every day a great number of very interesting and agreeable people."

As for the young people, they amused themselves with equal success, if in quite different ways. Mr. Ramsay achieved his usual immediate popularity. The leader of the German paled before him. If he could have taken himself apart in sections, like a telescope, he could not have accepted half his invitations; and at parties, although he danced badly in spite of the most pains-taking attention to his steps, it would have required a wheelbarrow, almost, to carry away the favors he received. Although so remarkably handsome, he was not conceited or spoiled, but so perfectly simple, natural, and human, indeed, that as an ugly man he would have been agreeable, and as it was he attracted and pleased everybody. Mr. Heathcote was also liked. Instead of keeping up his London habits and sharing the immortality of the famous Hussar regiment, whose officers give beautiful balls and attend them, but only with the distinct understanding that "the Tenth don't dance," let girls sit partnerless and hostesses plead as they will, he suddenly abandoned the Turkish position entirely. He waltzed, and galloped, and quadrilled, and would have polked if he could have got a partner. He tried to learn several new dances, and might have been seen twirling away like a West Point cadet until all hours in the morning, when there could be no philanthropic motive whatever for such exertions. Partners were plentiful, and it seemed to him that he was simply being numbered

with the fogies by holding aloof; and then the girls were so pretty, and danced so well, and the floor and music were so good!

As for Ethel, whom should she meet at her very first ball but the young officer whom Colonel De Witt had presented to her in New York, Captain Kendall! A fortunate encounter; for, accustomed to the beautiful toilets, bright vivacity, and gracious manners of American girls, the men present were rather disposed to think Ethel "heavy," and to avoid her in consequence. She was certainly very solid in tissue, somewhat stolid and lymphatic in temperament, unbecomingly dressed, and lacking in grace; yet any one looking below the surface could not but have felt the charm of her sincerity and simplicity, would have noted the clear truthfulness of her eyes, the perfection of her complexion, the general refinement of her face, with its regular features, and hair drawn with uncompromising plainness straight back from the temples to be coiled in a low knot. The captain had certainly done so. Her shy and stiff manner had not repelled him, her sensible and thoughtful replies pleased him, he had remembered her with uncommon distinctness, and was more than satisfied to find her in Washington. He devoted himself to her almost exclusively that evening, he called upon her promptly next day, and caused a small commotion by asking thoughtlessly for her alone, though he had the pleasure of seeing Miss Noel as well. He would have taken her to the theatre, also alone, had not Miss Noel, startled by these unusual demonstrations, insisted on her declining, Ethel having rejected the only compromise offered,—namely, that she should "take Parsons along." He sent her very lovely bouquets, and might have made the most decided impression upon a very true heart, had not that always unmanageable, universally troublesome organ chosen to attach itself to Mr. Ramsay, whom she had known from childhood, who called her by her Christian name and was very fond of her in a way, though not at all in the

same way, and who was entirely unconscious of the state of her feelings.

Stimulated by Sir Robert's industry, as well as by meeting so many incarnations of American geography in the persons of ladies from the North and South, East and West, Miss Noel got a huge map, which she tacked up on the wall; also a paper of pins. Every time any one called, she would, on finding out where they were from, stick a pin at once in her map, and so gradually got quite an idea of the overwhelming whole. "You can't think what a capital plan it is for one who is dull and hasn't a good memory," she said. "The names of the places are so very odd, and the distances so great, that I should never be able to master the subject abstractly. But this plan answers nicely, and impresses localities on my mind quite wonderfully. When some one says, 'I am a Californian,' I think, 'Oh, that is a place I know.' That nice, attractive Mrs. Hudson lives there that told me about the vineyards, and the Chinese servants, and the marvellous climate, and fruits, and flowers.' And if another visitor proves to be a Maine—what do you say? not Maniac, I hope,—I immediately say to myself, 'That very superior woman Miss Marlowe was from Maine; and how delightfully she talked of the forests, and the loggers, and the life there!' I shall really get very well up on it in a little while, and in such a pleasant way! I get things a little mixed sometimes, but one must expect that;—yesterday, for instance, when I asked Mrs. Blair if the cotton-fields of Massachusetts were not very beautiful when the bolls were maturing, and she had to tell me that I was talking arrant nonsense; not in those words, though: she was far too polite for that. I am sure I saw the cotton-fields of Massachusetts represented in a panorama once at Bath, called 'America in Sixty Views,' to which I went as a girl with dear mamma. There was a dreadful slave-driver, I remember, carrying a wand with an iron tip heated red-hot, and the blacks all wore orange and red turbans, poor things! But perhaps

there has been some great change of climate, owing to the forests having been cut down, and it can no longer be grown there. And you heard Miss Marlowe laughing at me for saying 'Kansaw,' following the pronunciation of Arkansaw. But still I am learning a great deal every day,—learning how very ignorant I am, for one thing."

"If you consider yourself ignorant, what do you think of the gross ignorance of the American women?" said Mrs. Sykes. "They know nothing of the natural productions of their own country whatever. Their knowledge of the vegetable world is confined to edibles, and I doubt if they would know those if they saw them growing in the garden. As for the rest, I don't believe they know gorse from heather, or fungus from moss. You know that you have not been able to get any information about the plants you got the other day, except from Miss Marlowe. Geology they have barely heard of. I haven't met one who knew so much as the order in which the strata succeed each other from the primitive rocks up to the cretaceous, tertiary, and alluvial formations, or the principal fossils found in them. I doubt if they know granite from chalk. It is really lamentable! They are merely painted, affected, artificial dolls!—that is what they are,—extravagant and idle beyond belief, as far as I can see. I can't make out how they ever got the name of being charming."

Miss Noel conceded that the fair sex in America had "not been trained to love and observe nature," but she stoutly defended them from the other charges, without, however, succeeding in silencing Mrs. Sykes, who had mounted her favorite *cheval de bataille*. According to her, American women were "most disappointing" in every respect. They were all "too pale," "too thin," "too dark," too something, they had no "figgers," they were "forward," and "boisterous," and "vulgar," and "dreadfully overrated." But, such as they were, she "would say one thing for them," they were "vastly superior

to the men,"—whom she was always asking to account for the fact. She was much vexed with Miss Noel sometimes for not agreeing with her. The truth was that, while Miss Noel regarded everything and everybody in her own kindly fashion, pleased and pleasing, liking and being liked, praising where she could honestly do so, and excusing the faults and defects that she saw for the sake of the virtues and merits that so greatly outweighed them, Mrs. Sykes looked at the new world in which she found herself through what the Duke of Argyll calls "the glasses of custom and traditional opinion," a short-sighted, unfortunate substitute for that large vision which sees the traits, peculiarities, habits, customs, manners—in short, the social and political condition—of other nations than one's own through a sympathetic and therefore true medium, and finds, consequently, much that is deserving of admiration and imitation as well as condemnation. Too many English people take these glasses wherever they go, and like them none the less because they can see nothing but England through them, no matter what part of Europe, Asia, or Africa they may be in. Mrs. Sykes had a pair of uncommon magnifying power. If a thing was "English," it was superlatively excellent. If it was not "English," it was ridiculous and odious. All the inevitable differences between England and America (neither numerous nor striking when certain facts are remembered) she set down as so many instances of hopeless degeneration and perversity. The Virginians of to-day, who are much more like the English people of two hundred years ago than the present inhabitants of the great little island, might with equal justice reproach the latter with having changed (as they think) for the worse and lost that fine old flavor of rigid conservatism and invincible prejudice which true Britons and Churchmen should always preserve at any cost.

The one thing that Mrs. Sykes did understand and respect in America was its riches. Attentions and courtesies were worse than wasted upon her. So

utterly did she misinterpret the meaning of her reception, with all its delicate thoughtfulness and generous hospitality, that she only grew ruder, more patronizing, more insufferable, with every fresh proof of what she chose to regard as her importance, until Miss Noel was thoroughly ashamed of her, and Sir Robert protested that if he had known what sort of woman she was, nothing could have induced him to allow her to join his party. She was not sensitively alive to their disapproval, however, and only felt herself to be making a kind of royal progress through her loyal provinces, receiving the homage that was her due, and dispensing such scant approbation, haughty recognition, or severe blame as became her position and as the circumstances called for. Still, her subjects were sometimes perverse and rebellious, as subjects have been known to be. A good many people came between the wind and her nobility, and nothing was ordered quite to suit her. It is just possible, too, that, in spite of her satisfaction with herself, her French dresses, and her Mayfair manners, she was vaguely conscious that she was by no means as popular as the other members of the party. She would have been less popular still if the people who were showing her, in her capacity of stranger, various attentions could have heard her saying again and again, "How tremendously we are being run after, to be sure! I was never so made up to in all my life."

Other outlets for her energies soon presented themselves besides social ones. Miss Noel had one day wheeled a little table before her, and, with her herbarium outspread on it, was intently classifying and arranging a new acquaintance—half pansy, half violet—which she was loath to crush between two stiff boards, when the door opened, and Mrs. Sykes burst in upon her, looking extremely animated, not to say excited. "What do you think? Who do you suppose is staying in this house?" she said. "The most wonderful luck! You'll never guess, so I may as well tell you at once. A Mormon elder from Utah! Isn't it

delightful? I am quite wild about it! Such a chance! I shall send him my card, get up some story about wishing to buy property out there, or something, and ask to see him. I dare say there will be no trouble about it; and I have dozens of things to ask him."

"You would not do such a thing, really?" remonstrated Miss Noel. "You can't mean to have anything to say to the creature. What would your friends at home say if they knew it?"

"Oh, they wouldn't mind, at all. Most of them would quite envy me the opportunity. Besides, it doesn't matter much what one does over here: it can't affect one's position there," Mrs. Sykes replied.

"You will not seek the man, surely?" said Miss Noel, horrified.

"Oh, won't I, just!" said Mrs. Sykes. "I'll see him before another twelve hours goes over my head. I may go out there, you know, and he would be very useful to me: so I mean to butter him up one side and down the other beautifully, and play my cards so as to get asked to stay at his house, if possible, and then put down everything I see. I should adore visiting a Mormon family: shouldn't you?"

"I should expect the roof to fall in upon me. Not for any consideration, short of absolute necessity or the clearest demand of duty, would I cross such a threshold," said Miss Noel. "I don't at all like his being here. How did you hear of it?"

Mrs. Sykes made no reply. She would not have minded giving her authority, but she was already absorbed in her prospective interview, and was maturing her method of cross-examination so as to leave nothing unasked that she could wish to know, or that would add to the interest of her diary; not that she adhered fanatically to facts in that voluminous record, but because truth in this case might be far more dramatic than any of her fictions.

Mrs. Sykes had no British reserve, or, indeed, reserve of any kind, and always interrogated everybody promiscuously that she met when she reached a place.

She had just learned this interesting piece of information from a housemaid whom she saw gossiping and sniggering in the hall as she pointed out to a sister maid a tall, dark, severe-looking man of the most rigid aspect who was going down-stairs. All that day she thought of scarcely anything else, and she felt that Fortune favored her when, the following morning, as she was leaving the hotel-restaurant, she espied through an open door the object of her deepest interest, reading the papers in a small parlor opening into the passage she was traversing. Without a moment's indecision, she walked into the room. "Excuse me intruding like this," she said briskly. "Here is my card. I am travelling in America, and I wish to talk with you particularly, if you are not too much engaged."

The gentleman whom she addressed looked at the card, and bowed stiffly as he said, in a sepulchral sort of voice, "Be seated, madam: I am at your service."

"I have heard of you," Mrs. Sykes began, "and I have been curious to meet you."

The stranger bowed solemnly again and unbent somewhat. He wondered whether his arduous service in and devotion to a certain cause were getting abroad.

"I never was more curious than I have been to see some of your people," Mrs. Sykes went on,—"not even the Singhalese, who reverse the thing, you know. I am very much interested in them, I assure you: They must be quite out of the common,—the life, and all that."

"If you are making any stay in this country, madam, you will have every opportunity of making their acquaintance; and I trust that you will carry back with you agreeable impressions of the American people," replied the stranger, with the national desire to propitiate the foreign critic. "In the course of my missionary labors I have travelled all over this country pretty much, and I don't think there can be a more beautiful or prosperous one in the

wide world. How do you like what you have seen?"

"Oh, it's all very well, I dare say,—very rough and new, of course, and there has not been time enough to ornament it yet, I suppose. But you were saying your missionary labors took you about a great deal. Have you had much success? Is that what you are doing here? I should think that you would do better in the poorer parts, among more ignorant people; at least I have been informed so," said Mrs. Sykes.

"I have done very well in Washington,—far better than I had thought at all likely. I have secured in a month's stay over two hundred names. It is true that the wealthy do not respond to the call as the earnest of more moderate means, often the poor, do; but still I have no reason to feel discouraged, and I would like to say to you—"

The stranger was interrupted by what he felt to be a rude and frivolous demonstration on the English lady's part. Mrs. Sykes had thrown herself back on the sofa, and she laughed unrestrainedly as he spoke.

"It is no sort of use appealing to me; none whatever," she said, and laughed afresh. "What fun it will be to tell them of it at home!" she thought.

"Very well. I never intrude myself upon persons who are prejudiced against the cause. It is useless, and does more harm than good," said the stranger, with dignity.

"Quite so," agreed Mrs. Sykes. "And, now that there is no question of making a 'vert,' I should like to ask you a few questions immensely. I suppose yours is a very flourishing society, and gaining in numbers and influence every day?"

"It is, I am glad to say."

"And you don't think it a shame and a scandal to be running about the country on such an errand? You feel that you are doing religion a service, eh?"

"Certainly; most certainly. How could I think anything else? How could anybody?"

"Well, that is a matter of opinion, you know," said Mrs. Sykes. "A good

many people disagree with you. You are married, of course?"

"I am a widower, madam," replied the lugubrious one, much surprised.

"Not much of one, I suppose," said Mrs. Sykes vivaciously. "You will be taking another in that one's place shortly, shall you not? How many have you had?"

"I lost my all a few months ago. I shall not marry again," affirmed the stranger, with decision, wondering whether the lady before him "could possibly—well, exactly—" He did not frame the thought more clearly.

"You don't—you can't mean to say that you have only had *one* wife?" exclaimed Mrs. Sykes, feeling it impossible that she should be so grossly defrauded.

"Two, madam. Both dead now," sighed the unfortunate husband. "Amiable, excellent women, both of them,—helpmates in the truest sense of the word, but gone now, gone to the better country."

"Only *two*? Why, I thought you would have had at least a dozen!" expostulated Mrs. Sykes in a most aggrieved voice, deprived of an expected sensation.

"A dozen, madam! May I ask what you mean by such an extraordinary speech?" demanded the stranger.

"Extraordinary? Not extraordinary at all. Aren't you a Mormon elder,—Elder Stebbins, from Salt Lake,—pray?" replied Mrs. Sykes, with spirit.

"No, madam. Permit me to inform you that I am nothing of the sort; nothing of the sort, madam. I am the agent of the American Tract Society, madam, and a Presbyterian minister," said the stranger, with heat.

"How very tiresome! How disappointing! Why didn't you say so at once?" exclaimed Mrs. Sykes, indignant as at a deception attempted instead of an impertinence achieved; and, without a word of explanation or apology, she swept out of the room, leaving a highly-respectable member of society almost paralyzed by the interview.

Mrs. Sykes's sense of humor was not

strong; but when her vexation had worn off at the untoward result of investigations conducted in a perfectly business-like spirit, she related amusingly enough to her companions her late adventure. "To think of my having got hold of a 'meenister' of the Kirk, a dreadful old tombstone of a man, and bored myself like that, and wasted all that time! It is really too provoking, and yet, in a way, laughable," she said.

"I hope you mean to write him a note of apology. He must have been scandalized; and no wonder," suggested Miss Noel. "You owe it to him, really. Pray do it at once."

"Oh, dear, no; I shan't bother about him any more. But how can I get to see the other one? I had rather it seemed accidental, if it can be managed," replied Mrs. Sykes reflectively.

So well did she apply herself to this problem that, aided by Mr. Maffy, she conceived and carried out that very day a plan for seating herself at the same table with the elder, fell most casually into conversation with him, and displayed some ingenuity as well as exercised unusual self-restraint in making her inquiries. But, alas! she was not the first person who had tried this little game. The saint, a very commonplace-looking person, answered politely enough the initial questions about the climate, scenery, and industries of Utah; but when, warning with her subject, Mrs. Sykes fired a whole group of interrogation-points at him, all bearing directly upon his most private and personal affairs and peculiar religious views, the elder quietly informed her that he made it a point never to gratify gentile curiosity about his domestic arrangements, and, without further ceremony, left the room, to her great disgust.

"It doesn't signify in the least," she reported. "I am going out there, and trust me for finding out all there is to know. But fancy his impertinence! And—do you know? it is a curious thing—he spoke with a Devonshire accent. I meant to ask him about it, only he took himself off so suddenly."

It was a sensation for the entire party

when, later in the day, the elder sought out Sir Robert and announced that he had been born on his estate, and had lived there until he was a lad of twelve, when he ran away to London and from there had eventually come to America. Sir Robert with some difficulty recalled him as "old Widow Pratt's grandchild;" and the elder asked effusively after "the old place" and such people as he remembered. He answered in his turn all the questions put by the baronet, and offered to do the honors of Utah should he come there. He also asked who Mrs. Sykes was, and remarked that she was "a rare one for pokin' and pryin' into other folks' business; but he was not going 'te-u' give her any satisfaction."

Before leaving, he also expressed a whole political essay in his imperfect fashion. He had given much cogitation to the pros and cons of expatriation, first and last; and, although no longer a British subject, he had enough loyalty left to be offended and perplexed by a rumor that had reached him.

"They tell me, sir, that her majesty has written a book that can be had for fifteen cents," he said, and then, after a moment's reflection, added, "*It was time to leave.*"

On the strength of the tie between them, Sir Robert went so far as to remonstrate with his late tenant on his faith and practice, but quite without effect.

"God bless my soul! I can't get over it. I remember him a curly-headed, rosy-cheeked little beggar, hanging over the fence with his hands full of buttercups. And to think of him now! He is a precious rascal, of course, but I was rather glad to see the fellow, I must confess," said the baronet to Miss Noel.

Mrs. Sykes met the elder in the hall after hearing all this.

"Ah, Stebbins! Is that you?" she said, stopping him promptly and putting up her glass, as if uncertain about so insignificant an identity. "Sir Robert has been telling me of you. Quite a romance, to be sure. Very likely I shall be out in Utah before long, and you may be of service to me in some little ways."

Stebbins shuffled his feet awkwardly and blushed, and then habit, the habit that is second nature, asserted itself. He was no longer a Mormon elder, no longer an American citizen; he was just "Stebbins," Widow Pratt's grandson, "one of the lower classes," and Mrs. Sykes was Sir Robert's acquaintance and equal.

"Very well, mem. Let me know when you come," he muttered, and so shuffled away, uneasy, but subjugated by one blow from the lion's paw. Mrs. Sykes's change of attitude had forced from him the natural, involuntary tribute that an ex-private pays to a general officer when his hand flies to his cap in a military salute before he has time to reflect that he is out of the service.

"The idea of my wasting civilities on Stebbins!" said the victorious Mrs. Sykes, giving an account of the way she had "sat upon" the elder, "and of his being so uppish to-day. He'll not presume again, I warrant; and I'll make use of him."

"Ah, that was before the Mormon conquest," Sir Robert replied laughingly. "Stebbins may be founding an aristocracy, or helping to, out in Utah, for all we know. You should be careful how you offend him. Curious problem that, the Mormon one, and growing more serious every day, I hear. Perhaps history will be talking of the Mormon conquest in earnest some day. Given unlimited fanaticism and unlimited prosperity, and why not? The government does not seem able to cope with it at present, from all I can gather. It strikes me, looking on the surface, that it is a weak administration; or perhaps the fault lies deeper,—I think it does myself,—in the republican principles underlying it. I keep my eyes open, I observe for myself, and several things have struck me. The people seem to have no respect for the authorities; and that is a bad sign. Only yesterday I heard his Excellency the President grossly ridiculed by a cabman; and having occasion to get into the tram,—not that I take it if I have three 'blocks,' as they say here, to go, like the Americans, but I was some miles off and late for dinner,—well, in

it were two young fellows who were chaffing each other all the way. And one of them said, 'Billy, why don't you get yourself up in style, and wear a diamond pin and a stove-pipe hat and sport a gold-headed cane?' And his friend said, 'What do you take me for? Do you take me for a member of Congress? I wouldn't be found dead in that rig. I am sorry my style doesn't suit you; but I get fifty dollars a month, and I am poor, but honest, instead of coming of rich but respectable parents.' *I understood. Official corruption, you see.* This morning, too, when that negress brought home my washing, she surprised me by asking if I had any influence. 'Influence, my good woman!' I said; 'what do you want with influence?' 'Whose influence do you want?' 'I want influence, sah. I want to get de Patent-Office washin'; dat's what I want influence fur,' she said. A remarkable state of affairs, is it not, my dear Augusta? I was talking of it with a member of the Upper House last night at dinner, and he admitted that everything was got by political influence. He seemed a good deal amused, I thought, but still there was the fact. And he granted that the civil service of America was not in an ideal condition. Merit, length of service, and fitness for it count for very little, I judge; and the fact that the thousands of government employees in this place alone live with the sword of Damocles suspended above their heads, good, bad, and indifferent, the public servant of three months and thirty years alike, speaks for itself. It is not only that they have no assured future in the shape of pensions and regular promotion, but that they have no present. They can make no plans, they dare not establish themselves in homes that may have to be broken up any day; and they are quite as liable to be dismissed for no fault as for the gravest offence. How such a service manages to get or keep intelligent, conscientious, and faithful servants is a mystery to me. I have learned all this from a good many sources, and, wishing to verify it, asked my host last night, a member of Congress with whom

I dined at Waelcker's, whether my information was correct. He admitted reluctantly that it was. A very well informed man, an able man I should say, who would give trouble on the opposition bench, but he did a most extraordinary thing! I was never so taken aback in my life. It was after dinner, and I was waiting for the servant to bring me a light for my cigar, when he positively drew a match across the sole of his boot and offered it to me, saying, 'Here you are. Go ahead.' A thing I should have discharged a footman for, and very embarrassing in a host. He meant nothing by it, I saw, any more than by another thing later, when I asked for a glass of water, and the butler not hearing, he nodded toward me, and said to the man, 'Give him some water,' in the most cavalier fashion, and went on with his conversation. Just so. As to matches, I see that an American will draw a match anywhere. I do not think his mother's grave would be safe from it."

The dinner-party to which Sir Robert alluded was anything but a tame affair, and, although he did not know it, he himself had somewhat grated upon the sensibilities of his host.

One of the guests, also a member (with a rabid dislike to England), was not long in directing the conversation into international channels, and inevitably odious comparisons were soon drawn,—mildly by the baronet, as if it were not worth while to insist too ardently upon the value, stability, and perfection of English institutions, any more than upon the value of the sun to the earth, strongly by the member, who defended everything American promiscuously, because it was American, with immense spirit,—with so much energy, indeed, that the glasses rattled as if in a San Francisco earthquake as he brought his fist down on the table with more and more emphasis. A looker-on could not but have been amused to see the two men,—the member burly and pugnacious, his elbows on the table, one sleeve pulled up nervously a little, a clinched hand, doubled up in a way to show nails any-

thing but immaculate, flushed of face, pushing away the plates and glasses, and laying down the law as if it were the gospel and there could be no mistake in his assertions or appeal from his decisions; Sir Robert as cool as the ice that tinkled in his glass, genuinely, not affectedly, indifferent, presenting a politely impassive exterior, and offending far more by saying too little than if he had said too much, while he imperturbably ate and drank, exchanged parenthetic courtesies with his neighbors on the right and left, begged pardon for the momentary inattention, and displayed other advantages besides the physical one of handsome hands with nails as pink and polished as a girl's.

It was not until "that quarrelsome, unpleasant fellow," as Sir Robert mentally dubbed the vehement member, had poured out the last phial of his wrath that discussion or conversation became possible, and then the national colors fell into the hands of "the member of the Upper House," whose reserved and dignified bearing had already contrasted conspicuously with that of his colleague throughout. The Senator had been listening to the member with the intellectual impatience of a clever man who sees a good cause weakened in the defence, and was not sorry to have an opportunity of setting things right. A lawyer of distinction, an authority on international law, thoroughly familiar with English politics, diplomacy, history, with either no temper at all or one that he kept habitually on ice, and an intellect of a high order, highly trained and disciplined, he entered the lists with no fanfaronade whatever, and dropped rather than threw down the glove, as if by accident. There was no direct, intemperate assault now, no apparent partisanship, not so much as an insinuation that could anger. The Senator was not bitter or scornful, wearisome or dictatorial. He did not enter into long expositions or protracted arguments. When Sir Robert spoke, he listened to perfection, intelligently and quietly, interjecting now and then a calm assent to some statement, or a courteous objec-

tion, a brief palliative of some damaging fact or explanation of a particular point. And when his own turn came, he gave full and eloquent expression to his views, and handled the subject with the felicity of illustration and apt repartee of a wit, the breadth of a statesman, the ease of a man of the world. The keen, cool, rapier-like play of his mind, so skilful of thrust and parry, so adroit of fence, so swift to see and sure to pierce the weak or unguarded points, and the vigorous and able resistance offered by his opponent, made the conversation a delightful one, and the other men present felt all the interest and fascination of such a contest, and some justifiable pride in their brilliant champion. Did Sir Robert arraign the Indian policy of America before the bar of justice, the Senator had a Roland for his Oliver in the Indian policy of England. Did Sir Robert deprecate the possible annexation of Canada or Mexico by the United States as "unpardonable rapacity," and insist on the moral right of the feeblest State to the preservation of its autonomy and the management of its own affairs, the Senator was able to show that the invariable policy of England had always been to get all she could and keep all she got, and took it for granted that Sir Robert was a Home Ruler. Was it a question of bribery and corruption in American elections, the Senator was ready with extracts from Parliamentary reports and respectable English journals, showing that the "right little, tight little island" was not Arcadia, or Liberals and Conservatives on one side of the water much purer and nobler than Republicans and Democrats on the other. And so on with various issues and questions, until a break of some kind made the talk general again.

This had hardly been done when the member, who was as dull as he was dogmatic, and had not been over-pleased at having the part of principal in the late duel taken out of his hands, brought up what he considered a Krupp, and, *à propos* of nothing, stated that the English had blown five regiments of Sepoys

from their guns after the Mutiny. To this Sir Robert deigned no response whatever, but the Senator pared it down to its proper proportions, and the host whisked the company off on a siding by asking if Sir Robert had been to Mount Vernon. Sir Robert had enjoyed, he would not say that pleasure, but that honor, and had seen as well the "home of the great Virginian, Lee."

Some one now began speaking of the various Presidents and their administrations; and, Johnson being mentioned, the member expressed an ardent admiration of him, and stated, with the un-called-for emphasis that characterized any expression of his opinions, that Johnson was the "finest" President the country had ever had, and was as "perfect a gentleman as ever stepped."

Why this particular speech should have annoyed Sir Robert rather than the others, there is no knowing, but it was certainly distasteful to him. "It takes nine tailors to make a man; I don't know how many would be required to make a gentleman," he said, his side-whiskers bristling a little and his mouth drawn down at the corners. "A man of integrity, a man of talent, if you like."

"An elegant gentleman, every inch of him," insisted the member, determined not to abate a jot or tittle of the ex-President's aristocratic claim.

"You *can't* mean to call the fellow a gentleman!" said Sir Robert incredulously, laying down his knife and fork and looking at the member.

"As much of a gentleman as you are, or me, or anybody!" shouted the member, and added a past participle that need not be given here, and a most awful thump on the table.

Sir Robert had gone far enough, he thought,—a good deal farther than he had intended, he knew. But he hated to retreat. "Ah! yes, to be sure," he said. "Just as you please. As much of a gentleman as you are, as you say. I yield the point. Here is his very good health," (sipping his sherry). "Is he still alive, by the bye?" (To the Senator), "How completely out of office

seems to mean out of sight and mind in the case of Presidents! At least we never hear of them at home afterward. It is oblivion not even tempered by revolution or assassination. You remember that squib in 'Punch' about 'Abdul Aziz and Abdul as was'? When I was in the East—" Sir Robert grew agreeably reminiscent for a while, and so got off the ground that sounded so hollow beneath his feet.

Later in the evening, however, he said to the Senator, "Talking of politicians, who is this Honorable Alfred Hodges, of the State of Ohio, that I have been reading about in the papers? He seems to be very celebrated over here, though quite unknown to me. Let me see: I think I have got about me a cutting from the morning paper that tells of him." He looked in his pocket-book as he spoke, and produced a paragraph which he read aloud, and which stated that the Honorable Alfred Hodges was "the equal of Clay, Webster, Calhoun, or Crittenden," that he was "a man of matchless eloquence and acute mentality" as well as "adamantine principle," that he was sweeping everything before him in his own "section," and was to be the next candidate for President, although he abhorred public life and would never have sought any office had he been left in the obscurity so congenial to him, instead of being carried forward struggling by his friends. The Senator listened with a smile. Most Americans have heard these limpid, artless versions of the eternal verities, and he was not startled.

When Sir Robert had restored it to its place, where a good many other choice items were waiting to be embodied in the diary, he dryly said, "The Honorable Alfred, in the first place, is not an Honorable; in the second, he is a local politician of no particular note; in the third, he is advocating with his 'adamantine principles' the repudiation of the State debt. That waiter yonder will be President as soon as he. And as for office, there is not one so mean that he would not cringe to his worst enemy and deceive his best friend to

get it, if he could not get a better. His is the old definition—Politics, the art of getting a place; Patriot, a candidate for that place."

"Is that an American saying? If so, universal suffrage has—" began Sir Robert.

"That is Fielding, my dear Sir Robert," replied the Senator, with a bow.

The two men laughed.

"I owe you one," as Dr. Ollapod would say. But really, now, a gifted, powerful demagogue like that may do a lot of mischief. A dangerous fellow, I should think,—a great orator, and so unscrupulous," Sir Robert continued.

"He is not at all dangerous, I assure you. And I never heard a more ordinary speaker. A penny trumpet, believe me, to which no one pays much attention."

"You surprise me! The newspaper speaks as respectfully of him as though he were a Gladstone or Beaconsfield," said Sir Robert.

"Ah! yes. Newspapers must be newspapers, you know. And politics will be politics."

"Well, say what you please about politics, for real freedom and individual liberty—mark you, I don't say *license*—there is no place like England," concluded Sir Robert, with conviction.

Late as it was when he got back to his hotel, he found a gentleman waiting to see him, in the shape of a reporter, who had been instructed to "interview" him and find out whether the rumor that he owned seven hundred thousand acres in Wyoming, and represented an English syndicate bent upon buying five million acres more, was true or not; also his opinion of the Rugby Colony, its founder, and a dozen other subjects, germane and foreign to it. "The representative of the 'Columbia Eagle,'" as introduced by himself, was a very tired and sleepy young man, who had been sitting, pencil and book in hand, for more than an hour waiting for Sir Robert to come in, and who was not unnaturally anxious to dispatch the business in hand as soon as possible and recoup himself by a little supper and

such slumber as might follow. Long experience of the crass dulness and almost inconceivable vanity, garrulity, and rudeness of the "interviewed" (of which little account is taken in estimating the crime of the unhappy reporter who earns an honest living by the sweat of his soul, often) may have had its effect upon the gentleman, who, with a brief explanation of his mission, said, with brisk, business-like directness, "I tell you what you want to do. You need not talk at all. You just answer my questions, and I'll fix the rest."

It certainly would have saved a great deal of trouble if the baronet had acted on this suggestion in all simplicity and sincerity. But in all that related to his private affairs Sir Robert was almost as reserved as the Englishman whose servant told an inquiring friend that his master was dead, but did not wish it to be generally known. He abhorred such English papers as were said to have adopted "the American method" and dealt in personalities disguised as "fashionable intelligence."

"To think that a man cannot be the heir to the throne or the Premier of England without being like a beetle under a microscope and having a calcium light cast continually upon his home is bad enough; but when it comes to describing a private gentleman's bedroom and telling the world that he always uses Pears' soap and Turkish towels at his bath, I, for one, will do something more than complain of the insufferable impertinence. I will prosecute to the full extent of the law any one presuming to show me up in the public prints before I have done something to disgrace myself," he would say.

As the owner of a "show place," Sir Robert had his trials, and, in the spirit of the ancestor who had built the beautiful old house in which he lived and had then carved over the entrance, "Walk, knave! what lookst at?" he had sternly forbidden his servants to admit any one connected with the press, had once discharged the whole staff for disobeying his orders, and had put up a board in his grounds on which was in-

scribed, instead of the usual warnings to trespassers, "No authors, editors, reporters, or scribblers of any kind admitted here." In the matter of notices he was apt to be a little eccentric, as was witnessed by another version of a prohibition grown so stale that it is seldom heeded:—"Idiot, keep off the grass!" It is hardly remarkable, then, that in a very few minutes after negotiations began the representative of the "Columbia Eagle" was racing down the street with a feverish energy born of much inward heat, and a temper ruffled almost beyond precedent, while Sir Robert was congratulating himself upon "sending that chap off with a flea in his ear."

Mrs. Sykes's exquisite delicacy received a severe shock when she heard of it. "Was there ever anything to equal the impudence of these Yankees?" she asked. "Fancy the clerk of this 'otel trying to introduce to me one of the women stopping here, to-day! I sent for him to come up to me in the drawing-room, that I might explain to him about sending off my packets to England, and the other things to go to Canada by parcels express, and having my boxes mended, that have been more injured already than in going round the world. I shall have them thoroughly overhauled—they have needed it for some time—and relined, and all that, and send the bill to the railway company. Yes, a regular introduction: 'Mrs. Arundel Sykes, Mrs. Valentine—Mrs. Valentine, Mrs. Arundel Sykes;' they always give my name in full here. I took no notice of it, of course; but *fancy!*" It will be seen that Mrs. Sykes, with her usual acumen, had found ways of utilizing what might otherwise have been a wasted force,—Mr. Maffy's gallantry.

"I had an idea—I don't know where I got it—that society over here would be organized on a rigidly Puritanic basis of plain living and high thinking, and that I should be citizen Heathcote, as it were," said Sir Robert. "It seems, on the contrary, if not so long established, as well defined as our own, and fully

as luxurious and artificial; more ostentatious, I should say. Americans may disclaim caste as much as they please, but what of their cliques shading by remarkably fine degrees from the class of which the duke was speaking at the De Witts', and the highest official class, through the wholesale grocer who will not visit the retail grocer, and the dress-maker who will not know the butcher's wife, down to my friend the 'lady' who has got the Patent-Office washing and objects to being confounded with 'dose low niggers dat warn't raised by de quality,' and that she 'don't have nuffin' to do wid, noway'? I don't say that I understand the system. On the contrary, it is quite a mystery to me; many of the distinctions made seem very arbitrary,—uncommonly fine we should think them; but I see that it exists. As to titles, if they deny them to their own people, they certainly do not to others. I have been more Sir-Roberted here in a few weeks than in the whole previous course of my life. It is tacked to every sentence, almost. I don't like it, especially in public places; but I see that they use it as the French do 'Monsieur,' and not in the least from a snobish liking for the sound, as English people of a certain class would. Just so. And I can't agree with you in calling them impudent, except that newspaper fellow who wanted to 'interview' me. They evidently respect themselves too much not to respect others. I notice that very much. I keep my eyes as wide open as possible. I wish to form just ideas of the country for myself, instead of taking second-hand, ready-made opinions. Its material civilization has astonished me, and cannot but surprise any European; but its social order, moral progress, and political experiments interest me far more."

"What I most notice and admire in them," said Miss Noel, "is their politeness. It is most striking. I do not now speak of their attentions to us, although those have certainly been such as we could have had no right to expect, but of their treatment of each other. I observe that they ask of each

other a thousand little services without any thought of being denied or rebuked, and accord them as a matter of course, not as a favor. It is a very unselfish and charming feature in the national character. I was looking about in the street one day in New York for the nearest pillar-post, and, not seeing one, asked the first passer-by, a workman, who not only gave me the information civilly, but offered to post the letter himself, which is more than a Parisian *ouvrier* would have done, I am sure. In the tramway, too, I was not only invariably offered a seat, if it proved to be crowded, as a woman of the better class, well dressed, might expect, but I saw with pleasure that when a poor woman with a great basket or little children got in, or out, there was always some one to help her. The general good nature and willingness to oblige seem almost universal. It is not so with us, you must acknowledge. We apologize elaborately before making any demand upon a stranger, and he does not always stop to hear our excuses, much less the request. 'Would you mind?' doing so and so, is one of our formulas for the reason that people generally do mind, and don't relish being called upon to do anything or being put out in any way. I am sorry to say it, but it is quite true. And as for courtesies, you know, Robert, that if you were caught out in the rain at home and some one offered you an umbrella, you would say—what should you say?"

"'Confound the fellow! What does he mean by offering me his umbrella?' most likely," replied Sir Robert laughingly. "You are right, Augusta. We have got a ridiculous amount of buckram about us. But when it is all taken out of us, as it sometimes is by long residence abroad, there seems nothing left but a coarse sieve through which nearly everything has run that makes an English gentleman. And I agree with you about American politeness: it is the genuine thing, and not the French veneer. Have you noticed that in the shops one is treated with civility, but not servility?"

Many of our tradesmen cringe when they must, and bully when they can, in a way that is disgusting."

"I have found, so far, but one exception to this polite, self-respecting behavior, and that was the other day when I took my umbrella to a little shop in a back street: it was my dear father's, and this is its twenty-sixth new coat. After I had waited some time, a young person in flaunty attire, with her hair in curl-papers at noon, came in and quite shouted from the back of the shop, 'What do you want?' I beckoned to her, and she at last condescended to come forward and hear what I had to say; but she was very crusty and sullen, and would hardly give herself the trouble to look for the stuff I required, but just turned over a few things and said she was out of it. So I told her that she was not likely to succeed as a shopkeeper if she behaved in that way, and she got angry, and said that she wasn't a shopkeeper, she was a 'saleslady, and as good as anybody.' It did no good, of course, and Ethel laughed at me afterward for doing it, but I could not help reading her a little lecture and telling her that rudeness was not republicanism, and that if equality meant anything it meant equal regard for the rights and wishes of others on the part of individuals of every class."

"As you admire everything American," said Mrs. Sykes, "I suppose you noticed the dressing in the train and liked that. Every other woman in a twenty-guinea silk and diamonds. They evidently think of nothing but dress. Even the bishop's wife at the De Witts' was more interested in the fashions of this world, even if they do pass away, than in anything else. But then, to be sure, there are all those daughters of hers,—six of them,—and the bishop with no dean, chapter, curates, or so much as a private chaplain, as far as I can find out, to palm them off upon in return for good livings. Mr. Porter told me all about them, and I asked her after dinner if, as there were so many of them, and all plain, with no private

fortune, I understood, their settlement in life did not weigh heavily upon her. But she seemed to have no Belgravian anxieties whatever. She said she never thought of it; that if the Lord intended them to marry he would provide them with husbands,—which even in a clergyman's wife does seem to be presumption. I told her that in England they would not have the ghost of a chance, but that men were more plentiful over here, I knew."

"Why *did* you say that to her?" said Miss Noel. "It is like your putting up your glass and looking at the De Witts' *épergne* as you did. You will give great offence, really."

"Oh, no, I shan't! And it doesn't matter very much if I do. I shall never see any of them again after I leave America," replied Mrs. Sykes calmly. "I have taken good care of *that*. I don't mean to be overrun by them when I go back, as you very likely will be. I have only met two people so far that I cared to keep up with, and to those I have given my proper address. To the others I always give my bankers', and if I am inquired for there I shall instruct them to say that I have gone abroad. They come over now in hordes every year, you know, and if one did not take some such precaution one would *never* be safe. They would be asking themselves down to stay indefinitely at the most inconvenient seasons, and all that." Mrs. Sykes laughed cheerfully over her little *ruse* as she spoke, but Miss Noel flushed with indignation.

"You are very much mistaken if you think that," she said warmly. "Indeed, you mistake them altogether. You do not in the least understand them."

"I don't pretend to understand them, or like them either," retorted Mrs. Sykes.

"And I, if I do not quite understand them yet, like them immensely," insisted Miss Noel. And so the little conversation between them, one of many, ended. Sir Robert had not stayed to hear its conclusion, having an appointment with a friend to listen to an argument in the Supreme Court,

where Justice seemed to hold the scales more evenly for wearing a gown, although the connection between them is not always evident, as Mrs. Sykes was proving at that very time. That lady embroiled herself afresh that night at a party to which she went, where she met Sir Robert's friend the Senator. A quiet alcove and a comfortable sofa, or rather sofas, made a pleasant refuge for the non-dancing and flirtatious members of the assembly during the evening, the former being represented at one time by Mrs. Sykes and the Senator, the latter by the *beau* Ramsay and a *belle* Louisianaise. For a while Mrs. Sykes contented herself with affable generalities, to which her companion made courteous if not copious response; but, considering, probably, that there had been quite enough prelude done, she was soon introducing the theme of her heart, her American experiences, and was expressing great disappointment at not having found the magnificent primeval forest that she had expected. "I have seen no really fine, wide-spreading, ornamental timber," she said. "Nothing that can compare with our Warwickshire oaks and Gloucestershire elms, for instance. They tell me here in the North that the British destroyed it, and I dare say at the South they will declare that the Yankees burnt it all down; but my belief is that it never existed."

The Senator gave her one of his cool, quiet glances and took her measure, but only said that the early settlers in America, and their successors, had been very reckless about cutting down fine trees, and added, "We still have a sapling or two, though, that would compare favorably even with English trees, especially in California." The talk then drifted away to the timber of other countries for a few minutes; but Mrs. Sykes was soon ready with two questions, unusually fine examples of her powers of interrogation.

"Sir Robert tells me that you are a member of the Upper House; and I should like to ask you whether it is true, as I have heard, that American

politicians are sadly lacking in political honesty, and have not very much education,—don't go to universities, and all that, you understand?" she said.

"Perfectly," said the Senator dryly. "Most of them read quite fluently,—English, of course,—and they can all cipher a little, say on the Alabama Claims and such problems. As for honest men, madam, I refer you to Diogenes's experience. If that philosopher were to turn his bull's-eye upon either Parliament or Congress, who shall say what he would find? You surely do not mean to force me personally to reveal the crimes that have disfigured my official career?"

Question second was not to be stayed by sarcasm or badinage. "There is another thing," said Mrs. Sykes. "Why is it that American men are so conspicuously and notoriously inferior to their wives, mothers, and sisters, who are often nice, really? Some of the prettiest and most accomplished women in American society are married to such oafs and clowns!" Mrs. Sykes felt that she had made the most liberal concessions to the Senator's nationality in what she had said, and awaited his response with what she meant for a smile and a look of flattering interest.

"Ah, my dear Mrs. Sykes, there is no explaining such things," said he very suavely. "I don't know why it is, unless it is that our women can't be equalled. But come, now, you surely can account for the fact that Englishmen are notoriously better looking, better dressed, and better bred than Englishwomen. The reason must be the same, if we could only get at it. It is evidently the same law operating differently in the two countries." The Senator did not really think all these ungallant things, but he had intuitively understood the Sykes and comprehended that this was a case in which the bludgeon and not the rapier was required. He preserved, too, such an air of abstract speculation that Mrs. Sykes was quite checkmated for once, and could only mutter gruffly something about "an extraordinary idea."

Five minutes later the Senator had bowed himself out of the alcove; but Mr. Ramsay, who remained, had overheard the latter part of the conversation, and repeated it to Mr. Heathcote that night. "Nasty one for Mrs. Sykes, wasn't it?" he said. "But she deserved it richly. Why doesn't she keep a civil tongue in her head? She is always pitching into the Americans, and I wonder they put up with it."

"She is a scrub," replied Mr. Heathcote. "I have never liked her. Fetlock somewhere. Think I've heard the grandfather was a corn-chandler, or something. Awfully good-natured, kind people, these; been as nice to her as possible. That is the mistake they have made. If they would 'everlastingly scrouge' her, as they call it, she would behave herself, and not go about with her nose in the air, giving two fingers to people who are as superior to her as possible in real refinement. We have got a lot of that kind of people in England, and we understand how to deal with them. They require to be sat upon, *hard*. It isn't a pleasant thing to do, but it has to be done; and how they do thrive upon it!"

"I know. I hate 'em," said Mr. Ramsay. "I saw Mrs. Sykes most beautifully served out, though, the other day. Neatest thing I ever heard. It was at that ladies' luncheon at the Rainsfords'. Gorgeous house, gorgeously furnished, and nice people. I was the only man asked, you know, and I was in an awful funk for a while. The ladies of the President's family were there: the thing was a swell affair given to them. And when luncheon was ready Mrs. Sykes was standing near the door, and she pushed most rudely past everybody and marched into the dining room first, saying, 'You've got no precedence in this country, and I'll just take my place.' You should have seen Mrs. Rainsford. You know her? Stunning woman. Looks your hat off, as some fellow says. Well, she followed her, and said, so that every one could hear, 'It is quite true. Will you take a seat somewhere there, *near the foot of the table?*'"

I was so disgusted to think she was an Englishwoman behaving like that, that I could hardly face it out, and I gave her a piece of my mind afterward. I told Mrs. Rainsford, too, what I thought of it, and she said, 'It was very rude, but pray don't feel annoyed about it. None of us can afford to be responsible for what our countrymen do. I should have enough to blush for, I know, if I made a personal thing of all the ill-bred acts committed by Americans abroad. And, to tell the truth, I am rather ashamed of myself for taking any notice of it.' Awful nice of her, wasn't it?"

Mr. Heathcote agreed, and they had some further talk, in which he asked Mr. Ramsay if he was keeping a bright lookout for his future.

"Agreeable sort of place this, but I don't see anything to suit me," he replied. "You know I had a lot of letters to business-men in New York that I presented; but nothing came of it. They evidently took me for a counter-jumping Liverpool clerk of some sort; but I told them I hadn't come out here to slave away at that sort of thing,—that my intention was to make a lot of money out of hand and go home again. None of them seemed to know of any opening in mines and things; but they said they would bear me in mind. It don't matter. Something is sure to turn up, old fellow, and I'd like to have a little fling and a chance at some big game before settling down."

One thing he had done in New York which he considered to be a marvel of pioneer forethought, and that was to have a richly-chased gold whistle made from a design of his own at Tiffany's, on which was inscribed, "Look out for the locomotive when the whistle blows,"—a sentence that, for some reason, had fascinated him at American stations and become a permanent mental possession. "I shall find it awfully useful, you know, out on the prairies," he explained. He had been in the habit of using a plain one when driving at home, to warn people that he was in the rear of them when he wished them to pull aside and let him

pass, or wanted to attract the attention of some smock-frocked rustic and get a gate opened; but what application he meant to make of it to the conditions of life in Colorado deponent knoweth not. Probably there had been some delightful vision of driving a team of mustangs at a dashing pace across a vast plain, and whistling down buffaloes, wild cattle, Indians, or whatever might be in the way.

A novel and startling social experience was in store for the party, and took place just before they left the city. Sir Robert came back to the hotel one afternoon when they had no thought of seeing him until dinner, and announced (*à l'Anglaise*), rather than suggested, that Miss Noel and Ethel should go to the President's reception, then already in progress.

"But, my dear Robert, how is it possible?" objected Miss Noel. "Parsons asked leave of me to go off on an expedition somewhere,—she did not say where, but she was to be with some friends she has made here; and you know how dreadfully dependent I am upon her. I don't see how I could get myself up for a state affair like that."

"Oh, pooh! make Ethel see to your buttons and strings," insisted Sir Robert. "Go you must. I have my reasons."

Go they did, *en grande tenue*, accompanied by Mrs. Sykes, and squeezed themselves somehow through the outlying crowd and got into line. Mrs. Sykes was their pilot, and so unscrupulously and vigorously did she push and elbow her way that she soon got them far ahead of the irresolute or indifferent majority. They had nearly reached the President, when they caught sight of a very familiar back, the back of a lady at that moment shaking hands with his Excellency,—in short, Parsons!—Parsons, looking quite as respectable as her neighbors, in her best black silk, her velvet bonnet, her handsome Paisley shawl, but still Parsons!

The shock to Miss Noel was so great that she fairly stood still for a moment and gaped. Then she felt herself

pushed forward by the impatient procession, and followed exactly in her maid's wake, enjoying precisely the same honor, and hardly to be distinguished from her, as she indignantly felt. The wave which had carried her on now spent itself in ever-widening circles, and she could overtake the offending Abigail.

Parsons's expression when she heard herself called by name, and, turning, saw her usually gentle mistress all petrified dignity and offended majesty, was a sight for Hogarth or Gilroy. Her mistress, whom she supposed housed for the afternoon,—her mistress at the same entertainment with herself, and looking like the Duke of Wellington in petticoats!

"*You here!*" said Miss Noel, a fiery spark in her usually mild eyes. "*YOU HERE, Parsons? You have presumed to come HERE? Go home at once!*"

Home Mrs. Parsons went, and Miss Noel was too much upset to remain much longer. Instant dismissal was the very least penalty she could think of for such a flagrant liberty and impropriety. But she was a perfectly helpless old lady in a strange country, and Parsons was a model maid who had been with her for twelve years. And so, after much discussion with Sir Robert, her nephew, Ethel, and Mrs. Sykes, Miss Noel decided to "overlook it this time," and gave Parsons a long lecture instead, to which she listened respectfully as she went about her usual tasks. And then feminine curiosity came in. "I can't think how it is that you were allowed in. What did you think of it? So very wrong of you to go," she said to her a few days later.

"Yes, mem, I was allowed in,—there

was no trouble about that; but it was no great sight, after all. I've seen far finer at 'ome, when I lived in Upper Grosvenor Street and used to see 'er Majesty going to the drawing-rooms, and again when we fought the Russians and beat them, and all London was illuminated,—you remember, mem. All London was up and about, and Primrose 'Ill one blaze, and me, and Mrs. Rich, the 'ousekeeper, and two of the men-servants was out till two o'clock. Not but that I'm glad I went, to be able to say that I've shook 'ands with the President of the United States, beggin' your pardon for sayin' so, mem."

"I suppose we shall be meeting Parsons wherever we go now," said Mrs. Sykes. "A beautiful state of affairs!"

"I don't know, I'm sure. I can't make it out, try as I will," replied Miss Noel.

They did not understand the situation any better when they were told that there was not one bit more probability of their meeting Parsons at any other house in Washington than in their own set in London.

"The Chief Magistrate's. I really can't understand it," repeated Miss Noel. "If she goes there, why not to other officials',—everywhere?"

"Of course you can't. You are hopelessly mixed, and no wonder. The woman Mr. Maffy introduced to me the other day, if you please, was a great swell. She is staying here. I met her at the French minister's last night, and she turned her back on me. The wife of a member of the Cabinet, and introduced to one by the clerk of the 'otel! Good heavens! what a country!"

F. C. BAYLOR.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GLIMPSES OF PEKING.

HERE I am at last in the famous capital of the Celestial Empire,—the dreariest wilderness of dirt and dust that you can possibly conceive,—a place in which it would surely be horrible to live, however interesting to a passing visitor for whom all is made smooth by the kindness of residents. Much as I had heard to the disadvantage of Peking, the half was not told me.

To begin with our morning journey in the only carriages of this metropolis, the Peking carts. Oh, you luxurious people at home, gliding along on C springs over roads wellnigh as smooth as mahogany tables, I wish you could for once experience the extraordinary variety of sensations to be obtained in a five hours' ride from Tung-Chow to Peking! The cart itself is a small wooden frame, without springs (for no springs could possibly exist on these roads). It is poised on two wheels so large and strong as to seem out of all proportion to the size of the cart. These are closely studded all round the rim with very large-headed nails, and the axle projects considerably, so as to lessen the danger of upsetting. Overhead is an arched framework of wood, covered with thick blue calico and hermetically sealed at the back, so that, having taken your seat in the seclusion of your carriage, you are not only invisible to the world, but can only see right ahead over the shoulder of your driver, who sits on the shaft, and has, I suspect, rather the best post. To the passenger the effect is just as if one were looking out from the depths of an old woman's poke-bonnet. This is a delightful way for an intelligent traveller to see a new country! Moreover, as it is summer, and the thermometer at 105° in the shade, the mule and drivers are protected by a light screen of blue calico stretched over a wooden frame which is fastened to the front of the cart and

is supported in front by two poles fixed to the shafts. To the inmate of this tunnel this is, of course, as irritating as driving through fine scenery with a carriage full of umbrellas.

One can only hope that it really is a comfort to man and beast; but certainly these people do not seem to mind exposure to the most scorching sun, and, instead of protecting themselves from its direct rays by putting on thicker head-gear as we do, they actually throw off the covering which they wear in winter, and the majority of the crowd in the streets go about bareheaded, with their clean-shaven skulls shining like billiard-balls. Indeed, during this very hot weather a large proportion of the poor people entirely dispense with all clothing above the waist.

We were stowed away in four of these extraordinary machines. I had the luck of a very superior cart, with a glass window nearly a foot square: so I contrived to see something of our surroundings. First we passed through Tung-Chow, which is one of the four thousand walled cities of China. The said walls are about forty-five feet in height, and twenty-four feet wide at the top and thirty at the base; but this does not imply solid masonry, but only a great earth rampart encased in an outer and inner wall of brick-work. These walls are in a most dilapidated state, and the gateways are insignificant. In the main streets I noticed some shops with very elaborately carved and gilded facings, but the gilding and the paint are all encrusted with dirt, and my only definite impression was that of a horribly hideous city built of mud and smothered in dust. But indeed I had to devote my whole attention to holding on to the cart, so as in some measure to lessen the shocks of incessant bumping, as we jerked and jolted in and out of pitfalls on the broad stone causeway, which when newly made,

six hundred years ago (A.D. 1260), must have been super-excellent, the work of a master mind. First, as a foundation, there was a road-way of earth raised to a height of six feet above the level plain. This was coated with cement, into which were sunk large, accurately-fitted, perfectly smooth pavement-stones of irregular size, some being nearly nine feet long by two in width; and this stone causeway, twenty-five feet wide, was the imperial highway to and all around the capital. Now it is more execrable than anything you can possibly conceive. The worst cart-road in Britain could convey no idea of this approach to the metropolis, or of the condition of even the principal streets. The stone slabs are broken or tilted over, the road is worn into deep ruts like chasms, and holes from one to two feet in depth, in and out of which the driver guides the heavy wooden wheels of the springless carts, the chief marvel being how the mules escape broken legs a hundred times a day. In many places the road degenerates into a mere track of deep dust, which in winter or rainy weather must mean deep mire.

As regards scenery, we were traversing a dead-level plain, thickly strewn with conical grave-mounds, and at intervals passed through mud villages with open-air eating-shops, where carters and other wayfarers halted for refreshments and watered their thirsty animals. All along the cheerless road a multitude of miserable, starved-looking beggars and naked children lay grovelling in the dust, kneeling with their foreheads on the earth to crave small coin; and it is pitiful to see the gratitude with which they receive coin so infinitesimal in value that you feel ashamed to offer it.

The most horrible incident of the day was meeting the funeral of a man who had been dead nearly two months. The great heavy wooden coffin had not been properly closed, and consequently we were nearly poisoned for half an hour afterward by the appalling stench which floated along the track. But neither the funeral-party nor the by-standers seemed even aware of anything noxious. These

people certainly can have no sense of smell: that is proved at every turn.

Every now and again we marked the approach of an unusually dense dust-cloud, through which, as it swept toward us, we could discern a party of men riding donkeys, full tilt, and sitting well back, after the manner of experienced English donkey-boys. They wore large straw hats lined with dark blue of the same color as their clothes,—a good relief to the dust-color all round. Sometimes it was a slow-moving cloud, and a musical tinkle of bells told of the approach of silent-footed camels. We met several long strings of these, laden with fire-wood, coal, tea, and limestone brought from the mountains. They are Mongolians, and apparently in a most mangy condition, with all their furry hair hanging in loose rags, leaving the poor beasts half naked. But, as they come from far north and suffer terribly in this great heat, perhaps they are glad to be rid of their winter great-coats. We also met a large drove of Mongolian ponies, escorted by their flat-faced countrymen, whose fur caps and unshaven heads looked strange, now that I had grown so accustomed to bald foreheads and pig-tails. Here there are almost as many faces of the Tartar type as of the Chinese; but the Mongolian differs from both.

Never before have I imagined the existence of so many queer wheelbarrows and carts, and such extraordinary combinations of animals in wonderful rope harness and rope traces. The unequal yoking of ox and ass, forbidden by the Levitical law, is here quite the correct thing, and the man who owns an ox, a mule, and an ass harnesses them all to his cart, and he and his wife and family push behind, or attempt to steer the wheels clear of the ruts. One may sometimes even see a dog yoked abreast with a pony and an ass, the three being harnessed as leaders to a two-wheeled travelling-carriage, while a saddled ox strides between the shafts.

After four hours of this purgatorial progress, just after a spell of extra-terrestrial bumping, the driver called my at-

tention to something ahead, and there, faintly looming through the dust-clouds, I discerned the crenellated walls and buttresses of a mighty citadel. Soon we reached the huge gateway, and I realized that, however neglected and dilapidated most things here may be, the approach at least is truly imposing.

I cannot say as much for the interior, for no sooner have you passed through the massive double tower (which is impressive from its size, and raises great expectations of a fine city to be seen within) than you realize that nothing of the sort exists, and that the Peking of reality is nothing more than an overgrown, straggling village of one-storied houses, very dirty and very "disjaskit," as we say in the North. Wherever you turn, in every direction there is the same general appearance of neglect and decay, — unswept streets, stagnant sewers, dirty crowds, evil odors. If any architectural beauty does exist, it must be concealed behind some of the numerous dull dead walls that enclose so many of the lanes along which we have driven to-day.

From the entrance to the city about an hour's drive brought us to the British Legation, a fine old palace of the bungalow type, once an imperial residence, which about a hundred and fifty years ago was bestowed by the Emperor Kang-psi on one of his thirty-three sons, whose descendants bear a title equivalent to Duke of Leang, and their palace is the Leang-Koong-foo. This palace is that of the Duke of Tsin. The Tsin-Koong-foo happened to lie so remarkably near to the quarters assigned to the tribute-bearing nations that it at once occurred to the authorities that if the foreign legations could be here established it would appear to the ignorant public as if these great nations were simply new vassals of the Celestial Empire.

So the Leang-Koong-foo was made over to Britain in perpetuity, at an annual rent of fifteen hundred taels (five hundred pounds), and has come to be known as the Ta-Ying-Koo-foo, or Great England Country Palace, Yinghili

being the nearest approach to "England" that Chinese pronunciation can manage. The Tsin-Koong-foo was in like manner assigned to France, and sites for the Prussian, Russian, and American Embassies were eventually found in the same quarter, so that, while the Chinese authorities thus made the best of necessity, the foreigners have the great advantage of being near together and forming a pleasant little society of their own, — a privilege in this horrid land of exile which fully compensates for being apparently classed as tribute-bearers.

Does the reader remember the account of how in the year 1850, only twelve years before these embassies were established, Mr. Ward, the American envoy, was conveyed to Peking? He had ascended one of the branches of the Peiho as far as the port of Ning-Ho-Fou in an American corvette. Arrived there, he and the members of the legation were duly received by a great mandarin and escorted to the raft which was to convey them to the gate of the capital. On the raft was placed a travelling-chamber, fitted up with all needful comfort, but quite closed on all sides, to prevent the travellers from seeing the country. Air was admitted from above. In this box they were conveyed up the canals to the gates of Peking, when the box was placed on a large truck drawn by oxen, and thus the minister of the United States and his party were conveyed to the court-yard of the large house assigned to the use of the embassy. Here they were kept in honorable captivity awaiting the hour when it should please the Celestial Emperor to grant them an audience, after which they were to be removed in the same manner in which they had arrived, without being allowed one glimpse of the famous city. Even the Peking cart, with all its disadvantages, is decidedly an improvement on Mr. Ward's travelling-case.

The grounds of the British Legation, which cover about three acres, are enclosed by a high wall, according to Chinese ideas of seclusion, and greatly to the comfort of the inmates. Part of this is

laid out as a garden, and the buildings are in separate blocks and courts. The state apartments are distinguished by being roofed with green glazed tiles. They are supported by heavy wooden columns, and the windows and doors are panelled with lattice-work of carved wood. The whole is considered a good specimen of Chinese official architecture, and it has recently been restored, both inside and outside, at considerable expense of gaudy paint and gold, in the Chinese style of very intricate lines and patterns of the very crudest and most uncompromising colors, pure scarlet, etc., jarring with the brightest emerald green and Albert blue lavishly laid on. To eyes that have recently rejoiced in the subdued crimsons, greenish bluish tones, soft pearly grays, and delicate touches of gold of harmonious Japanese decorations, there is a fascination of positive pain in these screaming colors.

Up to this moment I had been in some anxiety regarding my destination on reaching Peking, where travellers are as yet so scarce that nothing of the nature of a hotel for foreigners exists: consequently the new-comer is entirely dependent on the hospitality of the residents. It was therefore with much relief and great pleasure that I found a most kind letter from Dr. and Mrs. Dudgeon, of the London Medical Mission, awaiting me at the Legation and inviting me to their home. So, after a halt at the Legation, my baggage and I were once more stowed away in the blue-covered cart, and away I drove across the Tartar city, through blinding dust-clouds, till I reached this most interesting spot, once a heathen temple, now the chief centre of Christian work in this city.

In the course of the next few days we made various expeditions to places of interest both in the Tartar and Chinese cities; but every hour only deepened the first impressions of the dearth and dilapidation of this great city, where everything tells of a falling off from ancient power, and where ruin and decay stalk on unchecked.

There is just one way by which to

obtain quite an illusive impression of Peking,—namely, by looking down on the city from its majestic walls. Then all the squalor and dirt and dust, which are so fearfully prominent at all other times, seem to disappear, and, as if by magic, you find yourself overlooking rich bowers of greenery, tree-tops innumerable, from which here and there rise quaint ornamental roofs of temples or mandarins' houses, with roofs of harmonious gray tiles, or of bright glazed porcelain, gleaming in the sunlight. Then you realize how many cool, pleasant homes wealthy citizens contrive to reserve in the midst of the dingy, gray, densely-crowded streets, of which you only catch a glimpse here and there, just enough to give a suggestion of life to the whole scene.

Such a glimpse I first obtained one morning at early dawn, ere the dust-clouds had begun to rise with the day's busy traffic, and the beauty of the scene struck me more forcibly from the contrast betwixt the bird's-eye view and the reality when seen on the level. In truth, when standing on the south wall, which divides the Tartar city from the Chinese, it is scarcely possible to realize that one is looking down on the dwellings of about one million three hundred thousand human beings. Of these, nine hundred thousand inhabit the Tartar city, which, seen from the walls, is apparently a beautiful park, richly wooded, and now clothed in its densest mid-summer foliage. Only from certain points do you catch even a glimpse of a broad, dusty street; and yet so effectually do high walls enclose these many shady gardens that an enormous majority of the toiling crowd never see trees, probably scarcely know that they exist, as the people never dream of coming on to the walls, from which alone they are visible.

Looking over the wall on the other side into the Chinese city is certainly more suggestive of human beings, as there are fewer trees; for here the luxurious folk who dwell in palaces with shady courts are all Tartars, whereas the Chinese are the working-

bees, and their poor mud huts are densely packed all along the Grain-Tribute Canal, which here approaches from Tung-Chow and is led quite round the square of the Tartar city and almost quite round the Chinese city. Happily, from this height one does not discern the unutterable filth of the stagnant waters. But in the distance the houses again lose themselves in tree-tops; for we are looking toward the great parks of the temples of Agriculture and of Heaven, and the lovely blue porcelain roofs of the latter are plainly visible.

Beyond these again, to the south of the city wall, stretches a vast enclosure, called the Hai-tsy, or Great Sea-like Plain, which is the emperor's private hunting-ground, enclosed by a high brick wall, forty miles in circumference. Although emphatically a deer-forest, it can certainly not be accused of depopulating the country, as no less than sixteen hundred men are said to be employed in connection with this place.

On the other side, looking into the Tartar city from the elevation of about fifty feet, the brilliant, yellow-tiled roofs of the Imperial Palace are most conspicuous, and very beautiful as they rise above the masses of dark-green foliage. A considerable number of ornamental buildings, all yellow-roofed and gleaming like burnished gold, are scattered in every direction through the imperial pleasure-grounds, and with the aid of good opera-glasses one can distinguish details very fairly; but, of course, when winter has stripped the trees the view must be far more distinct. The green-tiled roofs of the British Embassy are also conspicuous, and some important gray roofs tower above the trees. Far away on the horizon lies a range of hills, on whose slopes nestle beautifully-situated temples and monasteries, some of which mercifully open their doors to foreigners and allow them summer-quarters in a cooler region than this.

Of course, as you travel round the walls the view changes considerably, one lot of roofs giving place to another,—so that you obtain a bird's-eye view of the situation of most of the points of inter-

est in the city. It would, however, take a really good walker to go the whole round of the walls, as the Tartar city forms a square four miles in every direction, and the Chinese city is an oblong, thirteen miles in circumference. It does not, however, follow that there are twenty-nine miles of outer wall, as three miles and a half of the South Tartar wall does double duty.

Imposing as the castellated towers and walls appear when seen through the dust-clouds, a closer inspection proves that they are not made of stone, but of large gray bricks (about twenty inches in length by nine in width): so that, after all, these enormous bastions are just the universal dust in a baked form. The municipal system of watering the streets is on an exceedingly limited scale, being confined to a few buckets of drain-water brought by the official scavengers when not engaged in carrying the most abhorrent sewage from the houses to the fields. Each householder is required every evening at sunset to water that section which is before his own door. At this moment, therefore, all the slops are brought out from every house and are sprinkled over the highway. If there is any stagnant sewer-drain or pond within reach, no matter how foul its waters, a few extra buckets are drawn from thence, and the happy population, who seem totally devoid of all sense of smell, rejoice in the sudden cessation of the suffocating dust. But in truth there is little to choose between the two evils, for the appalling odors which pervade the whole city during this process are not only sickening at the time, but suggest only too vividly the nature of the dust which under tomorrow's sun we shall be compelled to incorporate.

The miracle is to see the people thrive on the poisonous atmosphere which they must forever inhale and which makes us positively sick. In the narrowest, most crowded streets, where the air is most pestilential, where there are foul open drains under their very windows, these people look just as fat and healthy as in the open country. They are at least

saved the danger of subtle drain-poison, for their giant stink stalks unrebuked in open day. And yet, though these people have been inured to this condition of things since the hour of their birth, and therefore do not appear conscious of it, there is no doubt that the prevalence of sore eyes and disgusting skin-diseases (to say nothing of smallpox and typhoid epidemics) must be greatly due to the general dirt and all the foul smells which pervade every corner. Speaking of smallpox, I think that Oriental phraseology may be said to have reached its highest capability in the selection of four characters which are inscribed on a board hung outside of every house in which there is a virulent case of this loathsome disease. "First-class heaven-flowers" is the euphonious description.

Of course the dirt which is so apparent in the streets reigns rampant in the houses, the habits of the people being intrinsically unclean. At meals they throw bones and scraps of food on the floor, and spill grease, but never dream of sweeping out the room, except perhaps just the middle, whilst the accumulated filth finds safe quarters in the corners and under the furniture. Even in the houses of the rich the annual cleaning is limited to rubbing up dingy furniture and pasting clean paper over dirty windows. All through the long winter personal washing is limited to rubbing the face and neck with a flannel wrung out in hot water. As to clothes, they are never changed, day or night. A succession of thick-wadded garments are heaped on one above the other as the weather grows colder, and are cast off one by one with the return of spring.

Although on the wall we reached a level somewhat above its hateful influence, we none the less beheld the curse of Peking in full action, for while from the outer face of the wall we looked down on the desert of dust stretching on each side of the broad highway, where long caravans of heavily-laden Mongolian camels trudged along, or couched beneath the shadow of the walls, we had but to take up a position

above the great gateway in order to look straight up the broad, busy street, where all day long crowds of men and beasts had been stirring up stifling dust-clouds as they hurried to and fro beneath the blazing sun. Only when seen from above is the actual width of this or any other main street of Peking visible. The street is really above ninety feet wide, and right down the course runs a slightly-raised causeway, which is the imperial highway. The houses on each side are mean-looking, one-storied brick buildings; and, though some have handsomely-carved and much-gilded wooden fronts, even these are so begrimed with the mud of many winters and the dust of many summers that they do little to enliven the general dreariness when you are close to them. The great width of the street defeats its own object; for the people, nowise appreciating such magnificent distances, establish rows of locomotive booths and shops on each side of the central causeway, while another row of temporary booths is erected facing the permanent shops. Consequently, no one on the street sees more of it than one side at a time. The true street has a moderately-ornamental wooden frontage, some of the shops being really highly decorative, when you come to look close at them, with very elaborate designs; but though, as I said, these were once resplendent with gold and scarlet, they are now so dingy and dirty as scarcely to look out of keeping with the rag-fair opposite. The fact is that in so variable a climate as this all gold quickly tarnishes and wears away, and it is rarely renewed. From these carved fronts project gigantic poles, with dangling signs representing the trade of the owner, and gilded dragons uphold very varied sign-boards. Of course the shops are all entirely open to the street, glass windows being unknown luxuries. Most of the temporary booths are a mere framework, covered with matting, in which are sold all manner of articles,—ready-made clothes, candles, books, fans, but especially food of all sorts, and birds in cages.

The central roadway is reserved for

cart-traffic, which plies ceaselessly, summer and winter, on the paved road. This, being never repaired from one year's end to another, is in the same atrocious condition as the road from Tung-Chow, and all others both within and without the city. When it is announced that on a given day the emperor will come forth from his seclusion and pass along certain streets, the whole of the extemporized shops disappear as if by magic, a squad of men are put on to shovel all the dust into the holes and ruts, till the whole is perfectly level, so as to allow of the procession passing along it without a jolt, and till it has passed not a foot is permitted to tread the imperial carriage-road. Every shop along the streets thus honored is closed, and all access from side-streets is carefully barricaded. Sometimes even a high screen of yellow cloth is fastened on poles all along the road on each side, lest any rash subject should venture to look upon the Son of Heaven.

From a very commanding position in an embrasure at one of the projecting angles of the wall I obtained a capital view of one of the principal bastions and four of the great watch-towers overlooking the outer and inner entrance to the Ha-te-Nun. These are strange, picturesque buildings, with several tiers of tiled roofs and what appear like four stories of square windows but are really ports for cannon concealed by movable doors, on which are painted black and red circles to represent the muzzles of guns. From this point one gets a really grand impression of the walls and towers, with the camels' camping-ground below, and the heavily-laden carts, and shouting coolies, and occasional processions appearing and disappearing in the tunnel-like archway which is the outer gateway at the base of the great wall.

You will think I tell you enough and to spare concerning Peking dust; but no wonder. Only be thankful you have not to inhale it by throat and nostril, to find your hair and clothes all powdered with it. For it is no ordinary dust, to be classified as clean dirt. Very much the reverse: it is the sun-dried, pulver-

ized filth of the whole city, which day by day as the centuries roll on becomes more and more unclean and is never purified. It is not a nice subject to touch, but I cannot give an adequate idea of the capital of the North without saying that, as there is no provision for household sewerage, the open streets are the receptacles for the most horrible filth, and official scavengers go round the town with baskets on their shoulders, carrying small rakes with which to collect manure for their fields. I do not mean to say that the city is without drainage: on the contrary, there is a very elaborate and complete system of underground drains, built of solid stone and covered with large stone slabs. These are opened and cleared every spring, after the winter frosts break up and before the violent rains are due: otherwise the city would be flooded.

The thought of winter is to me one of the strangest problems of Peking,—to see it now sweltering in this overpowering heat, and yet to know that only two months ago it was a frozen land effectually isolated from the rest of the world by an ice-bound river, and that the people who to-day "canna thole their clothes" were then going about like locomotive pillows of fur and wadding, carrying tiny brass stoves within their ample sleeves, to act as muffs and keep their hands from freezing! I have seen these for sale in the shops; but in this broiling heat it seems a grievance even to light a fire for necessary cooking. And then to think of the melting snows and the flooded sewers, when in place of dust the streets are a sea of black, fetid slime, and filthy beggars drive a thriving trade by carrying their richer neighbors on their backs across the pools which accumulate wherever the subterranean drain is choked!

Being on the inside of the great gateway, and therefore in no danger of being locked out at sunset, we were able to remain on the walls till the street-watering was over, and so gained impressions of evening street-life as we walked home in the twilight. Of these the most curious were the second-hand-clothes auc-

tions at the open booths, where the stall-men were rapidly turning over their wares and shouting out their prices at the top of their voices. Noise and din and incessant chatter are marked features of all street-life here; every one volunteers his opinion as to whatever business his neighbor has on hand, and the voices of the crowd are neither sweet, gentle, nor low,—very much the contrary, especially when, as is usually the case, their loud, shrill wrangling has reference to some infinitesimal sum of money; for here, just as in India, a squabble over a few farthings seems a source of positive enjoyment.

Then there is the incessant din of street-cries, while as a deep bass to these comes the grunting chorus of the coolies, who, in the middle road, are urging on their heavily-laden carts, and the lighter rattle of a never-ceasing stream of the terrible springless carts which take the place of cabs and carriages for the greatest mandarins as well as for humbler folk. Riders on mules and donkeys go jingling along to the music of their own bells. Clearer and most melodious is the tinkling of the square bell which hangs from the neck of the last camel in the long files which now and again move slowly up the street with soft, silent tread and gliding movement. Some are laden with tea; others bring fuel for the city,—a compound of clay and coal-dust made up into balls, which, being burnt in common portable stoves made of clay, iron, or brass, give out much heat and no smoke. Strange to say, though there are vast seams of coal in the mountains within fifty miles of Peking, it is so expensive here (being about twenty dollars a ton) that most people prefer to burn wood brought from America to Shanghai, thence to Tientsin by sea, and up the Peiho by boat.

At one place we passed some mountebanks, whose buffoon called forth loud laughter; at another a denser crowd tempted us to press forward to see the object of special interest, and, lo! it was a Chinese Punch and Judy, of much the same character as our own. From

one street-hawker I bought a number of small fans for some incredibly small sum, not for their beauty, but for their oddity,—some having printed maps of Peking, to me incomprehensible, and others most intricate illustrations of ancient Tartar history, without any color,—simply designs.

At this hour the open-air cook-shops plied the busiest trade. Some are shaded by huge umbrellas, beneath which are spread the dressed dishes, for which a thick sprinkling of dust does duty instead of pepper. There are street-ovens wherein all manner of pies are baked,—strange compounds of unknown animal and vegetable substances, which nevertheless smell rather inviting; at least they would do so were it not for the ever-present, all-pervading fumes of tobacco and opium, the one coarse, the other faint and sickly. Bean pudding in a crust of mashed potatoes fried in oil seemed to be in great demand, as also little pies of vegetables, and nicely-boiled sweet potatoes. We watched the owner of a portable oven dispensing these to a hungry circle on receipt of some absurdly-small coin, while many other men supplied them with hot tea. Various preparations of Indian-corn flour were also in favor, especially when baked in the form of tarts, with a little dab of treacle. There was also an enormous consumption of cakes of ground millet, sprinkled with scorched millet-seed. As to what we understand by bread, it does not exist, the substitute being heavy dumplings of flour, which are steamed instead of being baked. They are not so bad, however, when toasted.

But the favorite food here is a cake made of bean curd. Common small beans are ground between two granite mill-stones like a hand-quern. As the upper stone is turned, water is poured on, and a creamy white fluid oozes out, which flows into a tub, and is boiled with salt. The froth is skimmed off, and the curd is tied up in a cloth, put under pressure, and so formed into square cakes, which really taste much like our own curds. There is also

an immense consumption of macaroni, which is made by kneading a thick dough of wheat flour, rolling it into very thin, stiff sheets, and cutting these into narrow strips, which are then boiled. This is eaten hot with chillies, and you see men swallowing yards of it, very much like the Neapolitan beggars, except that the Celestials use chop-sticks instead of fingers.

One thing that strongly impresses one in going through a Peking crowd is the fact that these Northerners are a very much finer and more stalwart race than the delicate-looking, pale men of the South. The average height is greater, and they appear stronger and more healthy. Instead of the invariably transparent complexions, I see here ruddy complexions which would not discredit sportsmen on Highland moors. I am told that the difference is partly due to climate,—South China being almost tropical, whereas here, however great may be the summer heat, there is always the reaction of a bitterly-severe winter, with the thermometer below zero, which, however unpleasant, doubtless braces up life's energies. There is also a marked difference in the feeding of Northerners and Southerners,—rice, fish, and very weak tea forming the staple diet of the masses in the South, while those farther north subsist on more nutritious grains, more generous drink, and a much more liberal proportion of animal food.

One afternoon Dr. Edkins took me to see some of the popular temples in the neighborhood. First we went to that of the god of war, then to the healer of sore eyes, whose shrine is adorned with countless pairs of spectacles, all of the ponderous Chinese type, and some of them gigantic. As to the ex-voto tablets, they quite overflow the premises and have to be stuck all over the adjoining buildings. In one temple reign a group of three goddesses, the central goddess clasping a child, and those on either side seated on golden lotus-blossoms. They are provided with many arms, and from these are suspended artificial eyes which, like the huge spectacles, have been presented by grateful patients as

thank-offerings for the cure of ophthalmia or other eye-diseases. Some of the gods certainly receive very odd offerings. Man-Chang, who helps students to acquire classical knowledge, is supposed to delight in onions, and his altars are so freely supplied with bunches of these unfragrant bulbs as to lead one to suspect that his priests must have a private sauce-factory.

Dr. Edkins tells me that at a temple which he visited at Woo-Tai in the mountains he noticed an image of the god Man-joo-sere which was almost hidden by the multitude of small silk handkerchiefs presented by his worshippers. As this particular god is represented in that one temple by ten thousand figures, ranged in tiers round the great building, from the floor to the ceiling, in the endeavor to depict the multitudinous forms which he assumes in his anxiety to do good to mankind, it is fortunate for his worshippers that only one of these incarnations claims these silken offerings.

These mountains literally swarm with the priests and temples of all manner of gods, as do also the nearer hills, which are within four hours' ride of Peking. One specially fine group is known as the monastery of the Azure Clouds, and in one of its many temples are ranged three thousand two hundred small gilt images, sixteen hundred on each side of the great hall. In another are five hundred gilded figures of the Zohans.

But, without going beyond the walls of Peking, there are such innumerable temples to all conceivable gods, demi-gods, heroes, and spirits of earth, air, fire, and water, storm and tempest, mountain and stream, that even a list of them would become tedious, and the multitude of idols of wood, stone, clay, porcelain, earthenware, copper, bronze, marble, and every other available material, simply takes one's breath away, especially when coupled with the thought that each one receives a sufficient share of worship and offerings to secure the support of temple and priests. Here, as at Canton, one of Buddha's temples is

adorned with no less than ten thousand images of that excellent man. They are ranged on small brackets all over the walls, and even on the beams and pillars of the roof.

Observing a crowd at one point, we drew near to see what was going on, and heard an *improvisatore* singing an interminable song in a hard, shrill voice, now bass, now falsetto. He kept his head thrown back and his mouth very open, and, as he sat there fanning himself vigorously, he looked irresistibly comical; and evidently his song was very funny, for he kept his audience in convulsions of laughter. He was accompanied by a musician playing on a two-stringed guitar, only capable of producing three notes, so that variety could only be produced by the number of times each string was twanged. Among the by-standers I noticed several very old men with brass balls in their hands, which they kept in continual movement. I thought at first that they must be practising some act of mechanical devotion, like turning the Thibetan prayer-wheels; but I learned that the object in view is to keep the fingers

supple and to avert the stiffness incident to old age.

I always enjoy a nocturnal prowling in an Oriental city. Notwithstanding dirt and bad smells and surroundings of squalid misery, one gets picturesque glimpses of dimly-lighted interiors and characteristic life. Here, however, the lighting is so dim as to be depressing. The gaudy and attractive Chinese lanterns seem to belong to the richer folk, or to be reserved for festivals, for in the homes of the poor a wick floating in a bowl of dirty oil alone sheds its feeble glimmer. This is varied by the dingy light of a smoky candle, made of mixed wax and tallow, on a very thick wick, which requires continual snuffing (with the fingers). No candlestick is used, these primitive candles being stuck in a piece of wood. They are really made for use in the pretty paper lanterns. Every now and then the sickly smell of opium told us that we were passing one of the dens in which wretched, sickly-looking beings were lying, half naked, on hard wooden shelves, seeking or enjoying their dearly-bought temporary delirium.

C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

AT THE LAST.

HOW softly through the window comes the air!

Dear, I breathe easier. In the street below,
I hear the sound of carriages; I know
The day is bright; and yet—how can they care?
Like a hushed temple seems the room; more fair
In the dim light the children's faces grow.
Kiss me, and fold your arms around me,—so,—
In the old way. How strange that I can bear
The thought of parting! Can it be that this
Is what we have so dreaded, and that I
Lie here untroubled, knowing I must miss
So soon the warm touch of your hand, and lie
Unanswering your last long lingering kiss?
O love, dear love, it is not hard to die!

ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

ROSA HERKHEIM.

IT was a mild summer afternoon, and nearly all Jacob Yingling's neighbors had assembled in the grove near his house. They were prepared to have one of those open-air dances which their South-German ancestors introduced into Pennsylvania more than a hundred and fifty years ago, when they left their homes by the Neckar and the Rhine.

About a dozen small boys had stationed themselves on the road to the nearest village, and were anxiously awaiting the moment when they could announce the arrival of the fiddler. The instant he appeared they all rushed back to the grove, shouting, "*D'r Feedelboga Sam! D'r Feedelboga Sam, oon zei gheeghel—gheeghel—ghiah!*"

As "Fiddlebow Sam" came capering and fiddling into the grove, the feet of the young people were already keeping time to the music, and he was greeted with loud cries of "*Dopper dummel dich!*"—an exhortation to hurry which might be translated, "Bravely tumble yourself." He was allowed to drink one mug of cider, and then hustled into his seat, and, as he struck up a lively waltz, the young men shouted, "*Haa-zah!*" and the dancing began.

Jacob Yingling, the wealthiest farmer in the neighborhood, sat on one of the benches and smoked his enormous meerschau pipe, while his broad face shone with satisfaction. His two stout, blonde daughters were the belles of the party, and, speaking of them to a friend who sat beside him, he said, "*Meina dochter kooma rouss,*"—which was equivalent to saying, "My daughters stand out."

A stranger entered the grove when the dancing was at its height, and, approaching this magnate, said, "Mr. Yingling, I believe."

"Yes," answered Jacob somewhat coolly.

"I've often heard of you, Mr. Yingling," said the new-comer. "Every-

body down in Philadelphia and over in Harrisburg knows who Jacob Yingling is."

"Are you from Phil'delphy still?" asked the farmer, looking at him more favorably.

"Yes; I live there. But I travel a good deal, especially in the West. I never see any people, though, that I like as well as I do the Pennsylvania Germans. They are the best farmers in the world, I believe; and, though they're not a bit mean, they know just how to make money and save it. And then they're so good-looking, too. Just look at those two young ladies in red, now. I don't believe you could find two handsomer women anywhere."

"Them two girls are my daughters already," said Yingling grandly.

"Are they, sir?" said the stranger. "Well, now, Mr. Yingling, you really ought to be proud of them, sir,—you ought indeed."

This put an end to Yingling's reserve, and he invited his new acquaintance to take a seat at his side. The man told him his name was Reagan, and that he was a mining-engineer. Then, lowering his voice, he said, "Mr. Yingling, I have some good news for you. I've discovered that there's an iron-mine on your farm."

"Iron on my place? Whereabouts is it?"

"It's in that high hill down there beyond the brook."

"Why, that hill don't belong to me, so it don't."

"Doesn't it? Why, there's no fence between it and your property, and there is a fence just beyond the hill."

"Yes; my farm ends at the run, an' the miller's place begins at the fence already."

"Who *does* own the hill, sir?"

"Rosa Herkheim. There she is, over there with them children."

Reagan looked across the dancing-

ground, and saw a tall, finely-formed young woman, surrounded by five little girls. Her features were of a pronounced Swabian type, and her face was deeply bronzed by the sun; but the rich color showed through the brown on her cheeks, and her dark chestnut hair heightened its effect. Her large brown eyes were full of kindness as she looked at the children and listened to their eager talk, and it was easy to see that she was a prime favorite with them.

"My nephew is Rosa's sweetheart," continued Yingling; "but he's gone to Lancaster to-day, an' she won't dance with nobody else when he ain't by, so she won't."

"Does she own anything besides the hill?"

"Yes; she owns the strip of ground below it. She cuts her wood on the hill, an' sells some things in the village, an' works for the neighbors now an' then. She gits along well enough now; but it was hard times with her when the old man was alive yet."

"Why was it harder then, sir?"

"Well, you see, Dave Herkheim he used to own the mill, an' while his wife was livin' he kept all right still. But when the woman died he took to drinkin' once, an' then he went to the dogs, so he did. He sold his place to a man in Phil'delphy; but Sol Tompkins he'd just come to practice law over yonder in the willage, an' Sol found out the deed had left out what Rosa owns now. He told Herkheim to claim it back once, an' so the Phil'delphy man let it go, an' Herkheim built a little house on it, an' lived there. When the money was all gone for whiskey an' gin, Rosa had to do everything. Well, Herkheim died two years ago, an' everybody said it was a blessin'; but Rosa she pretty nigh broke her heart about it."

After a short pause, Reagan said, "Mr. Yingling, if I were you, I'd buy that hill. It would cost next to nothing, I should think."

"But how do I know there would come iron out of it after all?" asked Yingling.

Reagan at once began talking about

lodes, veins, oxides, hæmatites, and stalactitic lumps, and—with the respect of an illiterate man for "a fine talker"—Yingling was soon ready to believe any statement he might make. He finally made up his mind that he would buy the hill and employ the discoverer of the mine to take charge of it. Reagan agreed that as soon as the land had been bought he would go to Philadelphia with the necessary funds and make arrangements for beginning work. To avoid publicity, they decided that the farmer should call on Rosa the next day and then go on to the village and see Reagan.

About five o'clock the next afternoon, as Yingling was passing through his orchard, he overtook his nephew Frantz Garber. Yingling's daughters looked upon their cousin's engagement to such a poor girl as Rosa with strong disfavor; but the old farmer said Rosa was "a goot, alt-faashen maad," and declared that she would be just the right kind of wife. He was proud of the distinction his daughters had attained, chiefly by claiming to be superior to their neighbors; and yet he had not ceased to honor the primitive customs which they regarded with the utmost contempt.

"Well, you're back ag'in, are you?" said Yingling. "An' you're goin' over to see Rosa the first thing already, ain't you?"

"Yes, sir," replied Frantz. "Which way are *you* goin'?"

"Why, I'm goin' to see Rosa too, so I am. Now, don't git jealous, Frantz, if I *am* a widower. Rosa won't even talk much to other men when you ain't by to hear it all."

"I ain't afraid of bein' cut out," said Frantz, with a self-satisfied air.

"Well, I'll tell you what I want to see Rosa about," said Yingling. "I want to buy that hill on her little place. It's no use to her, except to cut wood on, an' she can do that all the same after I buy it."

Frantz wondered what his uncle wanted with the steep, stony hill, on which nothing but pine-trees and tangled underbrush had ever grown. But he

restrained his curiosity, and said, "Rosa ought to be glad to sell it."

"Certainly she ought," said Yingling. "You tell her so, Frantz. She'll believe anything you say."

"All right, sir. I'll speak to her about it."

They were crossing a field which sloped downward to the brook, and they could see the whole of Rosa's narrow domain, except the other side of the hill. Her two cows were quietly grazing, tied with long ropes to their little stable, to keep them from trespassing on Yingling's land. Just beyond this brook stood her cottage. It was almost covered with honeysuckle, and a grape-vine, trained on a trellis, made a shady arbor before the door. The notes of a meadow-lark came from the little pasture, and swallows were twittering around their homes under the eaves of the house or careering backward and forward across the level ground.

While the two men were walking down toward the brook, they heard Rosa's pure contralto voice rising in sweet and solemn melody as she sang the first lines of an old German funeral hymn,—

"Wohlauf, wohlan, zum letzten Gang;
Kurz ist der Weg, die Ruh' ist lang."

"Rosa's a funny girl, so she is," said Yingling. "What for does she want to play funeral already?"

"I don't know," said Frantz. He was a good deal annoyed, for he had a horror of doing anything which might be thought "queer," and was very sensitive about any ridicule Rosa might bring upon herself, and, in consequence, upon him.

When Rosa heard them crossing the log which served for a bridge over the brook, she came to the door to meet them.

"Well, Rosa," said Yingling, "who was you a-buryin' still?"

He laughed boisterously, and Rosa glanced at Frantz, smiling, but a little embarrassed. "I didn't think what a foolish thing I was doing," she said.

"Oh, well," said Yingling, "nobody can't be smart all the time yet."

They seated themselves on the benches under the trellis, and Yingling mopped his face with his handkerchief.

"Rosa," said he, "I come over to talk some business with you once."

"With me, Mr. Yingling?"

"Yes. Frantz he wasn't comin' to talk business, I guess; but he knows what I want you to do, an' he thinks 'tis best you do it still.—Don't you, Frantz?"

"Yes; I think Rosa ought to do what you said," answered the young man.

"I'll tell you what it is, Rosa," continued Yingling. "I want you to sell me the hill yonder once. I'll give you a good price for it, an' you can git your wood there jest like you always done, so you can."

Rosa's expression changed, and she turned toward Frantz with a look of trouble and anxiety.

"Well, why don't you talk?" said Yingling.

"I can't sell it, Mr. Yingling," said Rosa.

"Why not?"

"It don't belong to me."

Her visitors looked at her in surprise.

"What do you mean?" asked Frantz.

"It belongs to the man that bought all my father's land," said Rosa. "I've been saving up money to pay him rent for all the time since we came here. The miller says he'll be here next week, and then I can give him the money and find out whether he'll let me keep on renting the place."

Yingling could not help admiring Rosa's truth to her convictions. "She's a real Pennsylvania German," he said to himself, in the dialect. "That's just what my mother would have done."

But Frantz only thought of his own importance in the eyes of his uncle. He felt that his influence over Rosa was being tested, and his vanity made him anxious to show that he could change her resolution.

"It's foolish in you to be so particular, Rosa," said he. "The land's yours till you give a deed for it; an' it's all nonsense to give up what you've got a right to keep by law."

"I'll give the owner a deed when he comes," said Rosa in a low voice, and with a look in her face which he could not comprehend.

"Your father didn't mind takin' the land, if it *wasn't* his," said Frantz.

Rosa shrank as if she had been struck in the face. The old wound his words had touched was one which not even time could heal.

Frantz was not positively unfeeling, but his weakness and vanity sometimes made him do and say things of which worse men would have been ashamed. He had been a true friend to Rosa when her father was near the end of the downward road, at which time the early vehemence of his passion made him able to ignore the contemptuous comments of his relatives. She remembered his kindness with a gratitude which nothing could make less deep and ardent; but she could not now help seeing his character in a new light.

Yingling understood Rosa better than his nephew did, and he knew she could not be persuaded to do violence to her conscience.

"Well, Rosa," he said, rising, "I won't ask you to sell me the hill if you think you don't own it already. Maybe the Phil'delphy man will sell it to me once.—Frantz, I'm goin' on to the wilage still. Good-by."

When he had gone, Frantz looked at Rosa sullenly, but with some uneasiness, and wondered why she sat so still and looked so steadily at the ground. After waiting in awkward silence for a few moments, he rose and said, "I just stopped to see you for a little while. Good-by."

"Good-by," said Rosa, without raising her eyes.

He went away, leaving her sitting in the same place and still looking at the ground.

When Yingling entered the village inn he found the main room crowded with men, who were evidently much excited.

"We've had an arrest here already," said the inn-keeper.

"Who was it?" asked Yingling.

"A man what was stayin' here since three days yet. He got hisself arrested jess now with two detectives."

"What for did they arrest him once?"

"He's a shwindler. He's been a-fool-in' the farmers t'other side of Horrisburg out o' their money still."

"What name did he go by?"

"He called hisself Reagan here; but the detectives said he had more names 'n you could count yet."

Tompkins, the lawyer, had been listening to this conversation and covertly watching the farmer's face. "They say he went over to your place and had a talk with you yesterday," he said.

"Yes," replied Yingling; "he *did* stop an' take a look at the boys an' girls dancin', an' me an' him got a-talkin' about one thing an' another. So he's a sharper, is he? Well, I didn't like the looks of him at all, so I didn't."

Tompkins said nothing, but he strongly suspected that if the confidence-man had remained at liberty an hour longer Jacob Yingling's name would have appeared in the list of his victims.

Yingling himself was anxious that the deception practised on him should not become the talk of the neighborhood and get into the newspapers.

"Who'd 'a' thought I'd be such a fool once?" he said, as he was walking homeward. "If Rosa hadn't 'a' been such a good, honest girl, I'd 'a' been stuck for the price of the hill anyhow. She's the best girl a-goin' still."

The next time he saw Frantz he praised Rosa so warmly that his nephew saw she was in high favor with him. This influenced his own state of feeling toward her, and he determined to find out whether she had been offended at what he had said.

Late the next afternoon he went to carry out this intention, and he found Rosa leaning against the trellis in front of her door. She returned his greeting in a way that would have reassured him if he had not noticed that her color did not rise nor her eyes brighten as usual at his approach.

He sat down and looked at her fur-

tively. If she had seemed angry he would have been very conciliatory; but he could not tell how she was disposed toward him, and his uncertainty put him into a bad humor. "I wish she'd be either mad or pleased," he thought.

After moving uneasily on the bench two or three times, and exchanging a few commonplace remarks with her, he said, "Rosa, I s'pose you was mad with me yesterday, wasn't you?"

"I don't think I was," she answered.

"Well, I thought you might 'a' been mad about what I said. But it wasn't worth gittin' mad about, anyhow. Forgive an' forget, you know. That's the only way to git along. You're goin' to forgive an' forget, ain't you?"

"If there was anything to forgive, I've done it already," said Rosa. "But I can't promise to forget what you said."

"Why not?"

"Because I know I never can."

She might have said that if she could have forgotten the weakness of his character she would have been just as likely to forget his former kindness. But if it had been easy for her to express her thoughts and feelings they might have been less deep.

Frantz sprang to his feet and gave way completely to the anger he had been trying to control. He accused her of being too revengeful to pardon the least offence, while pretending to be better than anybody else, and told her that it would be "all foolishness" for their engagement to continue. She assented so quietly that his vanity was grievously wounded.

"Well, this is the last of it, then," he said. "If I'd 'a' had more sense it wouldn't never 'a' begun."

He left her immediately afterward, and soon passed out of sight in his uncle's field.

Rosa had really felt his accusations more deeply than he could have felt anything, and the rupture between them was very hard for her to bear. She had lost her frank trust in his truth and manliness, and even in his kindly feeling, but her love was too strong to

die at once, and, now that all was over between them, she felt more hopeless and desolate than she had done since her father's death had left her all alone.

She went into the house and opened the old Bible her mother had read to her on many peaceful Sundays in her childhood. As she read the passages marked by her mother's hand, she began to be cheered and comforted, and at last, when the sun went down and the evening stillness descended on her home, she could look forward to her lonely future with calmness and trust.

Hearing one of her cows lowing, she took her milking-pail and went toward the pasture. She heard a child's voice calling her, and, looking around, saw the miller's little daughter running toward the fence which bounded his land.

"May I go with you?" the little girl called out.

"Yes, indeed," said Rosa.

The child climbed over the fence, ran to Rosa, and took her left hand. Looking up into her face, and smiling, she said, "I love you, Rosa."

Rosa's eyes suddenly filled with tears. She bent down and kissed the little girl, and the wide possibilities of love and kindness which were left to her made her feel that life was full of happiness.

"God is very good to me," she said to herself.

Two years had passed, and Rosa was still living in her little cottage, for the owner of the land, after receiving a deed from her, allowed her to keep it at a very low rent.

One morning in July she and four other teachers in the village Sunday-school took their infant scholars to spend the day in the neighboring mountains. Two of the party were the daughters of Jacob Yingling, and they were accompanied by their brother, aged ten, who looked upon the small children with lofty scorn. A long, open wagon carried them about a mile and a half from the village, and left them at a place where the road was bordered for a short distance by forest-trees. The wagon returned to the village, and they went a

little way into the woods and established themselves near a spring, famous for its clear, cool water and surrounded by smooth, shelving rocks.

In the afternoon, when the children were tired of playing, they all gathered around Rosa, and she told them old German stories, brought across the sea by the "out-wanderers" from the Fatherland.

The ten-year-old boy, having the dignity of his age to support, joined his sisters and the other two teachers, who had seated themselves nearer the road and were discussing the subjects in which they took the deepest interest,—the fashions and the beaux. Kunigund and Elsbet Yingling were attired in strict conformity with the fashions of three years before, and, as the others were not dressed in accordance with any fashion at all, they considered these two sisters high authorities in all matters pertaining to elegance and style. The beaux of the neighborhood were held by these leaders of public opinion in very slight esteem. Kunigund asserted that no girl who was fit to be anything but a servant ought to be willing to marry a countryman, her proper sphere of action being some large city. Her sister agreed with her fully, and declared that their father's refusal to let them both spend the next winter in Philadelphia was "real mean."

"He's afraid we'll marry city men," said she. "And so we would, too. I'd like to see the countryman I'd marry, especially if he was a Pennsylvania Dutchman!"

At that moment they saw a man leave the road and walk toward the place where they sat. He looked like a tramp, and the revolver in his belt made them fear he might be something worse. There were no houses nearer than the village, and the loneliness of their situation increased their fears.

"What a horrid-looking man!" said Elsbet nervously. "Maybe he's one of the Buzzard gang."

At the mention of this band of escaped convicts, which had for some time been the terror of an adjacent district, Simon Yingling, the scorner of small

children, suddenly disappeared behind some thick bushes. The man approached the nearer group, and looked keenly at each person in it. "Hello!" he said.

"Havin' a picnic, ain't ye?"

"Yes," replied Kunigund.

He came nearer to her, and said, "Lemme see yer watch."

She handed him the small watch which had been ostentatiously displayed at her waist, and, after looking at it, he turned to her sister, and said, "Lessee yourn."

Elsbet complied, with ill-concealed wrath; and, when he had compared the watches, he said, "They'll jist fit me." Then he coolly put them both in his pocket.

Looking at the other two young women, he said, "You two ain't got none, are ye?"

"No, sir," they responded promptly.

"Don't look like ye had," said he.

"An' as fer money, I guess they ain't one o' ye that's got enough to pay fer a couple o' drinks."

He turned away and walked over to where Rosa and the children sat. One glance at her plain clothes satisfied him as to her, and he saw that none of the children wore ornaments or were handsomely dressed. But, noticing that a very little boy was hiding his head on Rosa's shoulder, he caught him by the arm and turned him around. The child was very much frightened, and began crying pitiously.

"Don't cry, darling," said Rosa. "He won't hurt you."

The highwayman looked at her with a half-amused and half-defiant expression. "How do ye know I won't?" he asked.

"Because you're a man," answered Rosa, returning his look without flinching.

He released the child's arm, and said, in a shamefaced sort of way, "I was only lookin' at the kid."

Satisfied that nothing more could be obtained from any of the party, he started to return to the road. But after taking a few steps he stopped and turned around.

"Look a-here," he said. "I'm a-goin' to stand over there by the road fer about half-a-nower, an' I want all o' you to stay here till I'm gone. If ye try to leave, or git to-hollerin' out, ye'll be apt to hear somethin' shoot off."

Then he went and stationed himself near the road. When he was at a safe distance, the sisters began uttering threats of vengeance. His warning kept them from trying to escape, but they declared that as soon as he was gone they would hurry down to the village and put every man in it on his track.

In the mean time, Rosa had been looking at the robber with a steady gaze. Soon she rose and began persuading the children to go behind the rock on which they sat. The rock sloped toward the road, but had an almost perpendicular descent of about four feet a little in the rear of where they were sitting. When they were all behind this breastwork, and had promised to stay there until they were told to come out, she approached the rest of the party and asked them to go and sit down behind the same rock. As they seemed to resent this request, she gave up the attempt to influence them, and walked over to where the highwayman was standing.

"What's she gone over there for?" said Elsbet. "She must be going crazy."

"She always *was* queer," remarked another girl.

"Well," said Kunigund, "it's no wonder she likes tramps and thieves. Her father was a drunken loafer, and I guess it's in her blood. I always said Frantz was lucky to get rid of her."

"I guess that man's one of her friends, and comes to see her at her house," said Elsbet. "Maybe he'll give her our watches."

"We ought to have her arrested and searched just as soon as we get back to the village," exclaimed her sister.

They both disliked Rosa, partly on their cousin's account, and also because most of the other young men spoke admiringly of her, for, though these

youths paid her no special attentions, the Misses Yingling considered even that much an infringement of their vested rights. The two girls from the village who were with them were completely dominated by them, and were accustomed to adopt their opinions on all subjects.

While Rosa's conduct was being discussed with so much severity by her companions, a traveller had been riding down the road in the direction of the village, and about fifteen minutes after Rosa approached the robber he reached the place where they were standing. The striking difference between them caught his attention instantly, and he looked at Rosa with curiosity and strong interest. "Can that noble-looking woman really be a tramp?" he thought.

She was bending forward slightly, her right hand touching the side of her neck just below the ear, her left foot a little advanced, and her eyes fixed on the man who stood near her. Apparently her whole attention was concentrated on him, and the horseman saw no indications that she knew any one else was near. Looking back, after passing them, he saw that they remained in the same positions, and then a curve in the road hid them from his view.

This traveller—Melchior Barndollar—was a farmer who lived in a neighboring county. He was about thirty-five years old, though his dark, thoughtful face made him look a few years older. His ample means enabled him to gratify his strong taste for reading, and among his neighbors his "book-learning" was considered something phenomenal. At the same time, they all knew that his love of literature had not prevented his being a good farmer and a really practical man.

Eight years had passed since a brief dream of love, ending in bitter disappointment, had formed a turning-point in his life. He had long since discovered that his imagination alone was then involved, and the downfall of his hopes had strengthened and purified his character without hardening it. Since

then no other woman had aroused even a passing interest in his mind, and he had begun to believe that such feelings were dead to him forever. And yet, as he rode slowly down to the village, his thoughts were full of the woman he had just seen in such unsuitable company. She reminded him of Goethe's peasant-girls, and he felt as if he had seen Dorothea on a Pennsylvania mountain-road. It was impossible for him to reconcile her appearance with what he supposed to be her associations, for he had never seen any one who seemed to him less like a common American tramp.

He stopped at the village inn long enough to water his horse and inquire his way, and then rode on to the mill which had once belonged to Rosa's father. He intended to invest some money in real estate, and, being in treaty for the purchase of this mill, had come to examine it.

"De alt meel," as it was commonly called, was an old-fashioned stone building, with a steep, moss-grown roof and a great wooden wheel over which the mountain-stream fell in little silvery cascades. Every man for ten miles around had played there when he was a boy, and now thought of it with some degree of that unconsciously poetic feeling which proves that æstheticism is not altogether a sham. Melchior Barndollar looked at the whole scene with something of an artist's admiration, and he foresaw that if he should buy the old mill he could not have the necessary repairs made without doing violence to his sense of beauty and fitness.

Accompanied by Daniel Shiltnick, the tenant of the mill-property, he went over the buildings and the grounds. As they approached Rosa's part of the land, the miller told him how the division occurred, and how the title had been made complete by Rosa's refusal to keep her share.

"It wasn't so easy for her, neither, I guess," said he, leaning against the bars in the fence. "She didn't know whether the owner would let her keep it at a rent she could pay; an' she told me, one day, she loved every stick an' stone

an' blade o' grass on every part o' the old place. Le's go in an' look around wunst," he continued, beginning to let down the bars. "She's gone on a picnic to-day, but that don't make no difference, so it don't."

Melchior declined going in while the occupant was absent, and Shiltnick replaced the bars he had removed. At the same time, Melchior turned and saw coming toward them the woman who had attracted his attention as he came down the road.

"Here she is now," said the miller, as soon as he saw her. "Rosa, this is Mr. Barndollar. He's thinkin' about buyin' the place already, and he's come to look at it still."

The contrast between the short, stout figure of the old miller and the tall, handsome forms of the others was very striking. These two looked at each other with the same sort of frank, direct gaze, and both felt instinctively that any formality between them would be as much out of place as it would be between intimate friends.

"Do you want to look at my part now?" asked Rosa.

"Yes, if it will suit you," replied Melchior.

Seeing her step forward to remove the bars, he did it himself, and they entered her meadow together, while Shiltnick went back to his work at the mill.

As they walked through the meadow, Melchior said, "I think I saw you by the road-side up there in the mountains this afternoon."

Turning her face and looking at him eagerly, she said, "I was there."

He saw he had suddenly acquired a new and very strong interest in her eyes. He was surprised at this, but, as she said nothing more about the matter, he did not pursue the subject.

He noticed the signs of careful husbandry in the corn-field and garden, and when they reached the top of the hill, where some newly-cut logs were neatly piled, he asked her whether she had any help in the out-door work.

"None at all," she answered. "I don't have much to do."

"Don't you feel lonesome sometimes?"

"No. The miller's children often come to see me. And, besides, I feel as if the cows and chickens are my friends, and the birds, and rabbits, and squirrels, too."

He comprehended the power of her rich, pure voice to express infinite sympathy and tenderness in its tones, but the absolute want of buoyancy in her manner impressed him painfully, and he wondered whether she knew how to laugh.

While they stood on the top of the hill, looking over the little place, he said, "I should think you'd be afraid to live here alone."

She waited a little while, and then said, in a lower tone, "Not more than I'd be anywhere else. I'd be afraid in any place where Satan is."

"Do you think Satan comes here?"

"Everywhere. He is near me even when I pray."

Her eyes seemed to grow larger as she spoke, and he saw that her face bore the marks of real terror.

Melchior had for a long time believed "the personal devil" to be a myth, formed by human minds groping in darkness for some solution of the mystery of evil in God's universe. But it was plain that to this woman "*der alte böse Feind*" was a terrific reality, a hidden horror, armed with "the power of the air," and burning with deadly hate. Melchior remembered the temptation which had dragged her father's mind and body down to a hell on earth, and he thought that if she believed this to be the devil's work it was not hard to understand her ceaseless fear.

He wished to turn her thoughts into another channel, and, seeing a heavy black cloud spreading over the topmost heights of the mountains, he said, "I think there's a thunder-storm coming on."

"Oh, I hope so!" she cried, with the first signs of animation he had seen her show.

"Why do you want a storm?" he asked.

"Because I love them. When the thunder sounds and the lightning flashes I think I can hear God's own voice."

She was looking up at the thunder-cloud with an expression he never forgot. She seemed to have taken a new spirit and entered into a new life.

Melchior felt the influence of her enthusiasm, and began to share it. A dazzling golden lance darted through the purple-black cloud, and, when the rolling thunder had awaked the echoes of the mountains, he repeated part of Elihu's words in Luther's grand rendering of Job:

"*Er decket den Blitz mit Händen, und heisset es doch wiederkommen.*"

"*Davon zeuget sein Geselle, nämlich des Donners Zorn in Wolken.*"

Rosa looked at him with gleaming eyes, and her cheeks were glowing with excitement. He was sure that the Bible poet's words in their truthful German form were to her just what they were to him, and that, however wide apart they might be as to points of faith, their deepest feelings were in full accord.

The storm-cloud passed away to the south, and the red sunset-light on the mountain-tops showed that the evening was near. Melchior walked back to the mill, remounted his horse, and rode to the village, reaching it before the twilight had fairly set in.

During his absence the picnic-party had hurried down from the mountain without waiting for the wagon which was to have brought them back. Rosa had seen that all the children reached their own door-steps safely, and she had then walked home. Her companions went directly to the magistrate's house and made a vehement statement of the robbery, in consequence of which three men soon afterward rode away in pursuit of the highwayman. The Yingling sisters, with their brother Simon and half a dozen sympathizing friends, were now sitting on the porch of the inn, waiting for the family carriage to arrive.

When Melchior rode up and dismounted before the inn, those of the party who had seen him before recog-

nized him at once. As soon as he had gone inside, the Misses Yingling declared him to be a city man of great wealth and high social position. He was not dressed in the violently demonstrative style which they considered the distinctive mark of such superior creatures, yet they were convinced that they were right in their conjecture, and felt that their wide knowledge of the subject made it impossible for them to be mistaken.

The carriage soon appeared, driven by their father, and they hastened to give him an account of their adventure in the mountains. When he had given full expression to his feelings about this matter, they told him of Melchior's arrival. He went to the office to look at him, and, on discovering that the object of interest was one of his acquaintances, he brought him out and presented him to his daughters. Those young ladies suddenly became unaware that any one else was within sight, so their late dear friends were constrained to go their several ways with meek disappointment.

Melchior had not perceived any of the picnic-party except Rosa when he came down the road, and he was surprised to hear that Kunigund and Elsbet had seen him pass. They repeated their story to him, and described Rosa's proceedings with virtuous indignation, declaring that they should warn all the parents in the neighborhood not to let her have anything to do with their children.

But all other impulses quickly gave way to their desire to show their superiority to the plain people among whom they lived. The first time their father addressed one of them by name, she vigorously repudiated her "horrid Dutch" title, and informed Melchior that she and her sister had named themselves Elise and Eleanor. They had discovered these appellations in a thrilling weekly paper, devoted to detective- and "society"-stories, and they pronounced them *Eelize* and *Elleener*.

"Mr. Barndollar," said Elsbet, with the air of saying something extremely

flattering, "I never should have thought you was a Pennsylvania Dutchman."

"Neither should I,—never!" added Kunigund.

"I'm sorry to hear that," said Melchior.

"Sorry?" exclaimed the sisters together.

"Yes. I'm proud of being a Pennsylvania Dutchman, and I want to be as much like one as possible."

"*Shaan! shaan!*" cried Yingling, looking at his daughters with a broad smile, and boldly using the dialect in their hearing. But, for fear their refined sensibilities might be too rudely shocked, he explained to them that Mr. Barndollar had once lived in the city, and that he often visited it to attend to business. These strong points in his favor made up for his "low" ideas, and induced them to join their father in urging him to call on them.

After they had departed in the carriage, Melchior remained on the porch, thinking of what he had just heard about Rosa and the robber. It was evident that Yingling's daughters were her enemies; but he was afraid his own prejudice in her favor might make him too partial a judge. Knowing that self-deception brings its own punishment as surely as miasma brings disease, he tried to look at the case as fairly as possible. As he was ignorant of the reasons for her action, he could only view it in the light of what he could surmise as to her character. He said to himself that if she had consciously done wrong she must be either weaker or less sincere than he had supposed. Her apparent frankness and sincerity would not alone have convinced him that she was never hypocritical, as he knew that weakness and lack of principle may entangle even the most open-hearted and naturally frank people in a net-work of deceit. But he thought her shuddering terror of sin could hardly have been acted without great natural talent highly developed by cultivation; and her strength of will was suggested by the conformation of her face and strongly indicated by what he had heard of her

life. After going over the whole ground as thoroughly as he could, he felt justified in assuming—until the opposite should at least appear more probable—that she was really what she seemed to be, and that in what she had done she had been actuated by some good motive. After he had considered the matter in this judicial way, his intuitive sense of her goodness and purity suddenly made the whole process seem superfluous, and he wondered how he could have had any doubts on the subject. He felt as if he had been arguing the question of whether lights were beginning to shine in the village windows, or of whether stars were coming out in the darkening sky. This perfect trust was a renewed assurance to him that there is a faith which rises above reason and a consciousness which is stronger than proof.

The next morning he rode over to the county town, and went with a lawyer—who, like all the other lawyers in the place, had "Advocat" on his sign—to examine the public land-records. Finding that the owner of the mill could give a clear title to the whole of the property originally owned by Herkheim, he authorized the lawyer to draw up a deed conveying it all to him in fee.

Having some other business to attend to in the town, he was walking down a street that led to the water-side, when he came to a crowd of people around the door of a drinking-saloon, and was told that an inquest was being held inside. He was about to walk on, when the door of the house was opened for the coroner's jury to pass out, and he saw the corpse stretched out on the floor. His first glance at the motionless figure in its tattered, water-soaked clothes made him remember the tramp he had seen with Rosa the day before, and on going into the room and looking closely at the body he was convinced that it was that of the same man. He told the coroner what he knew about this man, and learned from him that he was a stranger who had been drinking all night in the saloon, and, staggering out just at daylight, had tumbled into the river and been drowned. The coroner showed

Melchior a revolver, a lady's gold watch, and a little silver money, which had been taken from the dead man's pockets; and they agreed that the sale of the other watch must have supplied the means for his carouse.

Melchior received the deed the next morning, and by mid-day he was back at the village. Early in the afternoon he rode out to Yingling's house and gave him and his family an account of the highwayman's end. Yingling promised his daughters that he would certainly recover one of their watches, and said he expected to get them both back. When their minds had been relieved on this point, they were ready for another effort to impress upon Melchior the full extent of their fashionable elegance and their superiority to the mass of mankind.

But another member of the family had something to say on a different subject.

Just as Kunigund was about to begin operations, her brother Simon addressed Melchior as follows:

"Is that man buried?"

"I don't know," replied Melchior.

"He's *real dead*, though, ain't he?"

"I'm sure of that."

"Then I'm a-goin' to tell what I heard."

The boy came from his seat near the door to the centre of the room, and looked around with an air of conscious importance.

"When Rosa went over to where the tramp was a-standin'," he said, "I crept along behind the bushes to see what she was a-goin' to say to him. The first thing she did she didn't say nothin'."

"Oh, Simon, what a horrid, common way of talking you've got into lately!" exclaimed Elsbet.

Her brother, who knew there had been no recent alteration in his mode of speech, looked at her with silent scorn, and then proceeded with his story:

"Him and her they jist stood an' stared at each other fer 'bout a minute, an' then he says, 'What the hell did you come here for?'"

"What horrid, low talk!" cried Kunigund, affecting deep disgust.

"Look a-here, s'pose you tell all 'bout this thing," said her brother, whose patience was becoming exhausted.

"Leave out the swearin', Simon," said his father.

The boy evidently thought this would rob the narrative of its most attractive features, but he reluctantly submitted.

"Rosa she says, 'I come to see what you're a-goin' to do,'" he continued. "Then the man he says, 'What do you think I'm a-goin' to do?' Rosa says, 'I think you're a-waiin' fer somebody,' she says. 'If it's a man,' she says, 'an' he won't let you rob him, then maybe you'll shoot him.' He says, 'Do you think you could stop me from shootin' him?' An' Rosa she says, 'I know I could try.' Then the man he got tearin' mad, an' he cussed an' swore awful; an' he grabbed his pistol, an' told Rosa he'd jist as leev kill her as he would a rat. You bet I was scared. But Rosa she didn't look scared a bit, so she didn't. She jist stood still an' looked him in the eye; an' after a while he sort o' cooled down, an' he asked her if she knew the man what was a-comin' down the road; an' she told him she didn't know nothin' 'bout him. She up an' told the man it wasn't on'y on account o' the other feller that she wanted to keep him from shootin'; an' she says, 'If your mother was here she'd help me to keep you from bein' a murderer,' she says. The man he turned his face quick, he did, an' he says, 'Here, woman, don't you talk to me 'bout my poor old mother.' Rosa she kep' quiet; an' when I seen the man's face ag'in his eyes looked sort o' watery, so they did."

"Don't say 'so they did,'" said Elsbet. "It sounds so countryfied."

Simon seemed to consider this interruption beneath his notice, and he continued his story without deigning to make any reply.

"Pretty soon the man says to Rosa, he says, 'What would you do if I was to start to shoot the man what's a-comin'?' Rosa says to him, she says, 'I'd try to hold your arm,' she says. 'I b'leev I'm as strong as you are,' she says. The man he looked at her hard,

all over, an' then he says, kinder slow like, 'I shouldn't wonder if you was stronger.' 'Bout a minute afterwards he says, 'If I hadn't 'a' been drinkin' hard for three years you wouldn't be stronger'n I am.' Then Rosa she come closer to him, an' she begun a-talkin' fast, like I never heard her do before, an' she just begged him to stop drinkin'. I can't 'member all what she said, but she begged him hard, like she was tryin' to git him to do sump'n' fer her. The man he says, 'It's no use. Whiskey's got me, an' it'll never loosen its grip.' Rosa she looked to me, somehow, like she was all choked up an' couldn't say nothin' else. The man he must 'a' noticed sump'n' queer about her too,—'coz he says to her, 'You're scared, ain't you?' Rosa she says, 'Yes,' she says. Then he asked her if she was scared of him, an' Rosa says, 'No.' The man looked kind o' puzzled; an' I was a-wonderin' what made Rosa git scared, too; 'coz I didn't b'leev she cared a cent for the man an' his pistol."

Melchior remembered her answer to his question about being afraid to live alone, and he believed it had been prompted by what she had just gone through.

"'Bout that time you come down the road," continued Simon, addressing Melchior; "an' the man he never said nothin' to you. When you was out o' sight, he says to Rosa, he says, 'Now you're a-goin' to boast that you kep' me from cleanin' that feller out, ain't you?' Rosa she says, 'I'll never say a word 'bout it to nobody.' The man looked at her fer a minute, an' then he says, 'I guess you'll keep your word.' Pretty soon Rosa got at him ag'in 'bout drinkin', an' she wanted him to go away somewheres an' git work an' keep at it hard. She told him hard work an' prayin' was the only things that can keep anybody from bein' what the devil wants 'em to be. The man he listened fer a while 'thout sayin' nothin' back; but all of a sudden he says, 'It's no use now. It's too late.' Then he turned 'round quick an' walked away up the road. Rosa she stood there a-lookin' at him fer a little while, an'

then she come back to the picnic-ground; an' when I come there too they was all startin' fer home. I didn't say nothin' to nobody 'bout what I heard, 'coz I didn't want that feller to come round here some day an' shoot me. But I guess he's done shootin' people now, so he is."

Though Yingling had not ventured to disagree openly with his daughters, he had not believed what they said about Rosa; and he now declared he had known "all along" that she was entirely free from blame.

Melchior concluded that the highwayman had seen him at a road-side inn where he had stopped to rest his horse, and had gone forward to waylay him; selecting for his ambush the first part of the road which was thickly bordered by trees and was not in sight of any houses.

He made his visit a short one, and stopped on the way to the mill to tell Rosa what had happened. The miserable end of the man she had tried to help made her very sorrowful; but her perfect trust that everything in the universe is ordered aright soon brought her the consolation she needed. Though Melchior had reached the same point by a different road, his reliance was equally strong, and he felt again that his faith and hers had the same firm foundation.

About three months later, near the close of day, Rosa was standing on the hill, leaning against a tree and looking toward the house in which she was born. She could see the miller's little daughter sitting under the old oak before the door, and her thoughts had gone back to a distant autumn day, just at sunset, when she herself had sat under the same tree, listening to the rustling of the leaves and thinking of the wonderful time to come, when she would be a woman. Her picture of the future had been all sunshine, and her heart was full of sympathy for the child as she thought of what might be in store for her.

The sound of footsteps made her look around, and she saw Jacob Yingling coming up the hill.

"Takin' a look at the old mill, Rosa?"

said he. "Melker Barndollar's havin' it fixed up real nice already. Did you know he was down here last Monday?"

"Yes; I saw him," answered Rosa.

Yingling seated himself on a log, took a pipe and a tobacco-pouch out of his capacious pockets, and was soon enjoying a smoke.

"Of course you know Elsбет's goin' to git married, don't you?" he asked.

"Yes. When is it to be?"

"Next month. Kunigund she'll be down there in Phil'delphy with 'em 'most all the time, I guess."

"You'll be lonely when they're both away, won't you?"

"Well, yes; I s'pose I *will* miss the girls some."

After smoking in silence for a little while, he said, "Rosa, I want to talk to you about somethin'. But you must keep it a secret for about a month."

"As long as you like," said Rosa.

"Well, now, you see, Rosa, I always thought a heap o' you. You're a good, hard-workin', savin' girl, without any high-flyin' notions about style, an' it's my opinion you'd take care of a farmhouse just right, so you would, an' not want any hired girls, neither. A house-keeper she would want help, an' she'd have to be paid, too; an' I don't know *how* much she might waste an' steal. Now, what I'm a-comin' to is this: after the girls are gone,—if it suits you,—why, me an' you we'll just go over to the willage an' git married once. But, mind you, we mustn't let the girls know till it's over."

Rosa turned her face toward her old home again, and said, with a very slight smile, "I'm engaged, Mr. Yingling."

"Engaged?" exclaimed Yingling.

"Who to?"

"To Melchior Barndollar."

Yingling stared at her vacantly. Few things would have seemed to him more improbable, and he could hardly believe she meant what she said.

At last he rose to his feet, and said, "My pipe is out already." Then he shook out the ashes, pocketed the pipe, and walked slowly away.

W. W. CRANE.

PSYCHIC RESEARCH.

IT is somewhat remarkable what a vast sum of stories of supernatural incident have been set afloat on the broad stream of literature, much of it the flotsam and jetsam of a period antedating history. Everywhere we find it,—in legend, in tradition, in history, in folk-lore, in religious literature,—and in every conceivable form, from stories of fairies and genii, demons and deities, hobgoblins and “chimeras dire,” to legends of the return of the dead, in vision or reality, through strange Sunderings of the wall of invisibility that separates the world of man from the realm of spiritual beings.

Nor has this crowding of the seeming supernatural upon the domain of the natural by any means ceased in our more critical age. Everywhere, in the regions of savagery, in the domains of barbarism, and in the realms of civilization, it may be found, with its host of believers and its well-organized priesthood, known under the various names of conjurer and medicine-man, shaman and juggler, fortune-teller and spiritual medium, and by numerous other titles.

What are we to think of the persistent belief of mankind, through all ages and all grades of civilization, in the existence of a supernatural background to the prosy details of actual life, a semi-transparent veil through which spiritually-awakened eyes may gaze upon startling marvels which lie just beyond the limits of our daily footsteps? Are we to say that all men, through all ages, have been credulous fools, the dupes of their own fancies or of the shrewd manipulation of impostors? or shall we credit mankind as a mass with some degree of common sense and ordinary shrewdness, and admit that there must exist some basis for their persistent belief in the supernatural?

In what we call the enlightened nations of to-day supernaturalism has by

no means died out, but is as obstinately persistent as ever, in spite of the rigid scales of scientific logic in which every fact is now weighed. It dwells among us under the varied forms of spiritualism, clairvoyance, second-sight, ghost-seeing, and the like, with its side-issues of mesmerism, hypnotism, thought-reading, and various other titles to a series of phenomena which are closely related and have much in common.

How shall we regard all this? Is it all the outcome of credulity and deception, of misinterpretation of facts, and mental obliquity? or may we safely imagine that so much smoke indicates some fire, and that there may be a solid substratum of truth under the considerable superstructure of fraud? The scientific world has been inclined to utterly deny any basis of truth in these varied phenomena, and to assert that all who believe in them are blinded dupes. But the scientific world is by no means the whole world, nor does it contain within its limits all the reasoning and discriminative power of mankind.

Modern science has indeed grown in many respects singularly narrow in its creed. It is the Horatio of civilization, and fairly deserves the oracular saying of the philosophical Hamlet,—“There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.” To it matter and motion form the universe, and it will acknowledge no matter that is not tangible and no motion that is not measurable. It has fenced in the universe, or, rather, a very narrow and rigidly geometrical space which it calls the universe, and sternly ignores all that lies in the vast void beyond its fence. What if strange faces peer over that stout boundary? What if surprising forms flit past its gaping cracks and crevices? Science shuts its eyes and sternly declares, “It is all whim and phantasy, sleight-of-

hand and vacuity of mind. We will none of it."

That the scope of modern knowledge has reached a breadth and depth that can give its possessors the right to make such positive assertions, can scarcely be said. And that all the valuable and accurate knowledge of mankind is in the hands of the ultra-scientists, is equally questionable. Observational science has a tendency to narrow the scope of the mental vision, and to build such a wall of hard facts round the minds of its advocates that they are virtually imprisoned. They imagine that there are no phenomena which cannot be tested by their instruments, and have built themselves a grating of iron bars through which to survey the mighty universe. Yet, if we may quote from Professor Crooks, "the truth is that we live in a world of marvels not one-millionth part of which is ever guessed at, roughly giving the title of supernatural to everything we do not understand, and laughing at those who endeavor to teach us something, as visionaries and monomaniacs."

That science is right in its methods and principles, no one can deny. A rigid examination of every phenomenon, and a sharp elimination of every possible chance of fraud or error, are necessary conditions for the discovery of truth. Where it errs is in the over-conception of the magnitude of its advances. Out of the many thousand years of man's residence upon the earth, inductive science can claim but two or three centuries of existence; and it seems somewhat ridiculous to maintain that in that brief time it has probed the mystery of the universe to its bottom. It must also be remembered that our five senses, on which alone we depend for a knowledge of outer things, are very imperfect instruments. They are adapted by nature to the simple needs of daily life, and the universe may be full of mysteries which are quite beyond their scope. That mind can make contact with mind through other channels than the senses is now becoming slowly recognized, and it is doubtless to these supersensible

contacts of mind that many of the so-called supernatural phenomena are due.

The hostile attitude of science in regard to these matters has not included all scientists. The claims of spiritualism, for instance, have received some degree of attention from scientists, with various results. In some cases they have been proclaimed fraudulent. In others they have been accepted as well founded. Among the well-known scientists who have been converted to spiritualism may be mentioned Dr. Hare, the late eminent chemist of Philadelphia, and Professors Wallace and Crooks, of London. Various other names, in America, England, and Germany, might be added to these.

In fact, it can no longer be ignored that there are numerous phenomena of great importance outside the realm of ordinary science, which must be included before science can become complete. Extraordinary incidents are of frequent occurrence, and under conditions to which the explanation of fraud and credulity cannot apply; and it is becoming strikingly evident that there are laws of nature which have not yet been discovered or even dreamed of, and that there are influences affecting the mind of man which cannot be explained under any known principle of physiology or psychology.

These facts have recently attracted the attention of scientists to an extent never before known. It is found that they can no longer be settled by the very easy but not very convincing "pooh-pooh" argument. They are ghosts that "will not down" at the command of wizard or mathematician, actual things that are forcing themselves vigorously on the attention of those who formerly quietly ignored their existence.

For the study of these remarkable and mysterious facts scientific societies have very recently been formed, which have already collected much interesting material, under conditions of the utmost critical accuracy possible in the circumstances. The parent "Society for Psychic Research" was formed in London about three years ago, and has

issued six pamphlet volumes of its proceedings. A similar society has recently been formed in America. Its membership is restricted to one hundred, all of them persons actively engaged in scientific research. But associates of indefinite number, and not necessarily restricted to active scientists, are admitted. A branch society has already been organized in Philadelphia, and others will no doubt be formed in most of our large towns.

It is our purpose here, however, to refer to the results already achieved by the London society, and to give some idea of the character of its work. It may be said as a preliminary that this society does not claim or admit that there is anything really supernatural in the phenomena so far observed, or consider that they are due to any agencies superior to the human mind or out of the human body. They are more probably, in its opinion, the results of certain mysterious laws of mental action, as yet not understood, and, until recently, not recognized.

Their observations have covered a varied field of research, including what is known as thought-reading, or thought-transference, mesmerism, the phenomena of haunted houses, the distant conveyance of mental impressions, etc. An effort has been made to include all these mysterious happenings under a single theory, to which has been given the name of Telepathy. This theory we will briefly describe, after quoting some of the facts upon which it is founded.

The Committee upon Thought-Reading—or Thought-Transference, as they prefer to call it—experiment as follows. Certain persons—sensitive to the action of other minds, though how or why sensitive cannot be declared—are chosen as subjects in these experiments. The subject is seated and blindfolded, and then one member of the committee selects a card from a full pack, a number, a color, a name, or some object, and shows it to the others amid utter silence. The persons present now think as earnestly as possible upon this subject, and strive to impress their thoughts upon

the mind of the sensitive. The latter, after a blank interval, receives some mental idea of the object, and names the impression which has arisen in his mind. There are here, of course, unlimited chances for error. In guessing a playing-card, for instance, the chances against correctness are as fifty-two to one. Yet in these experiments there was a large percentage of correct guesses, and a much larger one of approximately correct. Thus, out of nine hundred and fifty-two trials, with playing-cards, fictitious names, numbers of two figures, etc., two hundred and one were named rightly on the first guess, and one hundred and nine on the second. The total of the correct efforts, including an occasional third guess, was three hundred and eighty-eight, or 40.7 per cent. of the whole number. In another case, where, to prevent collusion, the object was known to only one or a few of the committee, out of four hundred and ninety-five efforts there were ninety-five correct on first guess and forty-five on second, or nearly thirty per cent. in all. On several of these occasions the sensitive party was concealed behind an opaque curtain, or remained outside the room with one of the committee, while the object was chosen within the room, and readiness signified only by a tap on the closed door.

It is hardly necessary here to say that such a large percentage of successes, on many different occasions, removes the results quite beyond the category of chance, and renders it certain, if every possibility of imposture was really eliminated, that the thoughts in the mind of the committee were impressed with a varying degree of clearness on that of the sensitive through some other channel than that of the senses. This committee was composed of persons well known in London scientific circles, and no one has ventured to question their probity, the accuracy of their statements, or the probable sufficiency of their tests.

The most remarkable series of experiments, however, were those in which the subject endeavored to reproduce a

drawing made by one of the committee. These drawings, often very irregular and peculiar in form, were reproduced with a close approximation, and often with an exactness, that rendered it absolutely certain that the sensitive had a true impression, though occasionally a partial and confused one, of the character of the drawing. In the published proceedings of the society numerous reproductions of these drawings are given, and it is simply astonishing how close the copy often is to the original, when we consider the strictness of the test-conditions under which it was made. In many cases the reproduction is very nearly exact.

A short abstract of the *modus operandi* will make the matter clearer. As described in one instance, the percipient, Mr. Smith, is seated blindfolded at a table in the room of the committee, with paper and pencil within reach, and one of the committee at his side. Another of the committee leaves the room, closes the door behind him, and draws some figure at random. Mr. Blackburn, the gentleman who remained in the room, is now called out, and the drawing held before his eyes for a few seconds, until he gains an impression of its character. Then, with closed eyes, he is led back, and placed, sitting or standing, some two feet behind Mr. Smith. A brief period of intense mental concentration follows, absolute silence being preserved by all present. Then Mr. Smith takes up the pencil and attempts to draw the impression he has received. It must be remembered that Mr. Blackburn is the only one in the room who has seen the drawing, and that he has not spoken or come within Mr. Smith's circle of vision since entering. Yet, under such circumstances, out of thirty-seven experiments made only eight could be called unsatisfactory. In four of these no impression was received, and in the other four only a very confused one. In certain cases, indeed, Mr. Blackburn did not clearly remember the figure, and was asked to draw it according to his recollection. In every such instance the main errors in Mr. Smith's

drawing were found to have existed in Mr. Blackburn's mind.

In these experiments of the five senses of the percipient the use of four was absolutely out of the question. Only that of hearing remained. It seemed quite incredible that Mr. Blackburn could by any system of sound-signals, such as by peculiarities in breathing, or shuffling movements on the carpet, have conveyed to Mr. Smith any knowledge of the character of a random drawing. But, to avoid even this improbable danger of collusion, on one occasion Mr. Smith's ears were closed with putty, a bandage tied tightly over his eyes and ears, and a bolster-case drawn over his head. In addition to this, a blanket was thrown over his head and tied tightly around his body. The figure drawn on this occasion was a very irregular one; yet the original was reproduced with quite sufficient accuracy to show clearly that some close conception of its character had been received. It may be said, in conclusion, that these reproduced drawings were not made hesitatingly, as if waiting for a signal, but deliberately and continuously until ended. The conclusion can scarcely be questioned that mind here acted on mind through some other channel than that of the senses.

The research into mesmeric or hypnotic phenomena has yielded results no less surprising. In experiments of this kind there is always, of course, the chance of fraud on the part of the subject, who may pretend to conditions and experiences which do not exist. It can only here be said that every effort was made by the Committee on Mesmerism to eliminate the possibility of such wilful deception. The mesmeric state was produced in the usual fashion,—by passes made by the hands of the operator over the subject,—there being a marked degree of variation in the power of operators and susceptibility of sensitives. This state being produced, the mind of the subject appeared to come partly or wholly under the volition of the operator. If told that he could not open his eyes or mouth, he seemed in-

capable of doing so, though otherwise fully conscious. Suggested thoughts became the ruling thoughts in his mind. If told that a handkerchief was a baby, he would nurse it as such. He would eat a candle with the idea that it was sponge-cake, and salt for sugar. When given strong pepper and told it was mignonette, there was no sneezing or watering at the eyes, but, on the contrary, every indication of enjoyment of a delightful perfume. But when given salt and told it was snuff, violent sneezing followed.

In one case a valuable coin was thrown on the floor and promised to a mesmerized boy if he could pick it up. He struggled violently, until the sweat ran down his face, while his countenance was full of incredulity, resolution, and rage. But all in vain. The coin remained ungrasped. Yet this ill success was not always the case. In some instances the subject succeeded in overcoming his mental paralysis after desperate efforts. And acquiescence in the dictum of the operator was not always complete. In certain cases a doubt of the assertion was entertained, as if control of the subject's mental organism was only partially gained.

In instances like those above given there is always the chance of deception. The possibility that the subject is wilfully shamming invalidates any positive conclusion. In other experiments this possibility of deception was largely removed. Thus, the subject was blindfolded, and the operator pinched, slapped, pricked, etc., various parts of his own body. In nearly every instance the subject showed indication of pain or uneasiness in the same part. Even when the operator was in another room the effects were similar. Out of twenty-four experiments, twenty were completely successful.

Another of the phenomena was insusceptibility to sound, except of the voice of the operator. The lowest whisper of the latter could be heard, while the subject seemed deaf to the loudest shouts of others. Thus, while a reporter was howling and clapping his hands

within a few inches of the subject's ear, he seemed utterly unheard, and yet immediate response was given to a faint whisper of the distant operator, though it was nearly inaudible to a gentleman standing close beside him.

To render this test surer, the operator removed to an adjoining dark room, closed off by thick curtains from the room occupied by the subject and the committee. Here, while loud bellowsings were kept up at the ear of the subject, he paid no attention to them, but instantly responded to the whisper of the operator, though it would have been quite inaudible at the distance even if given in perfect silence. Ten such whispers produced immediate responses.

Quite as remarkable were the rigidity and the anæsthetic effects produced by the passes of the operator. These, when made over some limb or portion of a limb, rendered the part insensible to pinching, pricking, burning, or strong electric shocks, and removed from it all power of movement. Yet all places outside the range of the passes remained perfectly sensitive.

In the most striking experiment of this kind the subject was seated blindfolded at a table, on which his ten fingers were spread out. A screen formed of thick brown paper, quadruply folded, was placed in front of his body, resting on his arms, or in some cases his arms thrust through holes made in it. This covered his breast and head, and stretched far above and beyond him in all directions. Under these circumstances, a reporter present selected two of the ten fingers for experiment by silently pointing to them. Over these the operator made extremely gentle passes, to prevent any possible sensation of air-currents. To avoid any chance of this, one of the persons present made exactly similar passes over two other fingers. In other instances the passes were dispensed with, and the operator simply held his fingers directed downward over those of the subject. This produced the same effect, but much more slowly. After a minute or less, the fingers became perfectly stiff and in-

sensible. Thus, the points of a carving-fork thrust deeply and somewhat brutally into them yielded not the slightest sign of sensation in the patient. He would continue to smile or converse without an indication of pain. Yet a slight touch of the fork on any of the other fingers caused him to start and protest. Equal success occurred when the flame of a lighted match was applied suddenly to the very sensitive region around the nail. Violent electric shocks produced not the least indication of sensation, though they were unbearable in the other fingers. A similar trial with a thin-skinned, delicate, and very sensitive woman was equally successful. Though she shrank with a cry of pain from the least touch of the fork to any of the other fingers, the mesmerized fingers appeared utterly insensible to very severe tests.

The rigidity was equal to the insensibility. When the subject was told to double the hand into a fist, only the unaffected fingers yielded, the mesmerized ones standing stiffly out. On one occasion, when the subject was lying on a lounge, and the operator, unperceived by him, made passes over an outstretched hand, on attempting afterward to rise, he found himself, much to his amazement, utterly incapable of removing that hand from the lounge. It seemed to cling there by some extraordinary attraction.

In these experiments both the sensory and motor nerves of the parts acted on seemed to have lost their function, as in the other experiments described they seemed to have become subject to the will of the operator. A few more illustrations must suffice. Out of a number of objects, one of which was touched, or passes made over it, by the operator, the correct one was invariably chosen by the subject, though he was out of the room at the time and the operator left the room before his entrance. To prevent the chance of a prearrangement between the two parties, ten small volumes, exactly alike, were chosen, the order in which they were placed being changed after the operator had touched one and

left the room. Only one member of the committee knew which volume had been touched, and he took care to look in another direction after the subject had entered. Yet, despite these precautions, the correct volume was invariably selected.

Not less remarkable was the fact that the blindfolded subject seemed to taste all of a considerable variety of articles of food that were put into the mouth of the operator, such as salt, sugar, cinnamon, water, etc. In some such instances the previous taste seemed to persist. If sugar followed salt, for instance, there would be a confused mingling of the sensations produced by both.

How these remarkable phenomena are to be explained is something beyond our purpose to inquire. Numerous theories have been offered by experimenters in mesmerism and hypnotism, yet none seem quite satisfactory. They appear, however, to link themselves to those of thought-transference, previously detailed. As there the active thought in the mind of the operator seemed to enter that of the subject through some other channel than that of the senses, so here a similar, but far more vigorous, *rapport* between the two minds seemed established. As in the one case a single thought was impressed on the subject's mind and indicated itself in his action, so here the impressed thought became so absorbing as to thrust all disturbing influences aside, or the control over the nervous organism of the subject became so thorough that any portion of it could be paralyzed at will. How this communication between mind and mind is established, whether through some common mental aura or atmosphere, or otherwise, is difficult to decide. The choosing of the touched volume under the circumstances described would seem to indicate some nerve-affecting agent capable of temporarily attaching itself to inorganic objects.

The investigations of the Society of Psychic Research have entered other fields than those described, and a large quantity of material has been collected, more or less trustworthy. Thus, their

published inquiry for instances of haunted houses has brought in many replies, most of them of a doubtful or poorly-authenticated character. Some remarkable ones are published which seem very well authenticated, but the accounts given are too long for quotation here. In fact, in all cases of this kind the chance for misapprehension is so great that they can seldom or never become quite satisfactory as evidences of preternatural agency. We will therefore pass them by, and consider some of the remarkable cases given of apparitions of persons yet living, or at the moment of death. The society has given no instances of apparitions of persons previously deceased, except in the cases of haunted houses.

In regard to the question of apparitions, history and common report are crowded with instances, more or less credible. In the great majority of cases the evidence has not been carefully collected and reviewed. This the society has undertaken to do. Their published inquiry has brought in hundreds of replies, many of them from persons of high standing in society, dignitaries of the Church, officers of the army, etc., these being often of surprising character and apparently well authenticated.

The persons affected have felt a considerable variety of influences,—from mere uneasiness to a clear vision of a human form. Thus, the Rev. J. M. Wilson, head-master of Clifton School, relates a case where he felt a strange discomfort, without illness or any apparent cause, and learned afterward of the death of a twin brother, which took place on the same evening. Dr. E. L. Fischer, of Würzburg, relates a case of abnormal wretchedness, followed by a rapid decrease of the feeling, which was simultaneous with the serious illness of his grandmother at a distance and a radical change for the better in her condition. This is given in his work on hypnotism, and would scarcely have been given unless true, as it tells against the theory he advances. In the same work he relates how he was forced to leave a jubilee-dinner by a feeling which apparently

arose from the urgent desire of a distant person, whose need of his attendance was at that time quite unknown to him.

In other cases an impression of pain was transmitted. Thus, in one well-marked instance a lady woke up with the impression of having received a hard blow on the mouth and that her lip was bleeding. She held her handkerchief to it, and was surprised to find that there was no blood. She then looked at her watch, and saw that it was just seven. At half-past nine her husband came in. She noticed that he sat farther from her than usual and held his handkerchief furtively to his lip. On asking the reason, she received for answer that he had been out sailing, and had been struck a hard blow in the mouth with the tiller.

"It has been bleeding a good deal, and won't stop," he concluded.

"Have you any idea when this happened?" she demanded.

"It must have been about seven," was his answer.

A case of auditory impression may next be quoted. Rev. Andrew Jukes, of Woolwich, relates that on the 31st of July, 1854, just as he awoke he heard the voice of an old school-mate—dead a year or two—say, "Your brother Mark and Harriet are both gone." These persons were in America at the time. The words were so vivid that he made a note of them in his diary. Some time afterward he heard by letter that Mark had died on August 1, and Harriet on August 3. Thus in this instance the impression somewhat preceded the deaths.

Various other cases of such partial impressions might be adduced, but some instances of actual visual apparitions will be more in point. In several such cases the visibility was only partial. In others it was exact and definite. One instance of the latter is offered by the Rev. Canon Warburton, of Winchester, in the following words:

"Somewhere about the year 1848 I went up from Oxford to stay a day or two with my brother, Acton Warburton, then a barrister, living at 10 Fish Street,

Lincoln's Inn. When I got to his chambers I found a note on his table apologizing for his absence and saying that he had gone to a dance somewhere in the West End, and intended to be home soon after one o'clock. Instead of going to bed, I dozed in an arm-chair, but started up wide awake exactly at one, ejaculating, 'By Jove, he's down!' and seeing him come out of a drawing-room into a brightly-illuminated landing, catching his foot in the edge of the top stair, and falling headlong, just saving himself by his elbows and hands. Thinking very little of the matter, I fell into a doze again for half an hour, and was awakened by my brother suddenly coming in and saying, 'Oh, there you are! I have just had as narrow an escape from breaking my neck as I ever had in my life. Coming out of the ball-room, I caught my foot, and tumbled full length down the stairs.'

"W. WARBURTON."

In a second letter he says,—

"My brother was hurrying home from his dance with some little self-reproach in his mind for not having been at his chambers to receive his guest. So the chances are he was thinking of me."

Other interesting cases of the distant vision of accidents or other serious dangers might be quoted, but we will now give one or two instances in which the impression was received at the moment of death. A very striking one of this kind, considering the distance separating the parties, is described by Lieutenant-Colonel Jones, of the English army, as follows:

"In 1845 I was stationed with my regiment at Moulmein, in Burmah. In those days there was no direct mail, and we were dependent on the arrival of sailing-vessels for our letters, which sometimes arrived in batches, and occasionally were months without any news from home.

"On the evening of the 24th March, 1845, I was, with others, dining at a friend's house, and, when sitting in the veranda after dinner, with the other guests, in the middle of a conversation

on some local affairs, I all at once *distinctly* saw before me the form of an open coffin, with the form of a favorite sister of mine, then at home, lying in it, apparently dead.

"I naturally ceased talking, and every one looked at me with astonishment and asked what was the matter. I mentioned in a laughing manner what I had seen, and it was looked upon as a joke. I walked home later with an officer very much my senior (the late Major-General George Briggs, retired, Madras Artillery, then Captain Briggs), who renewed the subject, and asked whether I had received any news as to my sister's illness. I said no, and that my last letters from home were antedated some three months previously. He asked me to make a note of the circumstance, as he had before heard of such occurrences. I did so, and showed him the entry I made opposite the day of the month in an almanac. On the 17th May following I received a letter from home announcing my sister's death as having taken place on that very day,—viz., the 24th of March, 1845."

As to the correspondence of the hour in this interesting case, it was very close, and may have been exact. He learned nothing on this point, except that the death took place in the morning, which, allowing for the difference of longitude, would agree with the evening in Burmah.

One more instance must suffice. This, however, is a specially remarkable one, from the exactness of the impression and from other features of the case. It is related by Dr. Rowland Bowsted, of Chistor, who remarks that it was the only appearance of the kind he had ever seen.

On one occasion during his boyhood he was taking part in a game of cricket. The ball flew toward a hedge, and he and another lad ran thither to regain it. But, on approaching the hedge, to his surprise he saw just beyond it the form of his brother-in-law, whom he supposed to be far distant. The figure wore a shooting-dress and carried a gun over the arm. It smiled at him and waved

its hand. He called to it the attention of the other boy, who failed to see it; and on his looking again it had vanished. Immediately afterward he mentioned the circumstance to his uncle, who looked at the time. It was just ten minutes to one. Two days afterward a letter was received, stating that the brother-in-law had died at ten minutes to one on the morning of the apparition. He had been ill, but felt so much better that morning that he decided to go out shooting. He took up his gun, and asked the father of the boy if he had sent for him. (The boy was a favorite with the brother-in-law.) The father had answered that the expense was too much and the distance too great,—it being over one hundred miles. At this answer the invalid burst into a passion, "and said he would see me in spite of them all, for he did not care for expense or distance." Suddenly a blood-vessel burst on his lungs, and he died at once. He was dressed at the time in a shooting-suit, and had his gun on his arm. The boy had known of his illness, but had received a letter from his father some time before, saying that he was better, and might get through the winter.

In this case there is not only the perception of the exact dress of the apparition to consider, but also his strong desire to see his favorite. In fact, in most of the cases cited by the society there was close relationship or intimacy between the parties in *rapport*, and frequently some evident desire to communicate existed.

From the various instances of mental communication given in the society's proceedings, some of the most striking of which we have described, Messrs. Gurney and Myers have formed an explanatory theory, which they designate telepathy. In this theory it is asserted that the minds of men can come into direct communication through some other channel than that of the senses. What this channel is they do not under-

take to explain. According to them, an actual impression of sight first affects the nerve-organs of the eye, and is then conducted inward to secondarily affect an internal ganglion. From this point the sensory current flows still inward, and is distributed over the cerebrum, or mind-ganglion. If these three points be designated as follows, the eye as *A*, the intermediate ganglion as *B*, and the cerebrum as *C*, it follows that *C* only knows *B* as the source of its sensations: *B* might receive them through any channel and the effect on *C* be the same. In fact, old impressions long since laid up at *C* might be reflected back to *B* and again affect *C* as new sensations. In this way it is sought to explain hallucinations. *B* is affected not from the outer world, but from the mind. Yet the source of this perception is not apparent. It so closely resembles those heretofore received through the senses that the person firmly believes that something is taking place outside him, and fails to recognize that the seeming appearance has but a mental origin. If now another mind can directly act on the cerebrum of any individual, and through this affect the sensory ganglion, the operations of the one mind might become the apparent sensations of the other. If this possibility be once admitted, it is not easy to limit the extent of the influence which one mind might exert upon another, or the distance through which such influence might be exerted. If such a power exists at all, it might in certain cases be greatly developed. The remarkable feature is its existence, not its extension.

Such is the theory of telepathy. It is evidently as yet very imperfect. Yet it is based on facts which seem otherwise inexplicable. It seems possible that there may be a new and broad field of scientific research opening out before us in the investigation of this strange super-sensible influence of mind upon mind.

CHARLES MORRIS.

AURORA.

CHAPTER XXV.

DEFIANCE.

WHEN Michele had been in Casamicciola three or four days, Count Fantini arrived. The duchess had sent him a telegram requesting him to come at once, and he had obeyed. From his sister he had had a very reserved account of the changes which had taken place in Sassovivo, but he could guess very nearly what had happened, and that both himself and his cousin were in more or less disgrace. Aurora Coronari's flight was likely to be followed by a triumphant return and the punishment of those who had been the cause of it.

He had no wish to see the duke; but Laura would not have summoned him, surely, had her husband been with her, or likely to appear: therefore he went willingly. He had never seen Ischia; and of course he would now see it at his cousin's expense. Besides, he was glad to leave Florence, which at that season was a furnace.

He had concluded at once a five-years' lease of the house the duke had offered him there, and, somewhat to the owner's disgust, had requested a written agreement.

Michele did not see the count's arrival. He was in his low chamber under the roof, laboriously writing a letter to his master.

The duchess had found some acquaintances in Ischia; and all the families about Casamicciola whose rank entitled them to do so had called upon her. Her little *salon* became at once a centre where this society met every afternoon, and it was quite full when Count Fantini entered.

"Oh, Clemente!" she said negligently, extending the tips of her fingers. "Did the duke come with you?"

"No; he wasn't quite ready," her cousin replied at random, wondering at the question.

She presented him to several ladies, and then left him to make his own way. There was a marchioness, and countesses galore, and an English spinster dressed in seven different subdued, well-bred colors which gently but firmly refused to harmonize, browns chiefly, and—we had almost said, Smiths.

The spinster merely bowed her head to him *à l'Anglaise*, with a care that the movement should not snap it off; but she cast a half glance at the vacant seat at her side, and he immediately begged permission to occupy it. It was, in fact, the only unoccupied chair in the room. Everybody knew, he thought, that the English, the travelling ones, are rolling in money; and perhaps this might be the longed-for heiress. She seemed to think quite enough of herself,—for, though civil, she looked him over with one calm, comprehensive glance, which put him at once on his best behavior.

He returned the summary glance with one equally tranquil and comprehensive. Longish nose, with a mark left by habitual spectacles,—not *pince-nez*, but spectacles; high forehead, broad at the temples; fading hair, palish cheeks, and—where did she get it? or how did she preserve it?—one of the most beautiful, sensitive mouths in the world.

Plan of attack: At first calm, modestly but earnestly intellectual, with a good deal of grave good sense. Watchfulness. Later, when her mental and moral qualities should have had time to take hold of him, a half-unconscious softness, increasing *pian piano*, fits of melancholy, brief glints of passion, leading to the grand *coup*.

Meantime, he bestowed his impassioned glances on a charming young lady opposite, who furtively watched him with large dark eyes full of merriment.

"I hope that you liked your governess," the duchess said dryly, when they were alone.

"What did you present me to a governess for?" the count exclaimed angrily.

"She's companion and English governess at once; and I presented you to her because she lives with Madame Lafrage, the young woman who sat opposite you, with large eyes like a cat. And Madame Lafrage adores her, and won't stir anywhere without her, and resents the least slight put upon her. And Madame Lafrage is so rich that she cannot count her money, and she is immensely admired by a certain king. Besides, all the other ladies had cavaliers, and would have been annoyed at having an interloper. But I have other things of more importance to talk to you about."

And she poured out her story.

"A pretty scrape!" her cousin muttered. "I told you—"

"No matter what you told me," she interrupted angrily. "You are always twitting. You know yourself what the duke is. He thinks that he can govern his family, myself included, by his military drill. I wonder he didn't have us called to dinner by a bugle and order us all to rise and salute with our right forefingers to our right bangs every time he appeared. Now, if he plays colonel in that fashion, I mean to play general. I am not used to being commanded, and, *per Dio!* I won't submit to it. We will see which is the stronger. I have made up my mind fully that when he commands me to act in a certain way I will do just the contrary. That is the way to put a stop to his orders. As to the children, I don't want the trouble of them. I wish they were at Bellmar. But I keep them because I know he doesn't want me to. The tutor is simply detestable. A proper sort of man in his place might be very useful to me; but I was completely mistaken in him. He is afraid to commit himself either one way or the other. I think he would like to favor the duke, if he dared. I have sent him to the *table-d'hôte*."

"He is looking forward to the purple," the count said, with a faint smile. "His ambition looks higher than being the tool even of a duchess."

"He—Don Mauro—a cardinal!" cried the lady, with a scornful laugh.

"He is just the man to make a negative cardinal," her cousin insisted. "There are two sorts of cardinals, positive and negative. The positive are those who control, the negative are plastic plaster to their stone; and together they make a tower. The Pope is almost always chosen from the negative class. Revere Don Mauro." And the count twisted his moustache and smiled rather disagreeably. "You may yet kiss the cross on his slipper."

The duchess laughed: "How I should smile over that slipper, remembering the times when I have said, 'That will do,' after giving him my orders!"

"He might remember it, too," said the count, gazing fixedly at his companion. She was looking very pretty, and merriment became her. It set her eyes dancing and disclosed two rows of pearly teeth.

"I should want him to," she declared gayly. "But this isn't what I wish to talk about. How you always put me off the track!"

They were interrupted by the entrance of a waiter, who came to prepare the table, madama having to dine in her *salon*.

"I shall offer you Marsala and Chianti," she whispered. "But you must declare that you want to try the native wine. The wines cost frightfully here. Their Chianti is three lire the flask, and Marsala three lire a bottle."

"As I was about saying," she added, when they were alone, "I mean to keep the boys for the present, though they are terribly in the way, and I would willingly rid myself of his future Holiness. I half believe that Michele is here to carry the children off by stratagem. It would make a scandal, besides being a triumph for the duke. I don't want people here to talk any more than I can help. That was the reason why I asked if the duke came with you. It would look well if you were intimate with him. Now, I have got a man to watch Michele. But what I want most is to get hold of one of his letters to the

duke. That would tell the whole story. He mails a letter every day. Day before yesterday Rosina went to the office as soon as he had left it, dropped a letter of mine, then went in and told the postmaster all in a hurry that she had dropped by mistake a letter addressed to the duke, and begged him to give it back to her. He was all politeness, and took the basket out from under the slip, and examined all the letters. There was no such letter there, he said. Rosina refused to believe it,—indeed, she didn't believe it,—and she begged him to let her look. To be sure, there was no letter addressed to the duke; but there was a thick double letter addressed to the postmaster at Bellmar. Aren't they cunning? And it is very probable that he may direct to some other name the next time. Of course Rosina put on despair, and declared that she must have lost the letter in the street, and that I would kill her for it. She made up some kind of a story. Rosina is a treasure. She is never at a loss. You see, we had not anticipated the possibility of the letter being enclosed to any one else. Now we cannot go to the post-office in that way again, of course; and there is no one there whom Rosina can captivate right away. We must study out some way of getting the letter from Michele himself. It will not be easy, as he is getting shy of Rosina."

Here the waiter appeared again with the dishes for dessert. After carefully arranging them on the improvised side-board, he respectfully asked what wines their excellencies would be pleased to order.

The count immediately interested himself in the view from the window.

"There's half a bottle of Medoc in the credenza that was left from luncheon," the duchess said. "Put that at my plate. And you may bring a bottle of Marsala,—your best, mind,—and a small flask of that Chianti they say is so excellent. You like Chianti, do you not, Clemente?"

"Oh, not for me!" exclaimed the count, recalled as from a reverie by this appeal to him. "I drink so very little

wine in hot weather. But I would like to taste your native wine. Give me a *foglietta* of that. It is all I want."

"Now, Clemente, what nonsense!" cried his hostess. "You can of course taste the native wine; but you must really have the other.—Waiter, do as I bid you."

"Absolutely, no," said the count, with a decisive gesture.

The waiter edged himself out, glancing at the two with a hesitating air, expecting to be called back by one or the other, or both; and when, later, they were seated at table, he might have been descried behind the portière with a bottle and a flask on a tray.

When the duchess, perceiving that her guest had only a single small decanter of wine by his plate, began a deprecating "Now, Clemente, do have some wine," the figure behind the portière started forward with a smile on his face; and when the count raised his hand with a "Positively, I cannot," the figure slunk out of sight crestfallen. This by-play continued until the dessert was set on the table, when the tray was sadly and finally carried out of sight.

The duchess seldom went out by day; but after dinner there were moonlit walks through the flowery roads, or moonlit sails on the beautiful sea, or they sat in the windows of their darkened rooms and listened to the music of a band, or to some lover's serenade.

And so in careless gayety two or three days more went past. On the last of them Rosina came to her mistress with a frightened face, and gave her a message from Michele.

Some one had told him that there were signs of another earthquake. The water had sunk in the wells, the vapor that rose from the sources of the baths was no longer clear and transparent, but had become thick and dark, and there had been thunders in the earth such as they had not heard before.

The duchess started up with a little scream, stood a moment staring, with her lips apart, then sat down again, and considered the subject. Then she laughed.

"It is a trick of the duke to get me

away," she said. "It is what Michele is here for."

"But, duchessa, there might be something in it," the girl urged. "At least let us try to find out. Let me call the landlord. He will not dare to deceive you."

The landlord was summoned, and appeared, the picture of security and smiling politeness. He could hardly contain his laughter within decorous limits when he learned what Michele had said. It was really too ridiculous.

"Why, Excellency, we have heard nothing but earthquake from the people since '81. If a door or window bangs, they cry out, 'Earthquake!' One of my servants dropped a trayful of dishes last week and broke every one of them, because a child, taking its afternoon nap in the chamber overhead, fell out of bed. Ha, ha! When I got in my wine last year, and the year before, and moved the hogsheads about in the cellar, half the people in the house rushed out into the street. Ha, ha! And one woman with a pillow on her head! Ha, ha, ha! Excuse me, Excellency. It really makes me laugh. Of course the springs are not so high at this season as at some others. *S'intende*. But it is false to say that they have sunk rapidly; and as to subterranean thunders and explosions,—ha, ha!—it is really too— Why, a man at the Marina swore last spring that he had heard an explosion in Epomeo, and he ran all through the town alarming people just at the early afternoon hour when everybody is asleep. And what did it turn out to be, Excellency? A woman in the piazza had been driving her neighbor's hens out of her house with a stick, and she happened to strike on an empty barrel. Oh, if Excellency listens to these stories she will hear enough. I have heard nothing else for two years."

"But two years ago there was an earthquake," the duchess said.

"That is precisely our safeguard, Excellency," the landlord declared eagerly. "The mountain wants a *sfogo* now and then, and has had it, and enough to last many a year. Earthquakes come

only at long intervals, and when they are not expected."

The duchess smiled: "Then our safest plan is to be constantly expecting and prophesying them. But, seriously, you would not fail to give me warning immediately if there should be the least alarming symptom?"

The landlord placed his hand on his stomach and bowed profoundly and solemnly: "The signora duchessa may remain perfectly tranquil and secure. She shall be informed of the very slightest indication of disturbance, should any occur. And, besides,"—assuming a certain modest dignity, faintly flavored with a mild sense of injury,—"the signora duchessa must believe that even my own life and the lives of my wife and children are dear to me, and would not be carelessly risked."

The scene was very well worked up; and the duchess and her maid, who had very little faith in people who spoke the truth, felt perfectly secure in the assurances of this man, who had not uttered a word of truth so far as his assurances of safety went.

"You see there is nothing in it, Rosina. But don't tell Michele that I have talked with the landlord. Tell him that I laughed at the story."

The landlord was no longer laughing when he reached that part of the house where the servants were, and called them together, looking well that the doors were shut. One might have said that at a certain moment he gave his blood the rein, for it rushed in a sudden fury to his face, dyeing it to the roots of his hair.

Who had been telling those fool's stories to his boarders? If he could find the person he would give him an earthquake, etc.

It was at length found out that no one in the house had said anything, but that a certain contadino and his wife had told Michele, and that Michele had asked one of the waiters about it, and had not seemed satisfied with his denial.

"Find out Giuseppe at once," the landlord cried, naming the contadino,

"and tell him that I'll never buy another stick of his wood. And tell his wife not to let me catch her bringing eggs here to sell. Let them keep out of my sight. This is the way they pay me for supporting them almost!" he cried, walking to and fro excitedly. "This is the kind of common sense people have. We have only a few weeks in the year when we make any money to speak of, and our whole living depends on *forestieri*; yet these imbeciles, if they hear a champagne-cork go off, rush about and tell the *forestieri* that there is going to be an earthquake. I'd like to give 'em earthquakes!"

"The duke implores me to leave Casamicciola at once, and does not order me to return to Bellmar," the duchess said later to her cousin. "Do you understand? he *implores*!" And she laughed lightly. "Did I not tell you that I would put a stop to his commands?"

Her cousin was surprised. "What has brought him down so?" he asked. "What reasons does he give when he does not tell you to go to Bellmar?"

The duchess related the story in her gayest manner,—Michele's message, the declaration of the landlord, the telegram the duke had sent her, and her reply.

"I fancy he wishes that he had left me in Sassovivo," she said, with a toss of the head. "And I fancy, too, that he will see I understand his little plan. D'Rubiera never was good at intrigue. He is too clumsy, goes too straight to the point. The idea of setting Michele to influence me!"

Her cousin's countenance changed while he listened, and he seemed about to say something urgent, but he changed his mind and remained silent. In fact, terror had seized upon him. While the duchess spoke, he recollected an incident which, when it happened, had made only a momentary impression on his mind. Walking about the town that day, searching into its green nooks and flowery villas, he had fancied that a carriage or car was approaching the turn

of the road before him from another direction. Reaching the turn, no carriage was visible, and the sound had ceased. It might be distant thunder, he had said to himself, but, looking up, he saw no thunder-cloud in the sky.

He grew chilly now, as he recollected the incident. But he checked himself at the point of telling it. Laura would call him a coward, and make it difficult for him to go away. For he decided instantly to go, and to go, if possible, that very night. It seemed to him too long to wait for evening. How could he be sure that nothing would happen before night! Earthquakes make no compliments, unless that rumbling he had heard, and the signs Michele had heard of, were its cards of *faire part*.

"I don't feel well to-day," he said, setting the story aside as of no account, "and a medicine I sometimes take is not to be found in Casamicciola. I have got to send to Naples for it, and it will not come till to-morrow morning. I think that I had better go to bed, and not dine this evening. I am not in tune for company. You won't mind my saying good-night now?"

A servant came to say that Don Mauro begged permission to see the duchess on business of importance, and the tutor entered immediately. He showed some signs of excitement, and glanced at the count as if in doubt whether to speak before him or not.

That gentleman made a motion to go, but his cousin detained him: "Oh, you can hear what Don Mauro has to say."

"I have just received a telegram from the duke," the tutor began, and paused, as if embarrassed.

An impatient "Well?" spurred him on.

"The duke commands me to start at once with my pupils for Bellmar. I am to take the first steamer that leaves Casamicciola, no matter what the hour may be. There is a steamer going in half an hour."

"Bring the boys to me!" cried the duchess, her eyes flashing fire. "Clemente, go instantly and see that they

are brought to me without delay. Do you hear, Clemente? Don Mauro, I forbid you to approach my sons, or to say a word to them of the duke's telegram."

Don Mauro bowed in silence.

"Why do you not speak?" the lady cried. "Why do you not tell me what you mean to do?"

"I can do nothing, madama," the tutor replied quietly. "If you forbid me to approach my pupils, of course I must submit. And if you forbid me to obey an explicit and imperative command of the duke, there is nothing left me but to resign my position as tutor to your sons."

"Where are they?" the duchess cried, ringing the bell violently. "Why am I not obeyed? What does Clemente mean?"

A servant entered from the anteroom. "Find me at once the marquis— Oh, here they are! Come to me, Roberto! Come, Erné! Clemente, please to close the door, and see that there isn't a servant at the key-hole."

She caught the children, as they wonderingly approached her, and held them, encircled by her arms, one at either side. She flung a glance of smiling defiance at the tutor, then bent and kissed the boys.

"Has the signora duchessa any orders?" Don Mauro asked smoothly, when she raised her face.

"My sole order is that you do nothing for my sons without my consent. Whatever else you do is on your own responsibility."

"Has the signora duchessa any objection to my going—to report in person?" he pursued.

"I repeat that whatever you do is on your own account," she replied.

He bowed: "Of course nothing is left me but to go."

As he went toward the door, Count Fantini hastily followed him. "Perhaps you would order something I want in Naples?" he said.

"With the greatest pleasure."

"I will write the name down," Fantini muttered. And the two went out together.

The duchess immediately began to caress the boys. She asked affectionately where they had been that day, whom they had talked with, and what had been said. She found some candies for them.

Erné allowed himself to be captivated at once. He lolled on his mother's lap till she was fain to put him away, and he ate her liquor-drops without stint. But the elder brother received her blandishments in a more subdued way. He seemed preoccupied, and now and then his mother caught his eyes steadily and seriously fixed upon her face in a way that she found very irritating. He appeared to be weighing her in his mind. Of childlike confidence and affection there was no sign. "How like his father!" she thought angrily. "Such eyes!"

"Why don't you speak?" she said, smiling at him, and pushing the clustering locks away from his brows with her jewelled fingers. "Don't you want to go and have a sail to-morrow?"

"Si, signora," he said slowly.

"What would please you more?" she asked. "Tell me whatever would please you most."

"To see papa," said the boy quickly.

The duchess bit her lip. She would fain have kept her temper, but it was difficult. "You have been talking with Michele to-day," she said, and tried to smile. "He has been telling you of your father."

"No, signora," answered the boy. "Don Mauro wouldn't let me talk with him. When I saw him on the beach I was going to him, and Don Mauro told me to come back. I shall tell my father."

The silken brows drew themselves together in a frown, and a deeper flush ran over the rosy face.

"His father's own scowl," thought the mother. But she smiled. "Well, Tino mio, we will see Michele to-morrow. Perhaps I will let you go and take a sail with him."

When the boys went to bed that night, Rosina softly locked their door on the outside and took away the key.

It was the evening of the 27th of July, 1883.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"A FACIE DOMINI MORTA EST TERRA, A FACIE DEI JACOB."

WHEN the duchess had her chocolate next morning, she found a note on the tray.

Her cousin wrote that, not liking to trouble Don Mauro with his commission, he had concluded to go to Naples himself for his medicine and see the doctor at the same time. He was setting out early, so as to return that afternoon, if possible. (The note was dated that morning, but written the evening before.) He really felt quite unwell, not having slept a wink all night, but the medicine would set him right at once.

In this way the letter was true, though apparently, to one who knew the facts, a tissue of lies. The writer was very unwell—with fear; he was in search of a medicine not to be found in Casamicciola—safety by flight; and he had the best of reasons for knowing that he should not sleep a wink that night. In fact, he spent the whole night on the sea-shore, waiting for the early morning steamer to Naples. Till midnight some acquaintances had kept him company. When they went home he pretended to go to his hotel, made a circuit, and returned to the sea.

He thought askance of his sins as he walked there through the starry dark hours, and wondered if there might not be some truth in the Christian religion. Certain familiar figures rose before his mind,—old men and women forever hanging about churches, kneeling in dark corners with their eyes raised to some picture and their trembling hands joined before them, contadini kneeling and blessing themselves before the altar, roughly-clad Capuchins, with feet bare in their sandals, women who stole out of their houses in the morning twilight to hear mass,—for all of whom he had had a sneer in past days. Yet now they

grouped themselves before his mind with a light shining about them, and a foundation under their feet which no earthquake could move. Something in these souls which he had called foolish disclosed itself to him in his mortal terror as a luminous and far-seeing wisdom. "The fact is," he thought, "I ought to have had a pious wife. For if it should all be true—" He felt that it was true, for it was necessary. It was just what he needed at that moment, as a drowning man needs a plank.

It seemed to him that the night would never end. The air was sultry and electric. There were a few scattered clouds wandering hither and thither, seeming doubtful which way to go.

At last the outline of the eastern horizon grew clearer, the white solemn aurora ascended majestically, spread and kindled, a wide dancing flame appeared, and the sun of the South arose, flooding land and sea with a splendid light, and flashing over Ischia till it shone back like a cymbal. Even the dreaded Epomeo wore a softer look in that illumination, as if it reminded him of the heavy, molten waves of subterranean fires in which his own existence had been nursed and by which he had been tossed into the air. The day grew, and the world seemed to be dissolving in that tropical light which curtains the scene with a blinding whiteness.

Everything spoke of joy when the world of Ischia woke, and came out, man and beast and creeping thing. There was no sign of fear or danger anywhere.

"The animals show no fear," the count said to himself. "And they always know."

He began to think that he had been a fool, and had half a mind to go back to the hotel and to bed. He went slowly across the piazzetta, where some men were at work loading a cart with boxes. "I may as well stay a day or two, and try to coax Laura away," he thought. "Or at least I can put off going till this afternoon."

A strange sound came to his ears as he spoke. It seemed to be a cannon

discharged in a cavern far away,—a strong, but muffled, explosion.

The men paused in their work, and looked at each other in silence. Their looks were significant. They glanced at the stranger, too, and, one of them muttering a word to the others, they resumed their work. But they resumed it in silence.

He approached them. "Can you tell me what that explosion was that I have just heard?" he asked.

One of them looked up. "It must have been a pipe in the Bellazzi baths," he said. "One of them burst with just such a noise Tuesday morning."

He asked no more. Evidently they were not going to tell him the truth.

Returning to his place of waiting, he found an old man there. The man was tall, but bent, with thin white hair, and a deeply-lined face that had more than the pallor of age in it. His expression was solemn, with something of the wildness of fear, and his dim eyes swam in tears. He looked steadfastly at the count as he approached, but made no movement of salutation.

"Good-morning," said Fantini, less from politeness than from a wish to break the spell of that fixed stare.

The stranger took no notice whatever of his compliment. "Pray to the Madonna!" he said, in a hollow, tremulous voice, still gazing at him fixedly. "Pray to the Madonna!"

The listener's heart gave a frightened leap.

"What do you say?" he asked almost sharply.

"Pray!" repeated the trembling voice. "I have lived here eighty years."

"You mean—" said Fantini, and stopped there, looking at the old man with eager yet shrinking inquiry.

"Pray!" he repeated. "I have lived here eighty years, and I know. I have always known when anything was coming, but there never was anything like this. Pray! pray!"

He turned his dim and swimming gaze to the sea, to the town, and up to the mountain, as if taking his last

farewell of them, then walked slowly away.

"Why do you not go and alarm people?" asked the count, following him a step. "Why do you not go to the hotels and tell the *forestieri*? Why do you not tell the clergy?"

"I went up to the piazza of the duomo to tell the bishop last Tuesday," answered the old man, half turning his face, down which the tears were slowly dropping. "They wouldn't let me see him. They said that I was an old fool. I went up after the thunders in the earth. There has never been anything like them. I have been here eighty years."

He turned again and pursued his way, and only one word came back from him: "Pray!"

Fantini's blood curdled, and that glory of sunshine seemed to him worse than darkness.

At last the boat was ready, and he went on board with such haste as to be almost rude to those about him. The waves interposed themselves between him and the fatal beautiful island. He could breathe.

"I will send her a telegram from Naples," he thought. "I will tell her to come away as quickly as possible."

But when Naples and safety were reached he changed his mind. In the first place, Laura would know at once that he had fled without giving her any warning. In the second place, it was very doubtful if she would follow his advice.

And, after all, perhaps there was no danger, he said to himself. Reassured by his own escape, he almost believed that there was none.

Nevertheless, he did not dream of going back. For a day or two sickness would serve as an excuse. Then he would have such an excellent offer for his apartment in Florence as would oblige him to go there instantly.

He wrote his first note on reaching Naples, and, giving it to the waiter to post at once, went to bed and to sleep. Laura would receive his message before dinner.

She did receive it before dinner, just after her usual visitors had left her, and it had a singular effect upon her. For a moment a feeling of terror and a sense of desertion fell upon her like a darkness. It passed as quickly as it came, leaving her surprised at herself. "It is because I have had so many annoyances to-day," she said. "They have put me out of spirits."

There had been the boys to think of. She had kept them in her sight the greater part of the day. Then Michele had in some way given their spy the slip. No one had seen him that day. He might have gone away, but they could not be sure. It was irritating.

"I wish that I had let Don Mauro take the boys to Bellmar," she said discontentedly to Rosina, who was dressing her hair before dinner. "It costs more than it is worth. And the duke is sure to come with all the fury of a cavalry charge. To-morrow I will see what can be done about sending them away. But in the mean time I don't want any one to talk with them. See if they are asleep, and take the key as soon as I am dressed. I will wear the black gauze."

A gay little company of ladies and gentlemen were coming to dine with madama that evening, and her cousin's absence disjointed the number and left a lady on her hands. She was studying how she should find some one at that late hour to fill the vacant place.

"I have it!" she said. "I will write a line to the Cavalier Mirella. He knows everybody and everything, not excepting *le convenienze*. Give me pen and paper."

She hastily scribbled, "Pray bring some one to occupy Clemente's place," and gave her maid the note, with orders to make all haste.

When left alone, she went to the mirror, and stood contemplating her reflection there; and as she did so a smile of satisfaction replaced her look of annoyance. She had never looked more beautiful, and many a year had passed since she had looked so young. Her dress was a vaporous black made over

black, and embroidered with wild roses. A bunch of wild roses lying against her snowy neck and bosom were so natural that one looked to see them fade in the warm air. Another rose hung from the loosely-gathered hair over her left temple.

She had put strings of imitation pearls on her neck and arms, for she never carried her real pearls into the country or to the sea-side; but, after a minute's study of herself, she removed them and substituted some cameos cut in pink coral.

"I wish that Roberto could see me," she thought, and, standing there, cast a swift mental glance back over their acquaintance. Something like a thrill of love warmed her heart at certain memories. If she could but see and captivate him again, it would be almost as interesting as a new conquest. It was so long since they had loved each other!

"I will try it if he comes," she thought, with a pleased, though mocking, smile. "I will be all sweetness, and will be grieved to death if he is unkind. I will say that I took the children away and kept them here because my heart was desolate. They were all that was left me. I will say but little, be very modest and sad, and resent nothing. What fun it will be! I will have him adoring me in twenty-four hours."

But, since her husband was not there as yet, her thoughts turned complacently to a remarkably agreeable young officer who was to dine with her that evening, and who already showed unmistakable signs of being fascinated.

"D'Rubiera always was an uncomfortable person to get along with," she thought. "He always expected of me what I was not prepared to be. He was visionary. He lacked common sense and *savoir-vivre*. The Coronari had spoilt him. He read her rhymes, and thought them a rule of life. After all, I am better away from him. It tires me to keep on good terms with him. The best of him is his title; and that he cannot deprive me of." She bent in a deep courtesy to her reflection

in the glass. "Madame la duchesse!" she murmured, with infinite reverence, then laughed.

Rosina entered.

"The cavaliere had not time to write, but he says that nothing could have happened better. He has got just what you want."

"And the children?" asked the duchess, putting her foot out to examine the slipper.

"They are asleep," Rosina answered, producing a key. "But see, some one is entering the *salon*."

"Am I all right?" madama asked, in a whisper, her bedroom door being open. And with a soft rustle and a beaming smile she entered her *salon*, just as three or four of her guests came in together by another door.

Rosina had said that the boys were asleep; but only the younger slept. Roberto had heard her step at the door, and heard the turning of the key. He wondered a little what it meant, and his wonder was beginning to clothe itself in a dream of prisons and turning keys, when he was roused by a persistent whisper from the open window.

"Signor marchese! Roberto! Signor marchese! Roberto! Wake up! I want to speak to you," the voice said.

The boy rose in bed and listened, and again came the whisper, "Signor marchese!"

"Who's there?" he asked boldly.

"Hush! and come here," he heard.

He rose without a thought of fear, and went toward the window, where the half figure of a man showed above the sill. "Who are you?" he asked, stopping in the middle of the room. "What do you want?"

"Come nearer, and I will tell you," the man whispered.

"I shall ring the bell if you don't tell me right off who you are!" the boy declared. "How did you climb up to my window? What do you want? It is only robbers who climb into people's chambers at night. Go away, or I will ring the bell as hard as I can."

"Oh, Signor Roberto, don't you know Michele?" the voice said, with earnest

haste. "Don't ring! Speak low, and come to me. I have a message for you from the signor colonello."

"Oh, Michele!" the boy said, running to the window. "Is papa come?"

"No, but he wants you to go to him."

"Where is he?"

"He is at Bellmar. He told me to bring you to him if there were any trouble here. And he has telegraphed to Don Mauro to bring you at once, without asking any one's opinion or consent. Madama forbade Don Mauro to take you, and he has gone away. That's the reason why you haven't seen him to-day. Will you go with me, signor marchese?"

"If papa wants me to. If he says I am to go."

"There is no time for a message," whispered Michele. "He would surely want you to. He told me all he wanted. I think he is coming to Naples, for I sent him a telegram to-day, and there is no answer. Will you go away with me to night, signor marchese?"

"Won't to-morrow do?" asked the boy, in a reluctant way, rubbing his eyes.

"No," whispered Michele vehemently. "It will not do. You know, signor marchese, I always do as the signor colonello wishes. I would die sooner than do differently. There is a reason why you and Don Ernesto must go to night. I can't tell you what it is, but the duke will never forgive me if you don't go. The morning may be too late."

"How can we go?" asked Roberto, beginning to be impressed.

"There is a man with a boat who will take us. He will be ready at eleven o'clock. Can you keep awake?"

"Yes, but Ern  is asleep."

"Dress yourself now, and be all ready. Then wake Ern  and dress him. Then, when he is all ready, let him sleep till I come. Don't make the least noise; and oh, signor marchese, don't go to sleep again, for God's sake! Promise me!"

Roberto was now fully roused. "I promise," he said promptly. "I can

keep awake when I want to. See: I am dressing."

"I will come back in about two hours," Michele said. "Remember that your father will almost die if you fail me. Don't make a bit of noise."

"I am locked into the room," the boy said, recollecting. "Do they know that you want me to go?"

"Of course they think so; but I have not asked their permission. Now, keep quiet, and watch for me to come."

"All right, Michele. Don't be afraid. I will stay here at the window and listen to the music in the *salon*."

Michele noiselessly descended the ladder by which he had climbed to the window from the garden, and as silently took it away and hid it under a tree. Roberto, trembling with excitement, dressed himself and roused his brother.

"Let me alone. Let me stay," murmured the little one, his head dropping this way and that as he was lifted up.

His brother managed to dress him, stopping his mouth with kisses and holding the drooping head on his own childish shoulder. "Now you may sleep a little while, Ern ," he said then.

Ern  asked and waited for no permission. He had not been awake at all; and when his brother released him he dropped with a deep sigh, dreaming as he fell to the pillows.

It was a beautiful sultry evening. The stars shone large and soft, a whisper came from the sea, a thousand odors from the flowers in which the town was set. There were lights everywhere, from the steamers out on the bay to the piazza of the *duomo* far above.

Lights twinkled here and there from wandering roads half smothered in verdure, where cottages were hidden like nests in a tree. Some one was playing the piano in the large public *salon* of the hotel; and from the drawing-room of the Duchess of Sassovivo came a sound of merry laughter and of sweet or sonorous voices, alternating or mingling.

Only one note was out of tune with the universal gayety; but that was heard by few persons. An old man passed by the hotel, paused a moment in front of

it, and looked with dim and watery eyes at its bright vestibule and up at its lighted windows. "Pray to the Madonna!" he muttered in a hollow voice. "Pray! Pray!" And, looking one moment longer in silence, he turned and passed slowly out of sight, his hand trembling on his cane.

Some one from the Marina was heard singing, in a fresh, boyish voice,—

"Venite al agile barchetta mia,
Santa Lucia! Santa Lucia!"

and, dropping the words, went on whistling the tune, then, dropping the tune, began speaking eagerly.

Two figures came out into the duchess's little balcony, and a low voice murmured, "Then madama is not angry with me? How can I help—"

"Being foolish and talking nonsense," interrupted madama in a laughing voice which was carefully restrained. "Oh, I do not attach any importance to it."

At the other side of the house a whisper went out into the air from the dark window where the young Marquis of Subvite leaned and waited. "It is almost time," he said.

"Santa Lucia! Santa Lucia!"

sang the voice from the sea-shore.

Two gentlemen paused in front of the hotel. "I will meet you to-morrow at ten o'clock," said one of them, holding up a lighted cigar between two fingers while he spoke. "I'm going in and to bed now. I was up all last night, and haven't slept to-day."

"Ten o'clock precisely," said the other, as they shook hands. "Don't fail."

"I am sure to be there," replied the first. "I never miss an appointment. Good-night." And he strolled leisurely into the hotel and up to his room, cigar in mouth.

Two servant-girls were taking leave of each other at the nearest street-corner. "I'm willing to make up if he really wants to. I've cried enough about him the last week. If he truly meant nothing by going with Chiara, tell him I shall go out to *fare le spese* to-morrow morning at five o'clock, and will wait for him at the butcher's."

"He'll be there," said the other. "He is just wild to see you. Good-night."

"*Addio!* Oh, see that he comes!"

The landlady of the hotel was giving orders to a servant.

"You can have the rolls all baked by midnight. Bake a dozen or two lightly, so that they can be heated over. While they are baking you can grind the coffee for the morning. Put one-third chicory for first-class people, and one-third and a half oats for second-class. The cavalier must have pure coffee."

In one of the pleasantest chambers of the hotel Madame Lafrage, in sandals and a white wrapper, was lying on a sofa, and her companion, Miss Allston, sat beside her.

"It is of no use for you to lecture me," the younger lady said pettishly. "I must have amusement, sensation. Why was I made pretty, if not to be admired? He admires me. Can I help it if he has a wife? Of course I mean no great harm."

"If you mean no great harm, why do you do harm?" asked the other, with quiet seriousness. "You lower yourself, you give a bad example, you insult and injure an august lady, and you tempt a weak man to sin. Can you do all this and not mean it?"

"You put it so strongly, my friend," the lady said faintly, after a moment. "You don't take into consideration that I am not naturally wise, and that I am young. It comes easy for some persons to be prudent and correct, while others—" She stopped.

"I take everything into consideration," said the companion earnestly. "Your youth and pleasure-loving disposition are no reason. There is heroic youth in the world, and there are pleasure-loving people who deny themselves. If people are correct, it is not always because it comes easy to them. Promise me, dearest, to give up this evil affair. This life isn't all; and even in this life you may bitterly regret your folly. I beg you, Clare, to rouse your will, and make up your mind once for all to keep yourself out of the way of temptation."

In her earnestness the companion leaned forward and took Madame Lafrage's hand in both hers. "I love you so, dear," she said tenderly. "Promise me. If once you promise, then I am sure of you."

"I cannot! I cannot!" the lady exclaimed. "Don't talk of it any more. Read me something. I am all out of sorts. I must really start for the mountains to-morrow."

The elder woman sighed: "May I read you a poem in this magazine by Aurora Coronari?"

"Read whatever you like."

"It is a serious poem," said the companion hesitatingly. "Perhaps it will bore you."

"It will please you all the better to read it," the lady said, with a slight laugh. "You like serious things, and you like to bore me; and you know that I forgive you everything."

The companion read:

FIVE CAPUCHINS.

Fra Alexis,—father-guardian, tall and white-handed,
Slender, full of fire, heroic, sensitive, and gay,
Sixty; in his hair and beard faint silvery lines
are stranded,
And the brown is fading off like night before day.

Fra Bernardo,—a Goliath, passionate and proud,
With the foot of an iron will on his nature set.

Fra Silvestro,—mild, poetic, scarcely speaks aloud,
With a sweet, shy smile, and glances that are sweeter yet.

Fra Luigi,—slow and gentle, soft of eyes and voice,

Beard like an avalanche, eighty winters old.
Fra Francesco,—his the motto of Saint Paul,
"Rejoice!"

Lion-hearted, twenty-three, with locks of brown gold.

Father-guardian speaks:

"Nehemiah, the walls rebuilding of Jerusalem,
In his right hand held the trowel, in his left the sword;

So, God's fallen kingdom building up again, like them,

Fight we with the one hand, while the other serves the Lord.

"Many are the foes to conquer,—and ourself is one;

All around they flock besieging, but our heart's the gate.

Weak of will are we, and weary ere the day is done;
But the fiend, untired and sleepless, watches soon and late.

"Work and pray, my brothers, then, and pray we all together,
Beating time upon our flesh with the knotted rope.

That's the sword for us when toiling against tide and weather
Up the swift stream of life, buoyed alone by hope.

"What says Fra Bernardo there, buzzing like a hive?

Says he suffers? Says the tide's too strong for him, *per Dio*?

Good sign when you suffer,—sign you are alive.
You'd be dead if you felt nothing, Fra Bernardo mio.

"What! you ask, must we resign *all* for which we long?

Listen: we were born with needs that hunger and thirst,

And they cry incessantly, in spite of prayer and thong;

But of all we need, brother, our need of God is first.

"Face the tide, face the storm, straight for the port.

Gold and honors, ease and eating,—devils' bands to bind us,—

Pride of knowledge learned in books, and manners learned at court,

Pride of cruel blood called noble,—get ye all behind us.

"Face the tide, for woman comes; ply the lash well.

Woman all unarmed is stronger than a man in mail;

'Tis her smile that lights for us the fiercest flames of hell,

And her sigh can wreck more surely than the wildest gale.

* * * * *

"No Te Deum. Miserere, cry we to our Maker.

Trials come as waves come, one behind the other;

Vanquished, back they fly in spray to hide the coming breaker.

Let us keep our loud rejoicings for the end, my brother.

"Ah, Bernardo, now, my giant, you're awake indeed.

Half a life's work in a year. What is the word

Whispered as his hands grow colder? 'God's

our *only* need!'

So, he dies. Out of the depths we cry to thee, O Lord!

"Miserere! Fra Luigi's dropped in his place.

Smooth the white beard softly: he was like a dove.

Do you not remember with what a heavenly grace

He used to check our boyish quarrels with a word of love?

"Sing, brothers, louder, since we three must sing for five;

Pause not now for earthly comfort, for the tide is high.

VOL. IX. N. S.—26

Good sign to have the heartache,—sign you are alive—

What! Silvestro, brother dear, is it your time to die?

"Only you and I, Francesco, left above the sod.
But the slain beast in our nature, lying quiet there,

Is filling with the sweetness of the pain that comes from God,

As we, patient, loose the honey of each little stinging care.

"But—you!—while your soul is still ashine with morning dew,—

You, my earthly glimpse of heaven's joyous love—*O Dio!*

How he loved and laughed and labored, ever brave and true,

Worked and loved and laughed and died!—
Alas, Francesco mio!

"Onward! chase the gloomy shadow, strike the doubt dead!

Heavy is the tide against my hands, the way is long;

But methinks the sky is clearer just overhead,
And that four sweet, distant voices join in my song.

"Pray, Alexis! for the shadow of the end is near.

Sing, Alexis! for the angels gather, whirl on whirl.

Tide and wind are sunk together, and the stream is clear;

In its lucent mirror shines an open gate of pearl.

"What! mine enemy again? And have I yet to strive?

Jesus, Mary, Joseph, defend me at the last!

Good sign—to struggle—dying—sign—you—are—" Alive!

Life eternal broke upon him as his spirit passed.

Blessed is the rough habit and the life's dearth;

Blessed is the pathway that with us they trod.

Five poor cappuccini, barefoot on the earth;

Five exulting, star-crowned saints within the joy of God.

There was silence for a moment when the reading ended. The elder lady sat at a table, with the book before her, her eyes still resting on the page; the younger lay on the sofa, with a hand shading her face.

The hand slipped away, the foot slid to the floor, and Madame Lafrage glided to her friend's side and knelt there, leaning against her.

"Dear friend, I will make you the promise now," she murmured. "Help me to keep it."

"God help you to keep it, my own darling! my own darling!"

In the public *salon* some people began to sing a *brindisi* and chorus,—

"Versa, tocca, si beva, si canti;
Di litezia son radi gl'istanti;
Ma alla vista d'un nappo che spuma,
Sempre sfuma la noia dal cor."

"I wish they wouldn't sing that, or sing anything," said a woman's voice in a balcony. "It makes me feel bad. An old man who went by a little while ago has given me a turn. He looked so strangely old and solemn, and behaved so oddly. He stopped and looked up at the hotel and all over it, not as if he were curious or interested, but as though he knew that he were taking his last look at it. And I heard him say, 'Pray to the Madonna! Pray! Pray!' It seemed as though he expected to die to-night. I really wish I knew who he is. Feel how cold my hands have grown."

"Versa dunque, si beva, si canti,"

sang the chorus.

"Good-night, mamma," said a girlish voice in English in one of the upper chambers. "And if the weather should be fine we will go to-morrow?"

"Yes, dear, God willing. Good-night."

The drinking-song ended. Some one

was at the piano who struck the keys with a heavy hand, then played a slow bar or two.

"Who can that be playing a funeral march in the *salon*!" exclaimed the duchess. "Will no one stop him!"

At the word a tremendous explosion filled the air, as if the solid earth itself had burst, the chandeliers in the *salons* swung to and fro, the ceilings folded up like a book, and those who were in the windows rocked to and fro and backward and downward. The hands outstretched to clasp each other did not meet, the lifted glass did not reach the lip, the player did not rise from the piano. Each and all were stricken with the paralysis of a swift horror and cast downward to a swift destruction. A deafening metallic crash, as of myriads of iron chains flung down violently, rendered inaudible the cries of the perishing thousands. Darkness fell, and a tempestuous cloud of dust swept over the scene, with a sharp, continuous rattle of falling stones, like musketry.

Then there was silence.

And then through the darkness and dust a single cry went up from the survivors,—such a cry as may rise from human hearts at the last day.

MARY AGNES TINCKER.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A LOVER'S DOUBT.

IF we but knew that Love and Life were one
On heights that rise beyond the baffling blue,
How bravely would the heart's swift seasons run,
If we but knew!

Ah, should continuance of Love be true,
How vain the webs that mystery has spun
In Sphinx-like silence o'er the spirit's view!

Does Nature foster hope through sky and sun
On mornings bountiful with light and dew?
Was Love made endless when the world begun?—
If we but knew!

WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

STUDIES IN A LAKE PORT.

THE most interesting feature of our American lake ports is their marvelous growth. Chicago, Milwaukee, Cleveland, Buffalo, with their miles of paved streets and solid blocks, their libraries, galleries of fine arts, and historical societies, become wonderful indeed when one considers that over the sites of all waved, three-quarters of a century ago, the impenetrable forest or the coarse sedges of the prairies.

From the signal-station on the roof of the Merchants' Exchange in Buffalo one looks down on the homes of over two hundred thousand people, houses grouped not unpicturesquely, and forming a *tout ensemble* both pleasing and artistic. One perceives at a glance that the town is advantageously placed in both a commercial and an æsthetic sense. It occupies the final curve of the southern shore of Lake Erie, stretching some six miles along the lake to the point of the Niagara's departure, and thence along the river to the flourishing suburb of Black Rock, two miles below. Buffalo Creek flows through the city, marked for two miles before entering the lake by the masts of the shipping. The lake, blue, sparkling, white-capped under the northwest breeze, and sinking under the western horizon like the sea, seemed to us the most charming feature of the town. But the gentleman who had conducted us thither pointed out the river front, the parks, the wide avenues with their double rows of shade-trees, and the wide campaign of farms and gardens half environing the city, and suggested that it would be well to visit them before pronouncing judgment. "The marvel of it is," he continued, "that eighty-eight years ago there was but one settler's house in the entire region under your eye,* and that was the trading-post of

Cornelius Winney, established for the purpose of bartering powder, lead, beads, and blankets for the peltries of the Indians. From it in every direction extended the primeval forest, with clearings here and there made by the Indian villages and corn-fields. And yet there is some rather remote history connected with the place. Father Hennepin and his party, on their missionary journey to Mackinaw in 1678-79, passed through it. Baron La Hontan, in 1687, selected it as the site of a proposed fort to overawe the neighboring Iroquois and Senecas. No attempt at settlement was made, however, until long after Massachusetts had asserted her claim to what is now known as Western New York. The story of that claim reads in some particulars like a romance. The charter of Charles I. to the Plymouth Colony, which in its essential provisions was confirmed by William and Mary in 1691, gave Massachusetts a strip of territory as wide north and south as the present State limits, and extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific. New York's charter, coming in 1663, defined her western limits very indefinitely, and the western boundary was a subject of dispute between the two governments for a hundred and fifty years. New York in 1781 and Massachusetts in 1785 relinquished to the general government all their right to territory west of a meridian line running south from the western end of Lake Ontario, and shortly after, at a convention held in Hartford, Massachusetts ceded her claim to lands lying west of the present east line of New York, and New York in return gave Massachusetts the pre-emption-right, subject to the Indian claim, of the territory lying west of a line drawn through Seneca Lake from the Pennsylvania line to Lake Ontario. The eastern portion of the ceded tract

* La Rochefoucault Liancourt, a French nobleman, who visited this region in 1795, says there was a "small collection of four or five houses" at

the "post" on Lake Erie, evidently referring to Buffalo.

was sold by Massachusetts to a syndicate, who opened it for settlement; the remaining portion, some three million eight hundred thousand acres, was sold to Robert Morris, the great financier of the Revolution, and he in 1792-93 conveyed to the Holland Company all but about three hundred thousand acres, in four different tracts, one of which included the present site of our city. The Holland Company, composed of capitalists in Holland, sent out its surveyors, and by 1800 had completed a map and thrown the region open to settlers."

In 1804, Timothy Dwight visited Buffalo, and wrote, "The inhabitants are a casual collection of adventurers, and have the usual characteristics of such adventurers thus collected when remote from regular society. We saw about as many Indians in the village as white people." In 1805, Congress established the collection district of Buffalo Creek, with Erastus Granger as collector. The act of 1808, establishing the county of Niagara, mentions Buffalo as a village in the town of Willink. In December, 1813, the British, after dispersing the militia at Black Rock, advanced and burned the village, two houses only escaping the flames. That was seventy-one years ago. The census of 1880 gave the population as one hundred and fifty-five thousand one hundred and fifty-four, while the present estimate exceeds two hundred thousand.

The most admirable feature of the place is its system of parks, park-ways, and avenues. Delaware Avenue, the pride of the city, is the favorite approach to the Park. It is very wide, and a double row of shade-trees throws a lofty arch above it. Fine residences, on whose grounds nearly every device of the landscape-gardener has been lavished, line it on either side. Three and one-half miles out, the visitor approaches the Park, a mass of greenery of three hundred and sixteen acres, laid out under the direction of Messrs. Olmsted and Vaux, of New York. The features of the Park are the meadow and the lake: the latter covers forty-six and a half acres,

and, with its mimic islands, bays, and coves, its boat-house, boats, and refectories, is exceedingly picturesque. Sajaquad, a creek winding down from the farms, passes directly through the Park, and enabled the engineers to form and maintain this pretty sheet of water. The main park is only one in a system of parks scattered throughout the city,—the Parade, of fifty-six acres, and the Front, of about fifty, being the largest; there are also numerous "places" and "circles," the whole area devoted to parks comprising some eight hundred and sixteen acres. Forest Lawn Cemetery adjoins the main park on the south. The visitor finds here all that taste and affection can lavish to make the charnel-house less terrible, and to these the waters of the creek murmuring through add an eternal requiem; but the most interesting spot to the imaginative stranger is a plot of five graves near the Delaware Avenue entrance, containing the dust of Red Jacket and four of his fellow-chiefs.

The site of the city is closely identified with the history of the ill-fated Senecas. Here, after their subjugation of the Eries, they erected their villages and cleared their corn-fields. Here, or in this vicinity, Red Jacket and Cornplanter and Farmer's Brother had won some of their greatest triumphs in both war and diplomacy. Farmer's Brother, who died in 1815 and was buried in the old burying-ground where the city buildings now stand, was reinterred in Forest Lawn when those buildings were erected; and it was a happy thought of the Buffalo Historical Society to supplement this by reintering Red Jacket and his brother chiefs in this sacred spot, where their graves will forever remain secure from desecration. The ceremonies of reinterment took place October 9, 1884. On the 8th, the five caskets containing the remains were deposited in the rooms of the Society, and the visiting Indians from the tribes of the Six Nations—the Onondagas, Cayugas, Oneidas, Senecas, Tuscaroras, and Mohawks—assembled to select bearers and make other arrangements for

the day. Next morning at ten the chiefs, many of them clad in native costume, bore the caskets to bearers waiting in the street, and the long procession of seventy-five carriages, filled with members of the Historical Society, prominent citizens, and ladies, wound through the city streets to the cemetery. Arriving at the graves, the coffins were placed on temporary girders above them, fresh flowers were scattered over them by young ladies of the city, prayer was offered by an Indian clergyman, and an address was delivered by Mr. William C. Bryant. Then the Indians rose and chanted the solemn dirge used among them in burial-ceremonies and at the installation of a successor of a dead chief, the coffins were lowered, and two venerable chiefs—an Onondaga and a Seneca—delivered addresses, each in his native tongue. The exercises concluded with the benediction by the Rev. Mr. Anthony, a Delaware chief. Plans have been accepted by the Historical Society for a monument to mark the spot. It is to be of granite, in the form of a hexagon, a side for each of the Six Nations, and will be surmounted by a bronze statue of Red Jacket. The inscription on the front will also recite the virtues of that illustrious warrior.

The fashionable drive is to the "Front," a beautiful park on a bold bluff above the Niagara, just where the river leaves the lake: it marks the site of old Fort Porter, and is confronted on the Canadian side by Fort Erie, whence the British set out for the burning of Buffalo. The great charm of the Front lies in the river. Its dark-green masses coil and twist, eddy and bubble, as they pour out of the lake and then go hurrying down to form the mightiest cataract in nature. It is but two miles down the river to the Falls. With the wind right, one can plainly hear their "vast and prolonged cadence," as the first discoverers phrased it, and see the vapor of the fretted waters rising in clouds like incense.

One of the suggestions of the place is the desire to put one's self in the

place of those first discoverers and experience over again their sensations at the first sight of the stupendous cataract. It is La Salle, the indefatigable, and his party of thirty men. They have come from Quebec, and are bent on making their way through the great chain of lakes to Mackinaw. Their description of Niagara, printed in French and published in an English translation in London in 1698, was the first given to the world. "Between Lakes Ontario and Erie," it begins, "there is a vast and prolonged cadence of water falling after a surprising and astonishing manner, so that the universe does not afford its parallel. 'Tis true Italy and Sweden boast of some such things, but we may well say that they are but sorry patterns when compared with this of which we now speak. At the foot of this terrible precipice we meet with the river Niagara, which is not above a quarter of a league broad, but is wonderfully deep in some places. It is so rapid above this descent that it violently hurries down wild beasts while endeavoring to pass it to feed on the other side, and not being able to withstand the force of its current, which inevitably casts them headlong above six hundred feet high. This wonderful downfall is composed of two great cross-streams of water and two falls into an isle sloping along the middle of it. The waters which fall from this precipice descend above six hundred feet, and do foam and boil after the most hideous manner imaginable, making an outrageous noise more terrible than thunder."

The fashionable drive in summer is down the banks of the river to the Falls. When the International Park is opened and the projected boulevard from Buffalo to the village of Niagara Falls along the river-bank is completed, this will be the promenade of the nation. The sail down the river as far as Grand Island is also a favorite summer diversion. Several private steam-yachts are owned in the city, and merry parties make the run to the island in a little over an hour, finding on their arrival the private clubhouse or public resort waiting to receive

them. There is this spice of danger in the trip, that, if the machinery should break and the anchors fail to hold, the vessel might be carried over the Falls. For the current is everywhere a treacherous one: it flows along smoothly, cat-like, with here a ripple and there an eddy; but give it a chance and it will seize you with an anaconda's grasp. Throw in your stick, turn your skiff, your canal-boat, loose, there is but one end for them if left to themselves: they will go over the Falls.

The down-rushing waters are not irresistible, however. There is a well-authenticated instance of a sailing-vessel having stemmed the current from a point but six miles above the Falls and made her way into Lake Erie. It was in 1678 that Father Hennepin, on a missionary tour to the Western Indians, established his winter camp on the Niagara, "two leagues" above the Falls, and began building a ship, the Griffin, in which to prosecute his journey when spring should open. Croakers in camp pronounced the enterprise a futile one, as no vessel could be propelled upward against the current; but Father Hennepin maintained that, with the aid of heaven and a northeast gale, the feat could be accomplished, and, amid great difficulties, he went on with his work. It was not until the next August that the Griffin was completed and ready for the experiment. Then she was tied to the bank, and held in readiness for the gale. As if in answer to prayer, heaven sent one speedily. Father Hennepin was on board, the lines were loosed, the sails spread, and, shuddering and groaning under the opposing forces, the little vessel started on her voyage. The wind did not abate one jot, the sails held, at the most perilous passages twelve stout voyageurs hauled from the bank; and so, at length, surmounting all dangers, the Griffin sailed triumphantly into the lake.

The docks of a lake port present novel scenes to one familiar with those of Eastern marts. One misses here the huge sea-going steamers, the great clippers, such as one may still see swing out

from South Street, bound for the Golden Gate, around Cape Horn, the piles of strange or rich or odorous merchandise from the tropics or the farthest Ind; but there are compensations. These stout, sharp-nosed tugs, propellers, and schooners have seen hard service among ice and icebergs, sudden, treacherous gales, and short, choppy waves that for a certain savage ferocity have no parallel in the grander agitations of the ocean; and the cargoes these vessels bring, though neither dainty nor nice, perhaps, form the bone and sinew of a nation: crude products, mostly,—grain, provisions, copper cakes and bars, iron ore and pigs, lumber, staves, shooks, ties, coal, petroleum. The harbor is largely artificial. The city took the bed of Buffalo Creek and of a shallow lagoon that ran parallel with the lake, deepened them by dredging, and thus obtained a haven as secure from tempests as a mill-pond. It was only necessary to build a breakwater on each side the mouth of the creek, another opposite out in the lake, and the harbor was complete. Most of the city's immense transfer-business is done on these canals,—for such they really are. Huge elevators and floaters line their banks; the great railroads have their docks and freight-dépôts here; and as the Erie basin, the terminus of the great canal, opens into the river, the canal-boats are readily brought in here to receive their cargoes. Perhaps the most interesting and characteristic sight on the docks is an elevator discharging the cargo of a lake-vessel into cars and canal-boats. One of these elevators that we inspected—a mountain of wood and iron—had a frontage on the canal of one hundred and fifty feet and a depth of one hundred feet; it was one hundred and thirty feet in height, and had a capacity of six hundred thousand bushels. Within was a maze of huge, dusty timbers extending to the top of the tower. The machinery, though heavy, was simple. Two great, movable "legs"—covered troughs through which ran the buckets that lifted the grain—were let down into the hold of a large propeller whose home-port, Duluth, was

twelve hundred miles distant, and heavy pulleys at the top, moved by steam-power, lifted the wheat by means of buckets in the legs at the rate of ten thousand bushels an hour, weighed and deposited it in the bins. A long train of freight-cars drawn up on one side and two canal-boats on either side the propeller were being loaded at the same time. The facilities of the great trunk lines for the transshipment of coal are equally extensive and ingenious. South of the city, at the terminus of the ship-canal, the Lehigh Valley road has a system of six great parallel docks, each with its branch tracks and coal-sheds, or "pockets;" and the facilities of the Delaware, Lake Erie, and Western, the Lackawanna, and the Buffalo, New York, and Philadelphia, all of which are large movers of coal, are almost as extensive. Buffalo stevedores, we were told, consider it no feat to load a collier of eight hundred tons in half an hour.

After a day among the docks, we were curious to know the extent of the business conducted here, and applied to Mr. William Thurstone, Secretary of the Merchants' Exchange, into whose hands every item of the city's trade comes to be embodied in his annual report to the Exchange. We learned that during the season of 1883 7099 vessels, of an aggregate tonnage of 4,150,782 tons, arrived at or cleared from the ports. These vessels brought to the port 76,079,930 bushels of grain, 233,433,000 feet of lumber, and other products in proportion. They took away, among other things, 1,253,940 tons of coal, 212,969 barrels of cement and plaster, 92,120 barrels and 11,453 tons of salt, and 57,660 tons of railroad-iron. This does not give the receipts and exports by rail, and is not a fair index of the city's commerce. The imports by canal for the same period were 553,846 tons of merchandise, of a gross value of \$20,547,078; and the exports, 1,361,421 tons, valued at \$35,866,394. The total receipts of coal for 1883 were 4,169,021 tons, and of live stock (by rail), 65,381 car-loads. Most heavy freights are moved by lake, though the railroads

are entering on a spirited competition. This lake-marine is an arm of our commerce of whose importance the average salt-water shipper has a very inadequate conception. The principal classes are propellers, steam-barges, tugs, and schooners, the steam-vessels exceeding the sailing-craft two to one. Yet there are old merchants and shippers in the port who remember when the first steam-boat ever seen on the lakes came panting and puffing up the river from Black Rock, assisted by what the local wits at once dubbed the "horned breeze,"—fifteen yoke of oxen, commanded by Captain Sheldon Thompson, one of the pioneers of the city. The boat was constructed at Black Rock, having been launched on the 28th of May, 1818; and, her engines not being of sufficient power to propel her against the rapids, the aid of the "horned breeze" was called into requisition. This boat was named the Walk-in-the-Water, and was of two hundred and forty tons burden. She left Buffalo for Detroit on her trial-trip August 25 of the same season, under command of Captain Job Fish, who had been an engineer for Fulton and Livingston on the North River. The Walk-in-the-Water made the trip to Detroit—three hundred miles—and back in from nine to ten days, which was then considered very fast travelling. Her appearance in Detroit waters seems to have created a sensation, especially among the French residents, who were then quite numerous and unsophisticated. "Jean, Jean, just see!" cried one, pointing to the approaching boat. "What are these Yankees a-sending us now but a saw-mill!" Others asserted that the boat was drawn by sturgeons, and found many to believe them.

The Walk-in-the-Water made seven trips to Detroit the first season, and was a manifest success. She continued running through the seasons of 1819–20 and '21, up to November 1 of that year, when she was driven ashore in a heavy gale opposite the town and wrecked. The New-York capitalists who had built the steamer at once formed plans for putting a successor on the stocks, and a

great strife arose between the villages of Black Rock and Buffalo as to where she should be built. The Walk-in-the Water had never entered Buffalo harbor, owing to a vexatious sand-bar at its mouth, having but five feet of water under the most favorable conditions. Her point of departure had been Black Rock, although during the first year she had obligingly hove to off the mouth of Buffalo River if there were passengers from Buffalo to come on board. On her second season Captain Fish had refused to make this concession. "Gentlemen," said he to the first boat-load that came off, "you must distinctly understand, the port from which this boat sails is Black Rock." This rebuff had been quite as mortifying to the Buffalians as the necessity of having to go three miles to embark on their own lake; and they now proposed to the company to build the steamer in their harbor and henceforth make that its point of departure. Black Rock, however, pointed to the bar, and averred that the new steamer, if built at Buffalo, would rot at her dock before she would ever float on Lake Erie. The controversy waxed warm. Buffalo offered to supply the timber for the boat for almost nothing if her wishes were complied with, and Black Rock followed with an equally liberal proposition. Finally, Buffalo won, on condition that the channel should be deepened by a certain time sufficiently to allow the steamer to pass into the lake, under a penalty of one hundred and fifty dollars for each day of the boat's detention. Thereupon the citizens bestirred themselves to meet this hard condition. They drove piles into the obnoxious sand-bar, that the currents might scour it out. They split a log half-way through, and, inserting long saw-blades in the cleft for a scraper, dropped it into the channel from a scow, and employed oxen to drag it out, with the mud and sand that it caught. And, working in various ways, they had dredged a sufficient channel before the steamer left her ways. They had, however, done much more than this: they had opened a path to future commercial

greatness,—for from this time the dredge was kept at work in the despised creek, two breakwaters at the entrance followed, supplemented by a third, begun by government in 1869 and as yet unfinished, and the city now has one of the best harbors on the lake, perfectly land-locked, and with an available water-frontage of some eighteen miles. Two-thirds of the lake-marine, it is said, now depend on steam for a motor. Instead of one small steamer making semi-monthly trips, there are now five large passenger—besides several freight—lines between Buffalo and the various ports on Lakes Erie, Huron, Superior, and Michigan, owning between them fifty-six first-class steamers of a capacity ranging from seventeen hundred and fifty to two thousand eight hundred tons. Most of these steamers have comfortable and some of them elegant passenger-accommodations, and are well patronized. One line much affected by Eastern tourists is the Lake Superior Transit Company, which has a fleet of eleven well-equipped passenger-steamers plying regularly between Buffalo and Duluth, making the entire circuit of the lakes. The voyage comprises, with the steamer's détours, some fifteen hundred miles, and is performed in five and a half days. The boat makes frequent stoppages along the rock-bound coast, and when Duluth is reached the voyager may continue his journey, if he wishes, over the Northern Pacific into the new regions of the Northwest.

If cities now bore on their seals the agent that had most conduced to their prosperity, Buffalo's should bear the canal-boat. "Clinton's big ditch" has made her great; not but that the railroads would have done this in time, but the canal antedated the railroad by nearly fifty years. Even now, under railway competition, the great bulk of the city's commerce, with the exception of coal, iron, and live-stock, comes and goes by this great artery. Five hundred and fifty-three thousand eight hundred and forty-six tons of imports and one million three hundred and sixty-one thousand four hundred and twenty-one

tons of exports marked the volume of canal-traffic for the year 1883. By the citizens it is still regarded with pride and interest. Old men revert to it as the great engineering feat of their day, and are fond of recalling the intense interest, such as always attends the birth of a great idea, excited by the publication of Jesse Hawley's series of essays on artificial water-ways in the Ontario "Messenger" in 1807-08. Forman's resolutions in the legislature, February 4, 1808, followed closely the publication of these essays, and on February 21, the same year, that body ordered the preliminary survey. On the Fourth of July, 1817, ground was first broken near Rochester. We listened with much interest to the description an old resident gave of the ceremonies attending the first breaking of ground in Buffalo. "There was great rivalry again between Buffalo and Black Rock for the terminus. Now a rumor would come that Black Rock had been selected, when Major Donald Frazer of that village would fire a gun; and then again it would be reported that our town was to be the favored place, and our citizens would rejoice. At length Buffalo was chosen, and great preparations were made for beginning the enterprise. It was published in our newspapers that on August 9, 1822, they would 'begin to dig the great Erie Canal, or Clinton's big ditch.' All the inhabitants from the surrounding country flocked in that day to take part in the work, whose completion few believed possible. In the morning oxen for the ploughs, ten or twelve yoke in line, were paraded through the streets to the scene of operations. Later, a procession formed in front of the Eagle Tavern and marched to the boggy flat where Erie Street now crosses the canal. At nine a great crowd had assembled, and the ceremonies began with prayer by the Rev. Mr. Squires and an eloquent and appropriate address by the Rev. Mr. Galusha. Then several of the oldest and most prominent citizens, who had seen the village a wilderness, broke ground with shovels, and the exercises

were concluded. On the line of the canal, at convenient distances, were placed barrels of pure whiskey, with the heads knocked in, and beside each a tin dipper. These were free to all, and were the only refreshment provided."

Very different was the programme provided for the celebration of the opening of the entire work, which took place October 26, 1825. Preparations were made for a grand celebration all along the line, particularly at Buffalo, Rochester, Lockport, Albany, and New York. For weeks before the event, committees and sub-committees were in correspondence, balls, dinners, and processions projected, toasts and speeches prepared. Bands were practising new airs, and the militia furbishing their arms. Heavy cannon were stationed at intervals along the line from Buffalo to Sandy Hook, to convey swift intelligence of the departure of the first boat from the western terminus. On the evening of October 24 the last rock at Mountain Ridge, Lockport, was blasted out and the western level began to be filled, the eastern having been for some time in operation. On the evening of the 25th the canal was reported ready for the passage of boats. At nine on the morning of the 26th the procession formed in front of the court-house, the Governor, the Lieutenant-Governor, the delegations from New York and from towns along the line, with citizens and various local societies, the whole escorted by the Buffalo Band and Captain Rathbun's Rifle Company.

The procession moved down Main Street to the terminus of the canal, where lay the pioneer boat, Seneca Chief. Four gray horses, richly caparisoned, were attached to her, and she was gayly decked with flags and streamers. The Governor and delegations were received on board by the Rochester committee, Jesse Hawley made a brief address of welcome, which was responded to by Judge Forman, and then the word for the firing of the signal-gun was given. The report shook the town, and in one hour and twenty minutes it had been repeated along the line and

the gun at Sandy Hook told the people of New York that the first boat on the Erie Canal had started on its journey. Simultaneously with the report the Seneca Chief glided away down the canal, followed by three others,—the Superior, Perry, and Buffalo,—all gayly decked. The citizens then returned to the courthouse, and were addressed by Sheldon Smith, and an original ode, written for the occasion, was sung. The exercises were closed by a public dinner and a grand ball at the Eagle Tavern.

The more one mingles in the social life of the city the more apparent becomes the miracle of its rapid growth, one so frequently meets pioneers who remember the place as a cluster of forest-hung log houses. In an elegant mansion, surrounded with every appliance of comfort and luxury, I had the pleasure of meeting one of these pioneers, an old gentleman of eighty, whose parents had moved here in 1805, when there were but five families in the village. Cradled in the log cabin, his life was ebbing amid all the advantages of wealth and advanced civilization, but the change seemed to have had no effect on his kindness of heart or native simplicity of manner. He had killed a "baker's dozen" of deer within sight of his present residence, he told me, and had chased the bear and panther in what are now the city streets. He had heard the eloquence of Red Jacket and Farmer's Brother, and had seen the burning of Buffalo by the British, when but two houses were left amid the ruins.

Buffalo was settled by pioneers from Connecticut and Massachusetts and by immigrants from the Netherlands and German States in about equal proportions, and one sees the results in its pretty, bright-faced women and in the strong, clear-headed men that control its destinies. The influence of the German element is seen in other directions. The tone of the city is not literary or artistic, but musical. There are eleven singing- and musical societies of note, besides scores of minor ones, and musical culture is more universal perhaps than in any city of equal population in

the country. Buffalo's Music Hall is said to be the only one in any city adequate to the proper celebration of the great German musical festival the Saengerfest.

In architecture, what may be called the modern renaissance is just taking root in the city. Examples of it are seen in the new Merchants' Exchange and in the recently-opened hotel, the Genesee. The Exchange is a handsome, imposing, fire-proof structure of pressed brick, stone, and iron, erected at a cost of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. It is seven stories and a basement in height, with a frontage of a hundred and thirty-two feet on Seneca Street and sixty feet on Pearl. The board-room of the Exchange is a fine chamber, seventy feet long by fifty wide, and twenty-three feet high, with a ladies' gallery over the east end. The sides are wainscoted, the walls finished with pilasters, the ceiling arched at the angles and ribbed with wood, and the panels enclosed by the ribs. A telegraph-office is placed at each side of the entrance. Opening into the board-room on the east are two committee-rooms, beyond is the secretary's room, and lastly a reading-room, supplied with the leading trade-journals and reviews of the world. The commission of Mr. Milton E. Beebe, architect of the Exchange, was given him in August, 1882, and in November, 1883, the building was ready for occupancy: the formal opening, however, did not take place until January 1, 1884.

St. Paul's Episcopal Church, swathed in foliage, with the sparrows nestling amid the climbing ivy, is one of the landmarks of the city. It is built of Medina sandstone, with a seating-capacity of twelve hundred, and is a fine specimen of early English Gothic architecture. It has a chime of ten bells, and a single bell. In the Academy of Fine Arts we have the first organized effort of Buffalo in the direction of the fine arts. Considering the youth of the city and that interest in and appreciation of art are usually the slow growth of years, the exhibit in its galleries is a creditable

one: gauged by the wealth of the city and its ability to do, candor compels us to say that it is not. The tourist, however, can but commend its cultivation of American art where proved worthy. In its large, well-lighted galleries are canvases by Bierstadt, William Hart, Shattuck, Sellstedt, E. Moran, Coleman, Nicholls, Hamilton, Swain, Gifford, Beard, Shirlaw, Thomas Moran, and other less-known artists, some two hundred examples in all, and of all of which the Academy is owner. The Academy was incorporated December 4, 1862, thirteen gentlemen giving five hundred dollars each for the purchase of paintings, and on the 23d of December, 1862, the galleries were opened to the public. Mrs. Millard Fillmore, during her later years a resident of Buffalo, had taken great interest in the infant Academy, and at her death bequeathed it seven thousand dollars and her collection of pictures, embracing about a hundred subjects. A fund of some twenty-five thousand dollars additional has since been contributed by citizens interested in art.

The Buffalo Historical Society is an institution of which the city may well be proud. Organized so recently as 1862, it has now six hundred and fifty-five members, and a collection of relics and rare books and manuscripts relating to the history of New York, with special reference to the history of Buffalo. Among the more interesting relics that we noted in a leisurely tour of the rooms were a portrait in oil of Red Jacket, said to be authentic, the tombstone erected to his memory by Harry Placide the actor, which the society was forced to remove to secure it from the vandalism of relic-hunters, a large case filled with Indian relics, the tomahawk of Red Jacket, a piece of timber from Perry's flag-ship *Lawrence*, a brick from William Penn's house, a model of the first

boat built for the Erie Canal, a portrait of Lincoln framed in rails split by himself, and the manuscript of the last official act of De Witt Clinton. Near the entrance is a relic of exceeding interest,—the corner-stone of the proposed Jewish city of Ararat, founded by Major Mordecai Noah, the veteran journalist of New York, in 1825. Major Noah was a Jew, wealthy, learned, and withal somewhat eccentric, who selected Grand Island, in the Niagara River, for the site of a proposed city of refuge for the dispersed children of Israel. Grand Island was selected, it is said, because it was supposed to be international and beyond the jurisdiction of both Great Britain and the United States. The European rabbis did not favor the project, however, and it passed like so many other day-dreams.

The Young Men's Association, of a literary and scientific character, and the German Young Men's Association, whose specialty is the cultivation of music, are strong and in every way admirable institutions. In the large hall of the latter the most celebrated singers of the age have made their first appearance before a Buffalo audience. The Grosvenor Free Library far exceeds anything of the kind that New York can boast, and the Society of Natural Sciences has a fine museum, which is also free to the public. The Ladies' Decorative Art Society, the Young Men's Christian Association, the General Hospital, with its training-school for nurses, the Fitch Circle, organized for the daily care of young children while their mothers are at work, and some thirty other benevolent and charitable societies, show that the young city is not far behind her elder sisters in those humanitarian efforts which are being accepted more and more as the true standards of a people's progress and civilization.

CHARLES BURR TODD.

LA POVERTÀ.

A FEW years ago it became necessary for me to find a make-shift for earning a living, and in that quest I applied at an agency in New York for a position to teach. The agent, blandly convincing, was sure many would want to employ me if I stated upon an impertinent inquisitorial blank she presented the history of my life, particularly noting my individual eccentricities of age, sex, nationality, and creed, and paid her two dollars for placing it before the throng of teacher-seekers. Upon doing so, I was requested to come in as often as convenient and interview my would-be employers. These imaginary people did not appear there as often as I, and many mornings I awaited them in vain, passing the time chatting with strangers whom the common woe of hope deferred brought near me. Among these was an applicant for lessons in music, a beautiful Italian in seedy widow's weeds. A woman from Pittsburgh was in the office, wanting instruction in many arts and ologies for a pitiful number of dollars, and in due course Madame was to be presented to her. She saw her time had come, as the music-mistress before her left the room in dejection, and we heard the agent mention her name.

"Yes, a Catholic, born so, taken in with the statistics, no doubt, but—" She shrugged her shoulders and dropped her voice out of our hearing.

"How old shall I say I am?" asked Madame, turning to me. "How old do you think? If I say I am forty-three, she will say I am too old; and if I say thirty-two, she will say I look older."

I laughed, and told her I thought thirty-eight would be a nice age for her. And Madame took out a pencil and carefully wrote down the figures 38 on the edge of her cuff.

The Pittsburgh woman put on her glasses and scanned her critically, but the gaze was returned with a fixedness of eye that somewhat lowered the head

of the Female College; but self-assertion reasserted itself before they met, and she requested her to be seated with more respect than she had shown to her compatriot who had just before striven to take the course of empire westward.

"Italian, music, and drawing?" The head of the Female College nodded a confirmation of her own words, and proceeded: "I have no doubt you can fill such a position, from what I am told. You would be required to teach six hours a day, six days in the week, lead the singing at morning and evening prayers, and—"

"You pay whata?" interrupted Madame.

"Two hundred and fifty dollars," said Pittsburgh briefly.

"You want me to teach six hours in ze day, six days in ze week, and sing at ze matin and ze vesper, for two hundred and fifty doolar. Would you not like me to chant ze mass on Sunday and teach in your Sunday-school, too?" Madame's voice had run up the scale, and finished with a quaver of wrath on the highest note.

"Madame! madame!" protested the agent. "You will never get anything if you talk in that way."

"I will have no such thing! Six hours in ze day, six days in ze week!" Madame rose majestic, a superb Lady Disdain in her wrath and seedy black. "Sing at ze matin and ze vesper for two hundred and fifty doolar!" She swept off before Pittsburgh could affirm the magnificent offer. I followed her as she left the room. The Pittsburgh Female College offered no inducement for a longer stay. Madame was buttoning a glove at the foot of the stairs.

"Six days in the week, six hours a day," I laughed. The shibboleth confirmed our half-hour's friendship, and we walked on together. Before I reached the corner near my boarding-

house, she begged that I "go home wiz me and take ze lunch." She was so evidently sincere that I accepted, and, when I reached a shabby lodging-house, was introduced to the Vicomte di Faliero, her father, and "Jooseppa," her brother. The old man's brown, leather-colored face, flowing white hair, and a curious long coat with a high collar, were as strongly marked in their foreign air as the odor of onions about him, or some ghastly saints and a swarthy Madonna that hung on the wall. My fears that my presence might change their lunch were without foundation. Some bread and an onion sliced in salt and vinegar were all that was offered, but it was without apology or embarrassment; and no more sumptuous repast could have added to their sincere hospitality or the gayety of the hour of idleness after it, a *dolce far niente* worthy an Italian sky and milder air. Madame told them what she was coming to, "six hours in ze day, six days in ze week," and then to me said what they had come from. *Italia*, the young Italy, with Mazzini and the proud patriots; Spain, where the refugee vicomte became a court-painter and won an order which he bade "Jooseppa" bring out from a chest in the corner. "Then we come here," continued Madame, and "Jooseppa," in pulling out the blue ribbon of the order, brought to the top a white garment. "*Ben trovato!* You see zat petticoats," she exclaimed. "I do zat on ze vessel coming over. I remember how I sit on ze deck and do zat. I eat pomegranates, and then I work, then I eat some more pomegranates, and then I work again. It was nineteen year ago, and I keep zat petticoats still, for I finish on ze vessel and wear it when I come on this land."

Then the old man wanted me to look at his old masters, that would make them all rich when they were sold. He and "Jooseppa" had hidden them in their clothes when they fled from Spain at the time of the Carlist rebellion, and Lord Bathurst had wanted to get the Murillo, but they would not degrade the illustrious master by parting with him for a *pezzo*.

"*Che sarà sarà!* what will be will be," muttered the old man, and promised to drink to my health when they sold them; but when I heard the wild prices they asked, I felt that my health would be past such libations long before.

"Yes, *con amore* to you and to ze Peetsboor woman, six hours in ze day, six days in ze week," Madame carolled lightly, and laughed, and sang another snatch, as if there was nothing she so scorned as two hundred and fifty "doolar."

Their house was large and roomy, an old residence which one of the first families in New York had abandoned to one of the first families of Italy. And, contrasting the price of lodging there with my ruinous boarding-house, I soon after took a room of them. Between letting lodgings and a job at scene-painting now and then for "Jooseppa," they earned a scanty living; and the old man cleaned pictures, painted a portrait when he could, tried to sell his treasures, and, failing, came back again to begin "a leetle composisheon." They were hopelessly bad, the "composisheons," — impossible cows, eating impossible grass, saints looking horribly wicked, and a "*Povertà*, the mother of all the arts," sitting at the door of a Harlem shanty, with a bit of clothes-line stretched across an Italian sky, and a realistic shirt and skirt dangling from it. He was a good copyist, however, and copied and recopied his Murillo, Spagnolettos, and his ghastly saints, with an exactness that made their sale more hopeless than ever. Lazy, shiftless, and not overclean, they were good and kind to me. I had been there but a week when I was taken ill. Worry and disappointment, I thought, was all that was the matter, but they were sure I had what, with a shake of the head more ominous than the word, they pronounced a pestilence. They never asked me for rent while I lay there sick and weary, nor grudged me the scanty food they brought to my room when at irregular intervals a spasmodic memory recalled me to their minds; but no need or entreaty of mine could induce them to cross my plague-stricken threshold, so

superstitious and fearful were they. Madame would stand outside the door and scream to me about hope, *speranza*, and an unintelligible opinion of the good God, until I had no strength to answer her, but the moment she heard me crawling out of bed would fly downstairs before I could open the door and let loose contagion upon her. "Jooseppa" sent me macaroni he had cooked himself, with so much cheese or garlic I could not taste it; but he never came near me. The old man was the only one who entered my room. Once a day or two he climbed the stairs, came in and straightened up the room a little, made my bed, not touching any of the bedclothes, but poking them into place with the handle of an umbrella, and then, bidding me have hope,—" *Speranza, speranza, Carlo, my boy,*"—left me more hopeless than ever. One day he came in without his old court-coat, looking more like an old master than ever, as his face was drawn with sorrow and despair, a dark *chiaroscuro* that is even now vivid in my mind.

"Carlo, my boy, my olde master!" he sighed. "Zat grand composisheon!" His eyes filled with tears.

"What has happened?" I cried. "Has a picture been stolen?"

"Yes, stolen! The beggars, the lazzaroni, they steal it from me. They will give but three hundred dollar *al più*, and I let it go, for Giovanna find nozing, nozing but Peetsboor."

"Three hundred dollars! Bravo!" I cried. "That is better than six hours a day, six days a week, for two hundred and fifty."

"No, no!" he sighed, muttering something about the *miseri* of his *divoto* master, and sat down on my pestilential bed, and, stroking my plague-stricken hand, said, "I have no more *speranza*, Carlo, my boy. I can never work any more. *Speranza* is gone, *mi divoto* master has been sold for a *pezzo*," and then shook his head again, saying his *Povertà*, the mother of all the arts, would not probably bring more. I tried to cheer him. I talked of hope, the *speranza* ever on his lips, but it was of

no use: his *divoto* master was sold for a *pezzo*.

The next day he did not come, nor the next. The third he appeared, more gloomy still. The picture had gone. "Jooseppa" had the money.

"And Madame? No fear of Pittsburgh now," I said.

"No, no; but she work six hours in ze day, six days in ze week, all ze same. She start a coollage."

"A college? An opposition college?"

"Si, a coollage," he answered, but shook his head ominously. "I have no *speranza* for it: it is with the cursed *pezzo* of *mi cara* picture." He handed me a circular. Giuseppe di Fallero and Madame Giovanna Santi announced in bad print, on worse paper the other side of which was filled by a song, "a leetle composisheon" of Madame's, that they would open a college of art, vocal and instrumental music, and Italian at their house in Bleeker Street. They referred to the Vicomte di Fallero, formerly painter of the court of Spain, to a conservatory of music in Italy, to the Teachers' Agency, and to each of their lodgers by name.

My fevered blood grew cold as I read the prospectus and doom of the college. "Have they begun?" I asked.

"Si. They begin." The tenants who had the first floor had gone; they had paid up the back rent, and hired pianos and furniture with the rest of the *pezzo*, the little coin he had gotten for his *divoto* master. They had grand hopes; but he,—he put his hand on his bosom where he used to wear the Spanish order, shook his head mournfully, and said he had no more hope. Whether it was for the college or for himself he was hopeless, I did not know. With what courage I could summon, I again spoke of *speranza*, of *la Povertà*, the mother of all the arts; by and by bright days would come. He rose from my bed, went over to the other side of the room, got the umbrella and mechanically poked down my bedclothes, then left me, with another sigh for his dear picture. The next day a young Bellevue student, a fellow-lodger, came in, saying

the old man was ill and had sent him to look after me. Madame and "Jooseppa" were too busy starting their college to do so. More for the safety of the house than my own welfare, he sent me to a hospital. There was no doubt what my fever was, though it was not a severe case. I did not return until six weeks after, and then I found the old man in bed, a silent agony in his great hollow eyes making him more like his dying saints than ever. "Jooseppa" was there, and Madame too, almost as solemn-faced as he. I beckoned her into the hall. No, the old man was not very ill. He was better, much better, —would soon be up again.

"And the college?"

Her hope too had gone. The college had failed. "Zese six weeks Jooseppa and I we work, work, work, but not a pupeel, not a lesson, and ze rent go on all ze time, and ze piano and all ze zings stay. Zay all go 'way to-morrow. And to-day I go down to ze agency and say I go to Peetsboor."

"Shall you chant the mass, sing at vesper and the matin, and teach in the Sunday-school?" I laughed, trying to drive away her despondency. She did not smile, but turned away, saying she must go down and gather up some "leetle composisheons" before the men came to take away the things to-morrow. Going back into the room, I saw an awful light illuminating the old man's dark face.

"Carlo, my boy," he said, as I entered, "I commend to you Jooseppa." His voice roused his son,—he, a man over sixty, being commended to me, a boy!—but, before his pride could protest, the old man raised his bony hand in a gesture of silence.

"Jovanna will go to Peetsboor till they sell my master, my *divoto* master. You will not once more sell one for a *pezzo*?" "Jooseppa" nodded an answer to the pleading eyes. "And you, Carlo, my boy, you shall have my composisheon, *la Povertà, la madre di tutti le*

arti." He folded his hands in an attitude of prayer and lifted his eyes to the swarthy Madonna on the wall.

"He is dying," whispered "Jooseppa," in terror. "Go for a priest."

"No, no," the old man said. "No priest. The Holy Mother is here. She is here, my *carissime*." His eyes rolled back, his hands closed rigidly, an awful glow broke over the old master. I turned to "Jooseppa." He was on his knees before *la Povertà*, the mother of all the arts. The terrible light and shade of peace and death was on the face of the Vicomte di Fallero, court-painter of Spain. Poverty, Murillo's Madonna, the ghostly saints, were no longer before him. He had a vision of a greater Master, he had risen to a higher court than he had left, and we, Giovanna, who just then came in, Giuseppe, incapable, lazy, but ever kind, and I, penniless, despondent, with little endurance, we inherited from him lofty hope, devotion to things good and great, and no mean hatred of poverty, the mother of all the arts. We buried him in his court-dress, with the blue ribbon that had been the reward of his lifetime, and when I last looked upon him his right hand held the manuscript of Madame's "leetle composisheons," and over his breast, beneath the coffin-lid, was Murillo's Madonna.

The next week Madame went to "Peetsboor," and "Jooseppa" with her, trying vainly, while Madame supported herself and him, teaching six hours a day, six days a week, to sell the old masters for a fabulous price. The lodging-house passed into new hands, but I still have the same room there. Over my bed I see *la Povertà*, the mother of all the arts, and in my most impatient moments a calming vision of devotion and loyalty to a high ideal, the unfaltering faith, the enduring hope, which the Vicomte di Fallero bore, amidst poverty, disappointment, hunger, and pain, for the greatest Master he knew.

S. M. ELY.

THE CONFEDERATE FLAG.

THE flag of the Confederate States is already a matter of history. Twenty-five years later it will be as much a reminiscence as the old colonial banners of the days of 1776. Now and then we hear of one being floated at some Southern meeting; but the South itself looks upon it as dead, and its inspiring virtues live only in the memories of those who fought under it.

A year ago, when Generals Rosecrans and Longstreet rode hand in hand over the battle-fields of Bull Run, a little, weazen-faced old maid sat upon a hill beside a pile of stones and viciously waved at them the stars and bars. But her flag was not larger than a pocket-handkerchief, and her action created only pity and laughter.

Still, that flag was for almost five years cheered wherever it appeared in a Southern State. It was born in tears and hopes, and of the thousands who died in its defence the great majority believed their cause to be just.

Prior to March 5, 1861, the seceding States had no national flag. The day after President Lincoln was inaugurated at Washington the Southern Congress adopted the stars and bars, and on that day it was first flung to the breeze from the State-House at Montgomery. Prior to this the State flags had been used by the several seceding States. South Carolina had torn the stars and stripes from the Capitol five months before, and had raised her own palmetto flag in its stead; Alabama had run up a secession flag in December, 1860; and on the 21st of January the Louisiana Legislature had declared the State to have seceded, and had adopted the pelican flag.

The palmetto flag, as coming from South Carolina, was popular in other States. It was used at a secession meeting in Virginia in 1860, and it entered into some of the secession banners of Georgia. The first flag raised

in the Confederacy is in the flag-collection of the War Department at Washington. It is a palmetto flag, and it is said to have waved over Charleston in 1861. Its material is white bunting, now dirty with age. A palmetto-tree of eight branches is sewed upon its centre, and it has eleven red stars surrounding it, with a rising red moon at the top. This was the flag used at Fort Sumter and on the Charleston fortifications.

On the 4th of February, 1861, the Secession Convention of South Carolina, Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana, Georgia, and Florida met in the old State-House at Montgomery, Alabama, and proceeded to organize the Southern Confederacy. Jefferson Davis was elected President, and Alexander Stephens Vice-President, and the convention adopted a constitution and chose the Confederate flag.

When making their selection they received designs and letters from all parts of the South; and these are now hidden away in an old scrap-book among the Confederate archives in the War Department at Washington. They were captured at Richmond at the close of the war, and were pasted by the Department in an old volume of Treasury blanks of 1860. The book is a most valuable one. Every page of it glows with feeling, and between its lines may be seen glimpses of the South in 1861.

It is a ragged volume, eighteen inches long, twelve inches wide, and four inches thick. Its paper, originally white, is now a faded pink. Its covers are worn and its corners are dog-eared. In it are pasted one hundred and twenty-nine designs for a Confederate flag which were presented to the Montgomery convention; and by their sides, or on the opposite pages, are the numerous letters which accompanied them. Some of these letters are addressed to Jefferson Davis, some to Alexander H. Stephens, some to Robert Toombs, and a great number to William Porcher Miles,

who was chairman of the committee on flags.

The designs are of all sizes, shapes, and colors. Three are as large as the flags they are intended to represent, and the others range from full size to that of a small visiting-card. Some of them, especially those sent by ladies, are of silk, the different colors neatly sewed; some are of bunting, rudely painted; and a large number are made up of pieces of different-colored pasteboard or paper pasted together into the design desired. There is little originality shown in these devices. Most of them are combinations of the colors and form of the stars and stripes, while not a few are modelled after the flags of other nations now in use. The Southern cross, the palmetto-tree, and the lone star are the central ideas of a large number, and fully half of them are totally unfitted for the object for which they were intended. Some are very grotesque, and would be more proper for the New Orleans Mardi-Gras or the Roman Carnival than for a great national banner. In design No. 41, for instance, sent to Jefferson Davis from Coffeeville, Alabama, the very colors "swear at each other." The device is two feet by three in size, with one half of the ground blue and the other half a dirty yellow. On this broad blue half, which is nearest the pole, a big black eye is painted, looking toward the yellow, and around this, in the shape of a crescent which faces the front of the flag, are seven white stars. From the eye eight white stripes radiate, running out of the blue and losing themselves in the yellow.

The following is the letter accompanying this design :

"February 23, 1861.

"COFFEEVILLE, CLARK COUNTY, ALABAMA.

"GENERAL DAVIS,—I have heard with pleasure that you have been elected President of the provisional government of the Confederate States of America. My prayer to God is for the prosperity of our young nation, hoping that when we get clear of Northern abolitionism we shall have peace in our country.

"Being a true Southerner, I have taken the liberty to send to your care a miniature flag, the emblem of which I would like to see adopted by our provisional Congress as the ensign of our government. The emblems as seen on the flag were taken from the last scene of the aurora borealis of the 18th of September, 1859 (at night). . . .

"The eye is a design of my own, and may represent, first, the President watching over the nation for the good of the people, and, secondly, the *all-seeing eye of God*, by whose guardian care all nations have their existence. You can have the flag bordered with whatever color suits your fancy.

"Very respectfully, your servant,

"L— M—."

Four designs directed to the Hon. Robert Toombs represent a phoenix as rising from the ashes, painted upon a white field, with borders of red and blue. One of the largest designs has fifteen large stripes of alternate white and red. It has a blue union, from the upper corner of which, almost resting against the staff, looks out a great eye, below which is painted a red hand grasping a wreath of green.

Another full-sized design has also fifteen stripes of red and white, but its union is white instead of blue, and upon it are seven red stars and a crimson crescent moon. Outside of the union, running diagonally across the flag, is a black rattlesnake, upon whose back are painted many yellow diamond spots, and over it the motto,—

Don't tread on me :
It is certain death.

The letter accompanying this design contains the following: "The white stripes represent the seven States in friendly relations with the rest of the world. And the red ones show if they are oppressed they will fight for blood. The rattlesnake is the Confederacy. If you come near him, he will sing out with his rattles. If you do not leave, and dare to tread upon him, it is certain death."

The most beautiful designs are those

sent by women. One device sent by the ladies of Charleston was made of silk of red, white, and blue, put together with many delicate stitches. It is eighteen inches long, and consists of two series of three stripes of red, white, and red above and below a broad stripe of blue, upon which are sewed seven white stars. Six of the stars represented the States then in convention, the seventh, Texas, which was about to secede.

Another design by a lady came from Cassville, Georgia, and the letter accompanying it is written in a lady's hand. In it she says she designed the flag herself, and that she hopes the Confederacy will secede peaceably; but, "*whether peaceably or not, it will secede.*"

Throughout the whole scrap-book the letters signed by women are the most earnest and enthusiastic. Some of them fairly blaze with feeling, as, for instance, the following from Mrs. C. Ladd, of Winnsboro, South Carolina. It accompanies two very pretty designs, and reads as follows:

"SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY, WINNSBORO, SOUTH CAROLINA, February 10th, 1861.

"HON. W. W. BOYCE: SIR,—Enclosed I send you a flag for the new republic, which is simple, as all national flags should be. It is tri-colored, with a red union, seven stars and a crescent moon. I am vain enough, if you please to term it so (but I term it patriotism), to feel that I would wish no greater honor than to see the slightest thing I had a hand in adopted by the Southern Confederacy. We have three boys to give to our country. Words could not express the glow of pride that throbbed in our bosoms when we saw them ready to respond to their country's call. My boys are a part of a mother's jewels, freely given when needed. My next greatest glory would be to see this design adopted and flung to the breeze.

"May it yet be unfurled, floating proudly and free
O'er the bright sunny South and the dark-rolling sea.

"Our great Washington fought for the principles we are now contending

for, and thought he had secured them. May our young republic honor his memory with the name of the 'Washington Republic,' dating from the 22d of February! The day would then be kept to celebrate two great events.

"Just as I finished the word 'events' I heard the news that Mr. Davis had been elected President. *Glorious news!* We are free. We have institutions of our own, a country that we can call our own, rulers from our own people. There is not a Southern woman, wife, mother, or maid, but what feels prouder to-day of her country, knowing as she does that the fathers, sons, husbands, and brothers of the South are willing to sacrifice all to duty and honor.

"In peace or war you have with you the prayers and sympathies of every woman who glories in saying, 'I am a woman of the South.'

"Yours, etc.,

"MRS. C. LADD."

From the designs and the letters it can be seen how general was the desire throughout the South to retain all that was possible of the old flag. The greater part of the designs are made up of modifications of the stars and stripes in all conceivable shapes, and there is hardly a writer who does not wish that the associations of the old flag may be preserved in the new. One letter recommends a design because "it retains all the hallowed associations which have for years clustered around the 'stars and stripes' of a nation once the most glorious the world ever beheld, and of which nation the Southern States were but lately its proudest element, blest in its privileges, blest in its wide-spread fraternal love, and equal in the possession of all its common glories, past, present, and prospective."

Another, from Mobile, Alabama, signed with a name probably very strong in those days, reads,—

"MOBILE, February 13, 1861.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Pray do not give up the stars and stripes to the North. It is ours as fully as it is theirs. It is

hallowed by associations and memories, and it is dear to every military and naval officer, every soldier and tar, and every citizen who has seen it float in a foreign land. Keep the stars. Keep the stripes. Keep the azure field, and then add a red cross, the Southern cross, cutting the stripes at right angles. This is an important matter. The songs of a nation and its flag have a prodigious moral influence.

"Yours, in great haste,
(Signed) "_____."

The following extract is taken from a letter dated

"WASHINGTON, February 20, 1861.

"Let the Yankees keep their ridiculous tune of 'Yankee Doodle,' but, by all that is sacred, do not let them monopolize the stars and stripes. You have fought well under our glorious banner. Could you fight as well under another? Never! Alter it, improve it, as you will, but for heaven's sake keep the stars and stripes.

(Signed) "J. D. P."

And so throughout the scrap-book. A letter signed "Disunion" asks that the new republic be called Alleghenia, and an anonymous correspondent, "Pocahontas," hopes that the flag of the Union will be preserved.

This feeling for the stars and stripes was indeed so strong that the convention dared not neglect it, although the Hon. William Porcher Miles, the chairman of the committee, denounced the sentiment, and said that he had from his youth regarded the stars and stripes as the emblem of oppression and tyranny, and that he gloried more a thousand times in the palmetto flag of his own State.

Of the long report of the committee on the 5th of March, 1861, fully one-half is given up to an explanation why more of the stars and stripes could not be embodied in the flag presented. This report, which closes with the design known as the stars and bars, says, "It

is idle to talk of keeping the flag of the United States when we have voluntarily seceded from them. It is superfluous to dwell upon the practical difficulties which would flow from the fact of two distinct and probably hostile governments employing the same, or very similar, flags. It would lead to perpetual disputes."

And again, after stating that the Revolution was not fought under the stars and stripes, the committee, on examining the representations of the flags of all countries, found that Liberia and the Sandwich Islands had flags so similar to that of the United States that it seemed to them an additional, if not a conclusive, reason why they should not keep, copy, or imitate it. They felt no inclination to borrow at second hand what had been pilfered and appropriated by a free-negro community and a race of savages. It must be admitted, however, that something was conceded by the committee to what seemed so strong and earnest a desire to retain at least a suggestion of the old stars and stripes.

The report then gives the requisites of a national flag, as follows: "A flag should be simple, readily made, and, above all, capable of being made up in bunting; it should be different from the flag of any other country, place, or people; it should be significant; it should be readily distinguishable at a distance; the colors should be well contrasted and durable; and, lastly, and not the least important point, it should be effective and handsome."

The report then states that the committee humbly think the following design combines the above requisites, and they submit it as "*the flag of the Confederate States of America*": "It shall consist of a red field, with a white space extending horizontally through the centre and equal in width to one-third the width of the flag, the red spaces above and below to be the same width as the white. The union blue, extending down through the white space and stopping at the lower red space. In the centre of the union a circle of white stars corresponding in number with the States of the Confederacy."

This report was adopted, and the above design became known as the Stars and Bars. In choosing it, "four designs made of cotton cambric of full size," says a letter of the Hon. William Porcher Miles to General Beauregard, "were presented to the convention and hung upon the walls of the hall. Within an hour or two after the stars and bars were adopted, thanks to fair and nimble fingers, the first Confederate flag (made of merino, there being no bunting at hand) floated over the State capitol of Alabama, where Congress held its sessions."

The stars and bars were, however, a failure as a battle-flag. Its similarity to the stars and stripes made it useless; and this was painfully apparent at the battle of Bull Run, where the colors of the two armies could not be distinguished from each other. "After the battle," writes General Beauregard, "it was found that many persons in both armies firmly believed that each side had used as a stratagem the flags of his opponent, and General Joseph Johnson and myself decided to adopt a battle-flag for our forces."

General Johnson attempted first to procure for each regiment its State colors; but this was found impracticable. Designs were asked for, and one presented by Colonel James B. Walton, of Louisiana, was chosen. This design was originally oblong, but General Johnson modified it by making it square, and, so modified, it became the battle-flag of the Confederacy. It was in September, 1861, adopted by the rebel army of the Potomac, and shortly afterwards, with slight modifications, by the other armies. In 1863 the Confederate Congress adopted it as the union of its new national ensign; and it is entitled to at least as much fame as the better-known stars and bars.

This battle-flag had a red field, with two wide blue bars running diagonally from one corner to the other, thus forming the Greek cross. On these bars were white or gold stars equal in

number to the States of the Confederacy. The design was substantially the same as the one presented to the Montgomery Convention by William Porcher Miles when the stars and bars were chosen. It is known as "*The Southern Cross*," and was the only flag in general use by the Southern troops during the war.

The Confederate Congress, in adopting it as the national flag in May, 1863, added the white field, that it might be of use upon the sea. But, square as it was, its design was such that it could not be reversed as a signal of distress. The white field, on trial, was also found open to objections. It made the flag liable to be mistaken for a flag of truce, and at a distance it looked much like the English white ensign. To remedy these faults, a broad red strip was added to the end of the flag, and this, the last national flag of the Confederacy, was adopted by the Senate at Richmond in February, 1865.

It has been stated that the Confederate flag was last fired upon between Raleigh and Salisbury, North Carolina, 14th of April, 1865; but Jefferson Davis in his history of the war speaks of a minor engagement of a portion of the trans-Mississippi division under General E. Kirby Smith on the 26th of May, and states that this was the last time the Confederate flag floated upon the land. Upon the sea it kissed the breezes some seven months longer. The Confederate cruiser *Shenandoah* swept the ocean from Australia to Behring's Straits, making many captures in the Arctic Ocean. It was at sea when peace was declared, and its captain, Mr. Waddell, did not hear of the close of the war until August, 1865, when he got the news from a passing British steamer. Captain Waddell at once sailed for England, and on the 6th of November he entered the Mersey and surrendered his vessel and her flag to the British government, who in turn transferred them to the United States.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

BY PARNA'S GRAVE.

THE train paused at every lonely station, sometimes permitting a passenger to alight, but oftener gathering up belated summer-tourists,—the women with golden-rod or asters in their belts, the men with fish-baskets or game-bags over their shoulders. The one passenger-car was old and small and low-ceiled, the red-plush seats were faded, the little panes of glass grimy, and it was only after repeated efforts that I succeeded in raising the window to let the soft wind of early autumn blow against my face. It was with regret that I viewed the fields and woods, for I was leaving them, and every tree beckoned to me, and whispered, "Stay,—stay until the frost has turned our leaves, until November gales have stripped us bare, until we hide beneath the thick white snow, until the spring comes slowly up our way." I wondered if I would stay if I could; whether, if all the world were before me, I would choose to pitch my tent on some solitary beach or within sound of the sighing pines. Was not my longing born of a comfortable contentment? Was I not in my heart of hearts downright glad to be going back to the town, to my friends, my work, my winter pleasures? A great clump of sumach burnt red in a little hollow, and my thoughts jumped to the reading-room of my club, to a deep, crimson arm-chair by the open fire, and in an instant the rumble of the train sounded like the laden omnibusses toiling over the city street. The conversation of two stolid middle-aged men behind me called me back from my dreams, and I was listening to their droning account of the evil doings of sundry persons in Saybrook, when the train stopped, and the brakeman called out the place in an inquiring tone that matched his up-turned nose and high circling eyebrows. From my window I saw on the platform two youngish, querulous-looking women, who regarded with anxious interest a thick-set,

white-haired old man. Evidently he was about to start on a journey, for he carried a satchel which was as new and shining as his tall silk hat. He sprang down from the platform, not lightly, but gayly, and with a half-laughing, half-frowning refusal of the aid eagerly tendered him by both the fussy women. They glanced at each other significantly and pursed up their lips.

"Now, pa, you have got to take some sort of care of yourself," said one of them, in aggrieved tones. "You will git hurt if you go jumping about that way."

The other woman shook her head with a forlorn air that was in itself a prophecy of future mishap to the agile old gentleman; and then she and her companion lifted their skirts very high and stepped down to the ground carefully, as if to show that they knew enough to be heedful how they placed their precious feet. Then they gave the old gentleman much doleful good advice, and he, declaring that he was a sight smarter than they thought, bestowed a hearty kiss upon each, and, wrenching himself free from their clutches, got on the car just as the train began to glide away. He came slowly down the aisle, looking right and left toward the well-filled seats, until he arrived opposite me, when he halted and glanced at the portmanteau that so far had been a defence against intruders. I made a place for him at once, for my heart warmed toward him,—I hardly know why, unless it were because he reminded me vaguely of my own white-haired father, dead this many a year.

"Thank you, young man," he said. "Got the window open, eh? Just lemme wave my handkerchief out of it to the girls, will you?"

He leaned heavily on my knees and waved his handkerchief merrily to the two women, who shook theirs sadly in return. This ceremony over, my companion squared himself in the seat and

looked unnaturally grave. He wore a new suit of black broadcloth, cut as only a country tailor can cut black broadcloth, the low vest displaying a great expanse of white shirt that ended at the neck in a high collar, about which was tied a soft black-silk scarf. The ends and loops of the scarf were so carefully pulled out and arranged that I would have wagered anything that one of those elderly girls had presided over this part of the old gentleman's toilet. His hands were brown, but not hard as those are of a man who holds a plough, and his face was lighted by a pair of shrewd, twinkling blue eyes. He brushed a white thread off his coat, he crossed his legs, he looked askant at me, and remarked that it was a fine day. Like a flash there came into my mind a droll dissertation of Heinrich Heine's upon the possible horrible consequences that may follow if one does not cap the remark "Fine weather to-day" with "Yes, to-day we have fine weather;" and I replied promptly that I had never known a more perfect autumn day.

"Just the morning to start off," said the old man. "My girls kind o' surmised it would rain; but I guess it was only because they wanted to keep me home. They couldn't see why I should start up all of a sudden and go visiting."

"So you are off on a pleasure-trip?" I remarked.

He nodded and smiled: "I ain't going very far; but it's to a place where I ain't been in a long time, though I have lived within twenty miles of it for more than thirty-five years. Queer how you travel here and there and don't think of places right near home."

"Yes," I said. "I was born and raised fifty or sixty miles from Niagara, but I never went to see the Falls."

My companion slapped his knee: "That's just it. I have been living almost next door, as you might say, to my old home, where I grew up, and I ain't been there in ten years. I went over once to the funeral of an uncle of mine, my mother's only brother, and I ain't seen any of the folks, except now and then as they would come on business

or something of that sort to our village. Lately, though, I have had a great desire to go back,—want to see the orchards that I hooked apples from when I was a boy." He paused and chuckled at the delightful memory of his youthful pranks; but his face grew grave, and when he continued it was in a low, confidential tone: "You see, I have got to go pretty soon, for I had a warning this spring,—a stroke—paralysis—apoplexy,—I don't know which; but for a while I was bad off. I can't do much nowadays, and my sons-in-law run the store mostly; and so I says to the girls that I would buy a new suit of clothes. I should have to have 'em anyhow to be buried in, and I might as well get a little wear out of 'em first. So I got the suit; and then I made up my mind to go visiting. The girls didn't like to have me go off; but I ain't got so old as to be bossed around like a child. I knew I could take care of myself, and I know everybody in Baldwin,—that's the name of the place I am going to; next station but one. I was raised there. I guess this will be my last visit,—though a man may have a shake and live twenty years afterward. It don't make me much alive, somehow; though I ain't so pious as to want to die and go to heaven right off."

He smiled, and his eyes twinkled, but his words were pathetic to me. Perhaps I encouraged him to talk, for he rambled on, telling me all about his family and business affairs, and winding up with an account of his wife's death, which had occurred the winter before. He was deep in the details of her last illness when the train stopped so suddenly as to startle everybody, and the men with one accord hastened out of the car and rushed forward to find out what had happened. A freight-train had run off the track, wrecking one car completely; but a gang of laborers had already arrived from New Haven, and the conductor told us that the way would be cleared in an hour or so. Leaving my new friend to watch the progress of the work, I sauntered slowly down a shady road that wound through lonely

fields. Presently I came on a little school-house, painted white, and through the opened windows and door I saw a few children seated at their desks, while a few others stood up before the spinster teacher, reciting a lesson. I felt a thrill of pity for the lint-locked urchin who was saying the multiplication-table, stumbling over the nines, just as I had in my boyhood. Opposite was a graveyard, running up steep to the east and enclosed by a low stone wall that was almost hidden beneath tangled vines and sprawling bushes. There were no paths, and the grave-stones peered out from a dense growth of tall grasses, purple asters, and vivid golden-rod. One stone marked the grave of a certain Apollos Welthey, who had fallen in the battle of Seven Mountains. I made my way about the graves slowly, but I found no quaint epitaphs, although some of the names struck me as extraordinary,—such as Noahdiah, and Parthena, and Minervia. Far up on the brow of the hill was a simple marble slab, marking the place where Parna Shelby was buried, who had died in 1846, aged eighteen. Set back in the head-stone, and protected by a marble flap that hung on a hinge, I discovered a daguerrotype of the dead girl, and I looked long and earnestly on the pictured face. The expression was gentle and winning. Her thick hair was drawn back from a broad intelligent brow, and the shadow of a smile lurked in the corners of her mouth. Her large eyes met mine with a sort of entreaty, making an appeal for sympathy and respect. At her throat an old-fashioned brooch fastened a pretty embroidered collar, and the austere simple dress fitted smoothly over her sloping shoulders and girlish breast. She had died in September: perhaps she had been buried on just such a day as this, when the golden-rod flamed along the fences and the asters were abloom everywhere. She must have had friends to mourn her, a mother to weep bitter tears in the darkness of the night. Even the seasons, with their storms of rain and snow, had dealt tenderly with this portrait of her, hidden away in the stone.

"You here?"

I started. Behind me stood the garrulous old man my companion in the cars, looking down at me seriously, and without a word he seated himself beside me on the sunken stone near Parna's grave. For a while we were silent, and the children in the school-house across the way began to recite something in chorus, their voices rising and falling in a monotonous chant.

"Poor Parna!" said the old man softly.

"You knew her?"

He nodded, and, taking hold of my arm, pointed to a church-spire that showed itself on a hill to the west. "That's where I'm going," he said. "It ain't three miles away, and, as we have to stay here till the track is clear for the train, I thought I'd just walk down and see the graveyard. My folks are buried yender, under that pine-tree, and I suppose I'll lay alongside of 'em some day. I told the girls to bring me. I'd rather be here than anywhere else, I guess."

After a minute's pause he stretched out his hand, raised the marble flap, and looked at the portrait of Parna with a wavering smile.

"It's a good likeness," he continued. "Her old father had it put in. She was all he had left, and he didn't stay long after she was gone. He used to come here and sit and look at the picture by the hour. Many's the time I have seen him sitting here all alone, sort o' talking, as though she could hear. He was childish, and I guess he thought she knew that he had come to keep her company. Perhaps she did." And the old man let the flap fall over the portrait and turned his blue eyes to me in solemn wonder. "She used to teach school across the way," he went on, "and all the children came to her funeral. Lord! it don't seem but yesterday that we stood here listening to the clumps of earth falling on her coffin. Poor Parna! She was a good girl. Everybody loved her."

His voice broke, but an absent smile lingered on his face. "She was en-

gaged to be married," he said, with a certain hesitation, "and her sweetheart was 'most broken-hearted. He wasn't of much account, but she thought a good deal of him, and he was going to study for the ministry, though his folks were awful set against it, for, you see, he wasn't so young, being—lemme see,—oh, he was nigh onto ten years older than her."

"And after she died?" I asked.

He drew down his mouth: "Well, he give up all thoughts of studying for the ministry. You see, he never felt he had a real call for it; but he would have studied to please her. After she was gone he did as his folks wanted him to, and went to a village where an uncle of his kept store. And he kept store,—made some money at it, too; and when his uncle died he got the business."

"And did he ever marry?"

"Yes," said the old man slowly, and with an odd, deprecatory smile. "Yes, he married a woman no more like Parna than Martha in the Bible was like Mary. Not but what she was a good woman," he added hastily, "and an uncommon smart woman, a regular go-ahead, all energy, always driving, always saving, up before daylight. Still, I don't believe Parna's sweetheart ever forgot her, though he did marry and have children. Those were my daughters that brought me to the depot: you may have seen 'em. They are both married now, and they are both like their mother. They are their mother right over again, so to

speak,—all push and energy,—and they just keep their husbands going all the time. Now, Parna"—here his voice grew soft and he looked at the picture again—"she wasn't one of that sort. She was gentle, and she had a low voice. She had a good deal of energy, too, but there was a womanly way about her: I don't know how to express it exactly. Why, sometimes over there at the school the boys were regular devils, but she could rule 'em. You see, she got 'em to love her; that was all. They came to her funeral, and the biggest boys carried her coffin. I remember one chap, Abe Mosely he was, and he was a limb of the law, and nobody could control him, he was always fighting and getting into mischief; but when they buried Parna he stood there, just where that tallest clump of golden-rod is, and he kept his arm over his face all the while the minister was talking. Earth to earth, ashes to ashes. Poor Parna!"

He said no more, but with a trembling hand he picked a bunch of the asters at his feet, and, though they grew wild all about, these he laid on the grave. With a joyous shout the children burst out of school, and then the old man and I rose and walked away together in silence. He did not dream that he had revealed to me the romance that had made his life at once sweet and sad: he did not know how much he had told as we sat by Parna's grave.

CHARLES DUNNING.

THE NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION.

SECOND PART

AS befits a World's Exposition, that of New Orleans is many-sided and has several fronts,—not so many as the sphere, which is all front, but enough to make it sharply different in this respect from the Centennial, which had as

sharply defined an entrance as the Pantheon. The grounds have approaches, all stately and worthy, on three sides, with two great entrances on one of these sides, half a mile or so apart. Another side is shaped by the Mississippi, and

has there the water-gate of the great show, where the steam-gondolas come to shore from that occasionally much too Grand Canal. These craft are not welcomed by such façades of stone as are the apple of Mr. Ruskin's eye; but you cannot have thirteen centuries in one, and what is there in Venice more sculptural than these immemorial oaks, which have slowly shaped themselves through the ages, matured the perfection of their type, and allowed the silent forces of the air to drape them in a garb not to be given by the sea-weed of the Lagoons or the now obliterated leafage that once decked the Coliseum? On the third side, that opposite to the river, the approach is also monopolized by steam, and "the land-ships all, without oar or sail," find here a quay of their own, overhung, too, by the bearded oaks. This access is nearest to the home or United States Building, of which we have already given some description, and through which we pass, with an interval of soft sward with canals and fountains, over an asphalt walk, to the Main Building, designed for the reception of the Union's friends from abroad, or, more exactly, of such of their wares as they might think it worth their while to send to a Southern theatre of display.

Notwithstanding, however, the fact that foreign exhibits have well filled the space assigned them in the centre of this immense building, we are not struck, on entering, by an alien air in the spectacle before us. The reason is that a vast amount of domestic productions, under the very elastic title of Machinery, has here found refuge, and in volume so wholly unexpected as not only to require a Machinery Annex, and an annex to that, for their accommodation, but to compel the rejection of twelve hundred applications for space which could not be found. So it happens that we are confronted with a wilderness of ploughs, harrows, and all sorts of agricultural appliances, from a butter-pat to a vacuum-pan. The ploughs are, we suppose, the best of their class in the world, and the most effective in nuzzling their way

through what Christopher North calls the "clean dirt." But here they show no trace of contact with the soil. They are tillers of the earth out for a holiday, a brochure of bucolics in choice extra binding. The antique and the classic is wholly excluded. They are all brand-new in material and patent, dating since the introduction of cheap steel under the Bessemer process and the short period of patent life. They show, too, that not only the artisan's but the artist's hand has been at work upon them. Upon the beams of many elaborate landscapes are painted, and here and there groups of figures are so disposed before the ploughman's eye as to tempt him to an æsthetic source "of glory and of joy" never dreamed of by his predecessor on the mountain-side. A little of this kind of extra decoration in articles meant for show is common enough, but it seems here to be the rule and not the exception, as though the coming agriculturist were to be provided with an artistic education at a ridiculously cheap rate,—South Kensington carried afield, so to speak. It may be a recognition of the new *régime* at the South, where other than African critics have now to be addressed. This exuberance of decoration is less striking among the rest of the implements, although it breaks out again on the threshing-machines and road-wagons, which offer a breadth of surface too tempting for Dick Tinto's powers of resistance. Paint is necessarily banished from the dairy, which claims seventy thousand feet of space and fills it exhaustively. Good butter and cream are their own ornament. They are certainly extending their sway at the South, where artificial ice is made in the larger towns and natural ice is frequently introduced by the railroads. The cow decidedly predominates over the goat in the suburbs of New Orleans, and the requisite of permanent turf is being supplied by the extension of Bermuda grass over all the lands adapted to it. Thousands of cows graze, unfed and un milked, on the Attakapas prairies, winter and summer. Red clover, the rosy ally of the dairy-

maid, will doubtless continue to make its home among the hills; but white clover, also greatly affected by that fair acolyte of civilization, may be seen green in the dead of winter on the black soils of Lower Texas.

"Beef," however, remains the cry of the vast cattle-ranges of the cotton-States. The mosquito-bitten runt of Florida goes to Cuba, not being up to the ideas of the Northern butcher. The Texan broadhorn is; but he is not popular with the graziers of the trans-Mississippi tier of States to the north of his habitat. They have subjected him to an almost absolute blockade. If he travels northward, he is practically compelled to make it a post-mortem tour. He must shuffle off his mortal coil before leaving home, and take the cars as dressed beef in the most undressed condition possible. Of the carefully arranged "palace"-cars prepared for his safe and rapid transit, many specimens are shown. Great study has been bestowed upon the preservation of the required temperature and dryness, and the business has been reduced to a precision that makes the transportation of meats and fresh fruits as reliable and steady a branch of traffic as any other. It is a new one, and must receive a marked impulse from the multiplication of Southern railways within the past four or five years and the consequent competition. A number of large establishments for the packing of fresh meats already exist in Texas, one of which at least, and probably others, has settled the ice-difficulty by manufacturing its own ice, thus shipping that Arctic antiseptic from latitude 30° to New England.

The specialties of the cotton- and sugar-industries, in the way of implements and machinery, are not so prominent as one would be apt to expect, perhaps by reason of the actual magnitude of the whole display. The immense apparatus of the sugar-mills, such as cane-squeezers, engines, and evaporators, are too colossal, indeed, to be overlooked. They tell at a glance of the large investment of capital at present, employed or idle, in the production

of sugar in Louisiana. This great interest is just now under a cloud, plantations in the best districts having been within the past year sold for half the cost of the machinery alone. To rescue it from the effects of the sudden competition of a surplus yield of European beet-sugar and possible changes in Federal legislation which cast their shadows before, will demand all attainable economies in method and appliances. The old claim that all expenses were paid by the molasses, leaving the crystallized product clear profit, does not seem to hold good. If it did, the cane would have an advantage at the start over the beet, the molasses from the latter being of no value, the solid refuse of the beet having, however, a use as cattle-food not possessed by the bagasse. Our planters say that they are unable to match the Germans in the science, precision, and thoroughness with which the processes are conducted. If they continue to concede this inferiority, their future is highly unpromising, for it is certain that the cost of production in Europe will continue to be reduced. Cuba, too, with her slave-labor and perennial cane, has still a margin, as is evidenced by the fact of her maintaining her export to this country, despite European competition and a duty of nearly or quite one hundred per cent. Free labor, white if 'not black, may yet avail to help Louisiana through. We visited a plantation on Bayou Teche, worked by Danish immigrants,—the last nationality one would have expected to see represented among the farm-laborers of the Gulf coast. They had been there three years, did good work, stood the climate well, and were contented. It struck us that the fields they were preparing for the plant were cleaner and in markedly better order than those on the adjacent place, where negroes were at work. They sell their cane to the mill at so much per ton. Their dwellings, in a long white row under live-oaks, that must in winter be a pleasant exchange for the beeches that dot the equally level sands toward Elsinore, were every way attractive, and certainly better

than the homes they would have found awaiting them in the Northwest. A further prosecution of this immigration enterprise is well worth the attention of the Pelican State.

Meanwhile, on the floor before us, France makes proffer of aid to her ancient colony in the shape of a portable railway and cars adapted for moving the cane from the field to the mill. This is exhibited in working order at the point where the French area abuts on the machinery space, and is claimed to be much used in Algeria. Portable railways have never been much resorted to in this country, the labor of moving them usually equalling or exceeding that they are designed to save. Branch steam-roads, we may add, are laid to a great many of the sugar-houses from the Morgan Railway, which leads from New Orleans to Houston. Steam ploughing has been tried on these smooth and level estates, but proved too costly.

In the preparation for market of the cotton fibre and seed, after they leave the field, little room appears for improvement. Whitney left little for his successors to do, and oil-mills are old affairs which have not for centuries varied much in their style of expression. What the "King" needs is something better than the human hand to gather his fleecy ermine. A machine recently invented for picking cotton has made a great stir. We were not fortunate enough to find it on exhibition, and, indeed, would rather have seen it in its proper field of trial. The negroes are negligent pickers, and we must have seen upon the stalks, between the Cumberland and the Colorado, some hundreds of bales left to fall and be lost. How much is lost in this way to the aggregate crop is a question not easy to answer. A more definite calculation is that of the saving which would result from a contrivance that would give a rest, more or less complete, to the dusky fingers which might find other and useful employment during the months between the first ripening and spring.

Picking our way, without any aid from machinery, but in spite of it, among

forty-six steam-engines, of five thousand nine hundred and thirty-seven horsepower, thirty-one thousand seven hundred and fifty feet of steam-pipe, and two and a quarter miles of "cold-rolled" shafting, pumps which, with twenty-six thousand feet of water-pipe, are able to force four millions of gallons of water daily a hundred feet high, and are busily pouring fully that amount in cataracts and jets where unnumbered Undines might dance in pumps, and other demonstrations of the might and majesty of the limpid element, hot and cold, we stumble on some piles of wire and a dingy little group of wheels and beams that takes it in at one end and ejects it at the other. The agriculturist is here having his fences made by machinery. Wire-fencing is an "infant industry;" and no one whose observation is confined to the eastern side of the Alleghanies, or even of the Mississippi, can imagine how rapidly it has outgrown its swaddling-clothes. Many a labored and lofty column of figures has been erected to prove the enormous cost to our farmers of their fencing. They have been assured, over and over again, that this is sheer waste, that there are few or no fences on the continent of Europe, and that they are not needed anywhere. These reformers have never accomplished anything, and their cause is more hopeless than ever. Barbed wire has torn it to pieces. The barest prairies of the Great Desert, abandoned by nature to cactus and artemisia and consigned by common consent to a fenceless future, are traversed by the all-compelling wire. It has begotten a new political issue, and, through the fence and anti-fence parties, makes and unmakes legislatures. To the railways it supplies no contemptible item of freight through the annually growing consumption of it. It yields them also protection against cattle, which they find it cheaper to exclude than to pitch aside and pay for.

A wire fence, distinguishable at a little distance only by a line of naked posts, is not as lovely an object as a hedge of the Cherokee rose, or even a structure of rails plumed with vines and creepers,

but they cannot be run out at the rate of two miles an hour through a pair of cast-iron jaws, or set up in perfect working order, broadhorn-proof from the start, at a rate comparably rapid. No Western prophet can fix the future of artesian wells, prairie tree-planting, or wire fences. These new forces, the first in an assortment of boring apparatus and the second in highly comforting statistics, are well exploited in the display before us. If we could only speak as assuredly of a cotton-picking substitute for Sambo, his wife and children, and an anti-Bismarck sugar-making outfit!

The throbbing heart of these pulsating acres is beautiful to see,—such a show of strength without effort, of accomplishment without labor. We no more see the steam, or any trace of an impelling power, than we do the blood in an active animal organism. We simply recognize life, in one case as in the other. The source of it for the iron giants we may discern on stepping a hundred paces or so to a rear door. There we see the landscape shut out by a city of boilers, long and lofty, with streets full of attendants. They are largely in excess even of the demands of Machinery Hall, or Annex,—inasmuch as there is a task for steam-power almost undreamed of ten years ago, nineteen hundred horse-power, or a trifle less than the entire power used at the Centennial, being required for the seventy-three dynamos and fifty-five hundred electric lamps that light the buildings and grounds. These figures, drawn from Director-General Burke's report, grow oppressive to the mind, and we turn from the mighty presence of steam with the simple additional remark that an expert pronounces this an exhibit of engines only paralleled for variety or merit by the Paris Exposition of 1878, and for extent in advance of that.

Gas-engines, and Mr. Ericsson's big funnel for collecting the sun's rays direct and setting them to work without recourse to those which our central star stored up in the Carboniferous period, show but little progress. These and

the windmills are the only rivals to steam,—electricity being but a mode of transmission of heat-power, and not itself a motor. Simple coal and water never held more firmly their position in front. Their combination is the recognized heir of all the ages in the foremost files of force. Under its sway and through its aid will our children and children's children live, move, and have their being. It will be their servant and friend in peace, and will carry them to battle by land and sea. Year by year, under the study of a thousand brains and the hand and eye of patient and severe experience and experiment, it improves in efficiency, range of application, economy, and security. The poet's adjuration, under the personification of steam, to "harness me down with your iron bands, let your curb and your rein be firm," is well responded to. The steamer has no longer to dread the power that impels it, and the most remote of the locomotive's perils is explosion. The vast array of steam-gauges and other appliances of safety is less a recognition of peril than a guarantee against it. Quicksilver, glass, brass, and steel, we are content to trust them all, conscious that each and every device has the preference of men who are responsible and who know a great deal more about the subject than we do.

The extensive family of saws and saw-mills—jig, band, lightning, circular, and the rest of them—are, as usual, busily at work, like their prototype, *old edax rerum*, gnawing away at their vegetable food. No very new faces are noticeable among them. Doubtless their metal is better, and they can destroy more forest between sunrise and sunset than they could some years ago. But they destroy too much as it is, and their operations might with advantage be checked. It is well to transform the woods into a habitation for men; but we should like better to see more of the work left to the mason. Where else on earth are forty-odd millions hutted in plank? Is it really the cheapest and healthiest dwelling for men?

Our homes and our furniture lead us to think of our bread. We find in the

flour-mills, which are also in full motion, more novelty than among the saws. We all get our rolls from rollers now, by what is still young enough to be called the new process. The mill-stone is relaxing from its time-honored whirl. America, the youngest of the peoples, has borrowed an idea from those vanished Tartars, the Hungarians, and is engaged in reconstructing the frames of her citizens by the infusion of an element, gluten, wherein we learn for the first time we have hitherto been sadly lacking. A few years longer, and the humblest country mill will have discarded its buhr. True grit will have lost its meaning; but we shall be a finer race, almost equal, in fact, to the Magyars. Western visitors to Pompeii will puzzle over the Roman mills, and wonder how a race fed on such debilitating food could have marched, with half a pound of bronze on their heads and half a yard of iron in their hands, straight over all the armies of the known world.

A brighter outcome of machinery than the flour of wheat appears in the fabrics of silk, cotton, and wool, and their combinations, which grow under the visitor's eye. The Northern looms are more largely represented than could well have been expected, and their operation was a marked attraction to the Southern crowd. Figure-weaving will always be curious, simple as it may be, like Columbus's egg, when you find out the secret. The Philadelphia carpets and the Paterson ribbons in process of development are a "sure catch." Hardly less attention was earned by spool-cotton as it grew under the eye from the loose fibre to the labelled spool. It was not observable that the rosy New-England girls who played the *rôles* of Clotho, Lachesis, Atropos & Co. fell at all behind the other features of the machinery in popular interest. This was doubtless due to tacit recognition of the subordination of all other mechanism to that of the human eye and hand, and of all forces to nerve-force.

The finer manufacturing processes are not so fully exhibited in operation as might have been wished, though quite

as much so as could reasonably have been expected, in view of the distance of the locality from their principal seats, the hazards of transportation, and the expense of erecting and supervising. The acquaintance of the Southern people with mechanism, its operation and its modern perfection, is comparatively slender, and should as far as possible be improved. Many leading industries are, however, displayed more or less completely in this way, if we look for the proof of that fact only to the immense power employed, which is amply utilized. Cotton-compresses, decorticators for ramie and jute, rock-drills, caneslicers, marble- and agate-polishers, and a host of other machines of a heavy class, are far from monopolizing it. As it is, the exhibition at New Orleans of so large and varied a display of applied mechanics would have been, twenty-five years ago, deemed a thing beyond all possibility.

As to the finished products of the advanced artisan and his all but animate allies of metal, they appear in a volume and variety that leave nothing to be desired. One who looks through them all will, at least, not be disposed to call for anything additional. Household furniture, for instance, has the special assignment of a wide upper gallery,—for these immense edifices are double-decked, and do not express their capacity in terms of the ground-space they occupy. It not only fills that, but overflows, in a dark, rich flood of carved wood and upholstery, many parts of the ground-floor. New York, Wisconsin, Chicago, Boston, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and various inland localities put forth their best in everything, from a baby-carriage or a car-seat to a buffet or a billiard-table. Carving is seen to have made great progress in ten years. Ornamental American woods have been much more largely brought into use, and the covering fabrics of silk, in whole or part, are worthy the looms which produce thirty-five millions' worth of silk stuffs yearly and have raised the United States to the rank of the third country of the world in silk-manufacturing. Solidity,

durability, and their necessary concomitant, honest workmanship, are, it is pleasant to note, becoming less conspicuous by their absence. In the special domain of veneer there is less and less of veneer. Carving and irregular surfaces produced by other means demand a solid base, and partly for that reason the popular call is for such work. The so-called East-lake style, so provocative of sham, is dying out; and the same may be said of certain affiliated fantasies which dignified a labyrinth of jerky and unmeaning but easily-executed straight lines and sharp angles under high-sounding titles,—as Queen Anne, etc. Graceful and flowing forms, which alone belong to true art, whatever may be dictated by the æsthetic, are once more appreciated. The human body, which has not a single right line about it, promises to be freed from the command of the cabinet-maker to adapt itself to seats and other home-surroundings that are all right lines; and the eye, which is measurably blinded by objects devoid of modulation, may soon find itself relieved from the necessity of facing designs whose essential motive is defiance of gradation.

That the public will have to pay for the improvement it orders is apparent from some of the prices named for sets of furniture. One from Louisville, Kentucky, is placed at the trifle of four thousand dollars, one-fourth of that sum having been expended upon the carving alone. A single piece by Grinling Gibbons would readily command the thousand; and the question to be decided is whether the Kentucky Gibbons is equal to an eighth or tenth of the English original. Why should he not be, or hope to be? Is not the American hand as deft at undercutting as the English ever was or can ever be?

An article of furniture which has made more headway in the homes of the people within the past decade than perhaps any other is the sewing-machine. Since the expiration of the main patent it has descended to the reach of the humblest, and may be found in thousands of negro cabins at the South. It does not, of course, permit itself to be neglected at

the Exposition; but it is not a thing to make much show, its merits lying *perdu* in the tiny needle and shuttle, and the casing, however highly decorated, being altogether a secondary matter. It should be possible to say the same of the extraordinary array of stoves which holds possession of one side of the building and gives one the impression that the foundrymen of the North considered the pressing and unanimous cry of the Southern people to be for more warmth. But ornament seems among them to smother merit or demerit altogether. In a stove, if anywhere, utility should be the first and the decisive feature. "Handsome is that handsome does," when the point is of something to keep one warm in winter. But this brigade of brazen and nickel fronts stares the inquirer out of all such matter-of-fact notions. He shrinks from calculating which of these elaborate emanations of the cupola will best lead the heat along its intricate and hidden pathway and allow least of it to escape into the empyrean, and finds himself, a helpless captive to their charms of feature and form, engaged in determining which would be the most telling accession to the elegance of his parlor or his library. He forgets that nothing is more fleeting than the gloss of the metal, that fire is perpetually warring against the beauty of its environment, and that the injunction which should be blazoned on the front of every one of these stunning bits of ironmongery is, "Inquire within."

It is said that the patterns of a new stove cost from one to two thousand dollars. There must be at least five hundred new models every year; and if half the outlay goes into the merely ornamental part,—as well may be assumed, since the old ten-plate stove of our grandfathers will excel nine out of ten of them in economy of heat,—it sums up half a million or more bestowed annually on decorative art. This is a handsome contribution from the masses through their stove-makers; and who shall say that it would be better employed in keeping up art-schools and sending students to Europe? Be that

as it may, we have here a tolerable gauge of the average taste of the multitude as recognized and cultivated by a very shrewd set of tradesmen, the same caterers in castings who supply the elect with æsthetic grates after Mr. William Morris's latest conceit, with a framing of Doulton tiles.

A juxtaposition appropriate in our climate of extremes is that of stoves and soda-fountains. The latter are a great American institution, and shine worthily in their best outfit of marble and plate. They are really pleasant to look on, and are prominent enough to make it difficult not to look on them. They hand us on, past glittering pyramids of chemicals, equally glittering fire-arms, clocks, watches, jewelry and "jewelry," bells, books, and candles,—for the light of other days still lifts an adamant front against the invaders kerosene, gas, and electricity,—wines, plated ware, and a tolerably full list of leading minor manufactures which form the broad environment of the foreign exhibits that occupy the centre of the building. Plated wares, it may be remarked, are less prominent and brilliant than at the Centennial, where they formed quite a feature. The neat and very well filled pavilion of a Connecticut company is foremost in this field. It would be pleasant to be able to say that ceramics showed progress, but it is impossible to do so on the strength of anything shown here by the potteries of the United States. The chief exhibit, that of the Trenton works, is quite large, but as markedly indifferent in quality of material and of treatment. Some terracotta from Indianapolis is more interesting, as being better of its kind and better studied in the way of design. India-rubber, almost as plastic a material under modern processes as clay and kaolin, is less abundant than they; and its increased price, due to the growing demand, has somewhat checked its use. It appears, however, in a vast variety of forms and applications. For bulky articles, such as belting, tubing, etc., the cost of the raw product gives other substances an advantage. Cotton

finds in this another opening; and machine-belts made of it, the observer is assured by the exhibitor, not only for strength and cheapness beat rubber out of sight, but are stronger than leather in the proportion of very nearly two to one. A little farther on, for all that, the leather-men tell another story, and point to their tawny piles and coils as proof that there is nothing like leather. Wire rope has dropped out of sight in the struggle for office as transmitter of power. It retains its hold on pulleys and sheaves, but lacks the grip and tenacity of belting in following the drum. *Non omnes omnia possumus.* Steel has its limitations.

Those masterful and ubiquitous musical instruments of America, the locomotive and the piano, cannot be overlooked, especially as they are dislocated from their natural partnership and assigned widely-separated quarters. There are people who hold that a Wagnerian outburst on a piano is inferior in melody to the swell of a distant train modulated by the echoless plain, the reverberating cut, the soft curve around the wooded hill, and the deep bass of the bridge. They say that the latter has the advantage, too, over the music of the great German of being more expressive and of telling better what it undertakes to tell. To a number of persons about equal to those who "assist" at a concert the voice of a coming or going train is full of poetry and sentiment, which is more than can be said of the impression made by "Lohengrin" on all the assisters aforesaid. Doubtless it is heresy to question that the hitting of a set of wires successively with a lot of little hammers is capable of leading the soul "from harmony to heavenly harmony;" and that a large majority take that view is clear from the crowds around the pianos and the excessively meagre entourage of the engines, few of the latter group, we take it, reckoning at all as instruments of music the ponderous objects of their attention standing silent and immobile as though nothing short of an earthquake could set them in motion, and not even that infuse a voice.

Recognition of the demand of the masses for music charmed in the regular way out of wire and brass and unassisted by steam appears in the music-stand, fronted by more thousands of chairs than one feels safe in stating, fixed in the core of the core of the Main Building.

Truly, the foreigners would seem to be crowded out altogether. It is not so, however. They have ample room, and look no more crowded than other occupants of these capacious grounds, with their easy air of uncalculated space. The claims of foreign countries are oddly out of proportion to their respective importance. Thus, little Belgium takes 28,508 feet, and Mexico, 36,852, while France is content with 28,848, and Great Britain with the yet more modest allowance of 16,008, the same demanded by Austria and Russia. Italy and Japan have each about half that area, and Germany but one-third of it. Several of them have exhibits elsewhere. France, for instance, illustrates her common and art schools in the corresponding department of the United States Building, and Mexico has, besides the extensive headquarters of her commission and barracks of her troops and the beautiful Saracenic pavilion devoted to her minerals, a lavish collection of fruits and plants in Horticultural Hall.

Mexico's effort is among the chief surprises of the Exposition. Nothing could be more spirited and creditable. There is a free Southern *abandon* about it, and a kindly unreserved air of good-neighborhood, that is especially pleasant. How to make a good impression upon the people of the United States and through them upon the rest of the world, and to attest frankly a determination to stand abreast of the peaceful progress of the age, seems to have been the controlling idea. All this we were hardly prepared to expect from a republic whose normal condition has been commonly alleged to be revolution, and whose controlling passion jealousy of this country. And the display is as gratifying as the spirit in which it was made. It is very wide in scope and

tastefully arranged. The centre of the long aisles and naves of cabinets and shelves is occupied by a pyramid of Mexican woods, highly polished. Among the exhibits of the public schools one is struck with a fair group of specimens of writing, drawing, etc., from school "No. 6, Chihuahua," a village in the desert, surrounded by hostile Indians, as we have been accustomed to consider it. Then there is the government's array of mails, arms, military equipments, engineering system, etc. The visitor is apt to look carefully through the manufactures for traces of the rudeness and semi-barbaric taste which have been discoverable on previous occasions. The coarse green and red pottery of the Indians, for example, has either been improved out of existence or excluded from the present collection. A fancy different from ours characterizes some of the hats and saddles, so far as ornament goes, but there can be no dispute as to the excellence of the felt and the leather and the skill and fidelity of the workmanship. Fabrics of cotton and wool are shown in considerable variety, and are noway defective in finish and substance. For paper the Mexican mills are somewhat noted. Its make-up, by the writer, the printer, and the book-binder, is as noticeable here as the material they use. Some groups of genre figures in terra-cotta are illustrative, but not artistic. Conserves, canned fruit for the American market labelled in English, fibres, Orizaba marble, the beautiful stalagmite called onyx, silver reduced and in ore, minerals of many kinds, maps, street-cars, and a long list of miscellaneous matters, so numerous as to defy classification in this very condensed description, help out the picture of the Mexican awakening. The manual labor of putting the exhibit in place, in doors and out, was done by a body of Mexican troops, stout and healthy-looking men, Indian as to rank and file, Caucasian in officers. It was a spectacle to see them, on one particularly frosty morning, in their dark-blue capotes, spading and wheeling on the walks and flower-beds around their quarters and the

arabesque pavilion. To such peaceful occupation it may be hoped they will long be restricted. The republic has ample room and call for it.

A less cheery aspect marks the display of our transatlantic neighbor on the opposite point of the compass. Her cisatlantic wing, Canada, does not appear at all. The mother-country makes a more showy figure through her West-India colonies than in her own person. They are quite strong in fruits, seeds, skins, woods, and fibres. She contributes nothing worthy of herself. There are some alcoves draped with stamped and embossed wall-paper in imitation of leather, and filled with furniture fair in design, all partaking of the sombre and repressed tone characteristic of the national timidity in color and form. Sheffield steps forward with her classic "whittles," and Ireland forgivingly aids her lords with a long rack of Blarney tweeds, comfortable obviously, but not elegant.

France denies us the rich silks it was reasonable to look for, though she presents some specimens to show that the looms of Lyons have not lost their cunning. Silver filigrees, beautiful porcelain, wines, mirrors, brass furniture,—none, unless the wines, of the first class, but generally good, and all worth study,—give a bright Gallic air to her compartment. Among her grave, walks, railway-machinery, portable bridges, and engineering subjects generally, are prominent.

Austria's bent-wood furniture of 1876 was not neglected by our home artisans, and her display in the same line now is hardly up to the mark they have attained. In Bohemian glass she keeps the lead. The Czech touch on the corundum-wheel is yet lighter than the American, and so in hand-painting and coloring. The Karlsbad glass possesses, with its own brilliance and transparency, almost the elasticity of clay, with a delicacy of texture of course beyond any clay. It is a luxury to see, particularly

by the side of the Venetian glass in the Italian department, the latter a less adequate representative of its kind.

Italy is, of course, without rival in mosaics. Her specimens in that walk are well chosen. In majolica and faience she does worse than she would have done had Robbio and the rest never existed. She should apply her innate artistic power, which lives now as it did in their time, to modern materials, which are superior to any they possessed. The iridescent plaques exhibited are poor imitations and poor in themselves. In heavier products, carved furniture is her chief effort at New Orleans.

The bric-à-brac from Germany suggests that the conqueror is taking the law from the conquered in this field at least, Paris supplying models to Berlin. It would be a hasty generalization to say that in art the Teutonic peoples will necessarily be always imitators, but somehow we find ourselves constantly in search of something to disprove it. Such search is amusingly baffled by little Denmark, whose pride and delight it continues to be, and doubtless will for years to come, to breathe and voice the classicism absorbed in Rome by the thoroughly Latinized Thorwaldsen. Her replicas in yellow clay might just as well have been shown on the Italian side as on hers, or better. They are alien on Scandinavian soil.

The Exposition gives one the impression that the natural resources of our territory are practically limitless, that the discovery of new ones is really more rapid than the effective development of those before known, that we are hardly yet in sight of a sound estimate of the population they are capable of employing and supporting, that the skilled industries are freeing themselves from local centralization and being more generally diffused, and that this tendency will increase, to the broadening of the basis of the Union's well-being, political as well as industrial.

EDWARD C. BRUCE.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

The Status of the Indian.

IT is a curious fact, and one not generally known, that, as an Indian is neither a born citizen of the United States nor yet an immigrant, there is at present no law by which he can become a citizen, even though he may give up his tribal relations, settle among the whites, learn the English language, lead a civilized life, and adopt the Christian religion.

It appears that the Constitution is not broad enough to cover this handful of red men with its protecting mantle; and although the "Fifteenth Amendment" removed the stain from the black man's skin, in so far as securing recognition of his "equal rights" is concerned, it did not in any way affect the status of the aborigines. That such discrimination militates against the Indian is too obvious to need comment, and is only explicable on the ground that heretofore there has been but little organized effort to secure proper legislation of the subject or even to obtain a correct understanding of the problem.

It is indeed a strange anomaly that there should be "a quarter of a million people in this country who are living entirely beyond the pale of the laws framed for the government and protection of its citizens." The Supreme Court has decided that the Indian has, under existing statutes, no legal standing: he cannot sue for his rights, and he is dependent for his welfare upon the wisdom of the government agent on his reservation, who is an autocrat, having practically unlimited powers of jurisdiction, combining in his person the prerogatives of judge, jury, and executioner. General Milroy, a veteran soldier of the late war, now in charge of the Yakima Agency in Washington Territory, and a most judicious officer, said at the Mohonk Conference last summer, "This matter of administering justice without law has been a very puzzling one. I

know of no restriction to my powers, and I have done nearly everything except hang an Indian." After giving an interesting description of a unique judicial system which he had devised, in which the reservation was divided into five districts, and five chiefs were appointed judges to try petty cases arising from disputes among the Indians, he said humorously, "Sometimes they hit wide of the mark; but I allow an appeal from the appellate court to myself. I am the supreme judge."

In the hands of an ignorant or unscrupulous agent such arbitrary power is capable of effecting evil consequences which are appalling to contemplate and are all the more dangerous because the Indian has no means of redress short of revolt.

Is it not strange that a government which is capable of ruling more than fifty million subjects is yet unable to solve the problem of affording protection and according justice to the original owners of the soil, though the whole race of aborigines does not equal in number the population of the little State of Rhode Island?

It is true that numerous treaties have been made with the various tribes, but they have been violated so frequently that the Indian has, alas! come to regard the government, or, as he personifies it, the "Great Father," as the father of lies.

That the problem of Indian legislation is an intricate and difficult one no one who is familiar with the vexatious complications attending it will dispute; and it is not necessary here to discuss the question whether or not the government has been "more sinned against than sinning" in its paternal relations with its wards. My object is to show as briefly as possible the reasons why the temporizing policy which has prevailed heretofore cannot, in the nature of things, long continue to exist.

The tide of immigration has swept across the Plains with amazing rapidity within the past few years, pushing the Indians farther and farther westward until they have met a counter-current advancing eastward from the Pacific slope. They have then been herded like cattle on reservations, which now stand like islands in the midst of a great sea, though their buttresses are rapidly crumbling before its irresistible power. The result of these opposing forces has been to produce a condition of "unstable equilibrium" (to borrow a mechanical expression) in the whole Indian territory which is imminently dangerous both to the red man and the immigrant. The recent "Oklahoma boom," though happily terminated without a conflict, is one evidence of the truth of this assertion.

The vacillating policy of the government in its dealings with the Indians has proved enormously costly both in lives and in money, and its results have not been encouraging from any point of view. It has been proved that a tithe of the vast sums that have been spent in fruitless wars with the Indians would have sufficed to afford all the educational facilities needed to convert them from a condition of ignorant and turbulent savages into self-supporting, useful citizens. The old idea that the Indians, like some wild animals, are incapable of being tamed and made to work for their living needs to be modified in the light of recent developments. General Crook's official report of the progress made by the Apaches—the most warlike tribe—since they were subdued by him, two years ago, is of itself a sufficient refutation of this charge; but other and even stronger evidence to the same effect is not wanting.

Of the five thousand Apaches who were on the war-path two years ago more than fifteen hundred are now *entirely self-supporting*. During the past season they cultivated 4000 acres of land; their crops included 20,000 pounds of potatoes, 50,000 pounds of wheat, 54,000 pounds of beans, 200,000 pounds of barley, 3,850,000 pounds of corn, be-

sides large quantities of garden-produce. Their crop of hay approached 1000 tons. When we consider the difficulties under which these Indians labored, owing to the want of proper farming-utensils, the results are truly surprising. "Old lard-cans and butchers' knives" do not seem, in this age of improved agricultural machinery, very promising implements of husbandry even in the horny hands of an industrious immigrant; but when we are told that the above results were obtained by the "lazy Indian," who is generally regarded as a worthless character, by the aid of such makeshifts, it indicates that the general opinion in regard to the incapacity of the red man for hard-fisted labor needs revision.

The Indians are no longer justly classed as hopeless savages; for more than twenty thousand (not including the half-breeds) live in houses of their own construction, and more than seventy-five thousand dress in citizens' clothes, cultivate the soil, and lead useful lives. They have proved their capacity and eagerness for education; and, notwithstanding the fact that they have been subjected to every species of chicanery, they are, as a rule, quick to perceive and anxious to avail themselves of the advantages of civilization.

The claim is not here made that the Indian is a hero, that he is "the soul of honor," or that his habits would commend him as an agreeable companion to the fastidious; but it is maintained that he is a human being, not a wild beast, that he has certain well-defined rights which this government is bound to respect and protect, and that the shameful system of injustice, cruelty, and fraud which has been practised upon these wards of the nation with impunity heretofore must now give place to a more humane and enlightened policy. This reform can only be inaugurated through the force of public opinion, which, fortunately, seems at length to have been fairly aroused upon this long-neglected though important subject.

A. E. OUTERBRIDGE, JR.

A Curiosity of Literature.

THE following campaign document fell into my hands during a recent journey in the South. One does not look for superior elegance in a literary effort of its class, but there is something so unique in the infelicities of this one that it seems to deserve rather more than the ephemeral life of most campaign effusions, and may fairly claim some brief immortality as a literary curiosity. The allusions to Mr. Davis's character and intellectual attainments remind one of the late lamented Lady O'Looney, "bland, passionate, and deeply religious," who "painted beautifully in water-colors, and of such is the kingdom of heaven." The reader will please observe the very unprecedented inducements offered to voters in the closing paragraph. The italics are my own:

To the Voters of Craven County:

Daniel Davis was nominated for Sheriff by the County Convention held at the Court-House in the City of New Berne, July 20th, 1882, by the National Greenback Labor Party.

Mr. Davis is about fifty-four years of age, and without a dollar in his pocket with the assistance of some friends commenced a small farm and stock-raising. At the end of the first year he paid up all his indebtedness and kept on at his labors at the same business, at about which time he was married and also joined the church, and has been since then a consistent member of his church; has raised several children and given them all a good business education. Since Mr. Davis connected himself with the church he has never been known to retire at night or leave his chamber in the morning until he has fallen upon his knees at his bedside and asked God's blessing, and the beauty of all is his wife Mrs. Davis is always by his side. This is a happy family.

Mr. Davis is an honest upright and a christian gentleman. He has never been known to refuse to contribute for charitable or benevolent purposes, or to turn the beggar from his door without contributing to his wants, whether they

be white or colored, whether old and infirm with their gray locks bent with age or the suckling babe. Mr. Davis always meets them with an open hand of charity.

It has been said that Mr. Davis could not write his name; in reply we will say that he has a certificate from Mr. R. F. Lehman who was one of the first lawyers of the State and examiners of the board of school teachers in this county. So that settles that matter.

It has also been stated that Mr. Davis cannot give the required bond, but we say that we can find live men who can and has offered to go on his bond for over \$100,000 and will justify for more than that amount. *It is true Mr. Davis is a very ordinary looking man*, but he is a gentleman and deserves the support of every man in the county and if elected will give general satisfaction to all, for we believe he will be the right man in the right place.

It has always been customary for Sheriffs to visit only when they have warrants to serve or for taxes. *We believe it will afford Mr. Davis much pleasure to pay friendly visits to his friends and neighbors at any time when circumstances will permit.* Mr. Davis is a staunch Greenbacker because he is opposed to oppression by high taxation or otherwise, and we do feel assured that all who vote for Daniel Davis for Sheriff will never have any cause to regret it.

Very Respectfully,
MANY CITIZENS.

Specimens of Unconscious Wit.

THE possibilities of human ignorance in the way of reading and spelling are past finding out, and afford an ever-interesting field for investigation. There is absolutely no limit to the mistakes that people may make, and the mistakes are always more or less amusing. One might even say that there is wit in the following blunders, if we accept Leigh Hunt's definition of wit as "the arbitrary juxtaposition of dissimilar ideas." It was a Sunday-scholar among the sand-hills of Eastern North Carolina who read from his Bible,—

"And then came a certain *power widow*, and shot him in two minutes, which makes a *fair thing*."

When one discovers that the verse in question relates to a certain *poor widow* who threw in *two mites*, which makes a *farthing*, the paraphrase seems most ingeniously funny.

That same Eastern South Carolina community seems to labor under an *embarras de richesses* in this kind of wit, for the visitor who enjoyed the privilege of teaching the precocious young blunderer above alluded to was so happy as to hear, in the sermon which followed the Sunday-school session, an allusion by the preacher to "that road along which no traveller's bones has ever returned." North Carolina, however, has not a monopoly of this sort of thing.

It was in Florida that I saw a telegram sent home by a "Cracker," who, having been robbed, as he supposed, by a gang of gypsies, set off in pursuit of them, and, having overtaken them, despatched to his father the laconic message, "Apprehended the *Egyptians*!" Which, though the "Cracker" wot it not, was, after all, in its suggestion of the spoiler spoiled, nearly as bright a play upon words as Sir Charles Napier's famous despatch, "*Peccavi, I have Scinde!*" It must be confessed, however, that none of these effusions is quite equal to the brilliant pun recently perpetrated by an English school-girl, who described the river Nile as "a most remarkable river, which was discovered by Dr. Livingstone and rises in Mungo Park."

L. S. H.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

"In the *Lena Delta. A Narrative of the Search for Lieutenant-Commander De Long and his Companions, followed by an Account of the Greely Relief Expedition and a Proposed Method of Reaching the North Pole.*" By George W. Melville, Chief Engineer U.S.N. Edited by Melville Phillips. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

CHIEF ENGINEER MELVILLE's cheerful courage, tireless energy, and finally almost superhuman efforts in the Jeannette Expedition and in behalf of the survivors and the lost were well known before his own chronicle appeared. It might have seemed that the interest of the present work must have been largely discounted by Lieutenant Danenhower's brief but pointed notes, Mr. Gilder's "Ice-Pack and Tundra," and finally by the letters and diaries of De Long himself. Such, we are glad to discover, is not the case. "In the *Lena Delta*," besides being a most modest and manly story of arduous work done and painful vicissitudes encountered, is more vivid, effective, and exciting than any account hitherto given, except, of course, De Long's last diary, which for tragedy and pathos has hardly a parallel in man's written word.

Several causes have combined to make the loss of the Jeannette the most sensational event in the history of Arctic explorations. To begin with, the geographical situation is not complicated by any of those unknown and tortuous coasts which the maps of our own continent present within the Arctic circle. Every one sees at a glance the position of the "Jeannette" the moment she entered the "pack," and, her danger readily understood, the whole after-story of disaster after disaster develops with remorseless logic, the terrible tragedy determined and controlled by a fate against which the agents are powerless to struggle.

Melville's party showed a strength and a dogged endurance which carried them through to final safety; but it is a record not to be read without shudderings of the flesh and curdlings of the blood. With all our disgust for the natives, sunk as they are in degradation, we yet experience the liveliest gratitude as we read of their efforts in behalf of the starved and frozen men. Certainly these Yakuts proved, on the whole, not only tender-hearted, but faithful and courageous in Melville's service. And if

they occasionally showed a little dishonesty, greed, or weariness in well-doing, we must reflect that the same foibles are not unknown even among civilized people in temperate zones. We have to thank the Yakuts for saving not only Melville and his party, but Ninderman and Noros; and we must not call them "common and unclean" for eating frozen fish and "old goose," which offends our fastidiousness. Melville showed a masterly tact in keeping these Yakuts faithful to him through dangers and privations. Once or twice, when they wished to desert him during his first expedition in search of De Long, he argued with them in this wise: he knocked down the nearest with an iron-shod stake, and, loading his gun, fired after those of the deserters who were more remote. When they fell on their knees and tried to explain to him that they were only anxious to return home because he was in danger of starvation, he told them he would not starve, but first would eat the dogs and then eat them, the Yakuts. We confess that the poor dogs rouse our liveliest feelings of sympathy, and we prefer them to the other aborigines. Melville had to stifle his pain and pity both for dogs and natives with a "Poor dogs! poor natives! poor everybody!"

Had he once given way to feebler instincts, everything would have been lost. In spite of his decision and energy, he seems nevertheless one of the best-natured of men. Even when his way was beset by "special correspondents," who, while he did the work, opened his despatches and appropriated them to adorn their paragraphs, he abstains from more than an easy vengeance. There are few who will not find his allusions to these literary gentlemen piquant. Arctic blasts evidently do not wither nor pangs of hunger stale the noble rage for news of the New-York reporter. When Mr. Melville does lash out in wrath, it is not for any wrongs of his own, but that the mausoleum he had prepared for De Long and his comrades should have been violated, and that the carping criticism of luxurious stay-at-homes should attempt to measure the necessities and resources of men engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle with cold and starvation.

It is almost a comfort to the reader to feel that one who has done and suffered so largely in the cause of Arctic discovery should still retain faith in the worth of such costly enterprises. The author is as eager as ever to find out the mystery

of the frozen circle, although he has apparently no faith in an "open polar sea," but theorizes regarding an "ice-cap" enveloping the pole and extending down to latitude 85°. But if another Arctic expedition is ever undertaken, we trust that the same tactics will be used as in an armed invasion of a hostile country,—that point after point will be seized as the party advances, garrisoned, and held as a base of supplies, a means of reinforcement, or an assurance of lines of retreat. There is something barbarous in the fate of these great expeditions, victualled for years, loaded down with every costly adjunct for comfort and security, yet in so many cases reaching the same result of destitution, death, or worse than death.

Mr. Melville urged the government to send out a search-party for Greely and his men in the autumn of 1883, and when the Relief expedition finally started in 1884 he joined it, and adds a chapter—"Northward Once More"—to his story of the "Lena Delta," telling of the rescue last June.

After they had come upon those few survivors, Melville tells how, when he had spoken to Greely, who peered out of his sleeping-bag to discover that succor had reached them at last, the latter "said he was glad to see one of the people of the Jeannette, for he had learned a great deal of the history of our expedition from scraps of newspapers that had been wrapped around some lemons left by the Garlington party. Alongside of him," Melville goes on to relate, "lay a man on his back, Sergeant Ellison, who said he would like to shake hands with me, but his hands and feet were both frozen off. I looked down, and saw that his nose was likewise gone. . . . When I shook poor Ellison by the stump, he said, 'So you are one of the officers from the Jeannette; and poor De Long is dead. You must have had a terrible time.' Here was sympathy, sure enough," is Melville's comment. And before privations and sufferings like these, and feeling like this between comrades in suffering, we bow our heads in wonder and in pity.

"Harriet Martineau." By Mrs. F. Fenwick Miller. (Famous Women Series.) Boston: Roberts Brothers.

MISS MARTINEAU'S autobiography is still so fresh in the minds of its readers, and so many new views and side-lights have been thrown upon this remarkable

woman by the recently-published gossip, detraction, and praise of several of her contemporaries, that Mrs. Miller's little biography can scarcely be said to fill a void. We know a great deal about Miss Martineau, both from her own point of view and from that of other literary people; and her present biographer must have been sadly hampered by her own conviction that little remained to be said, and that, with so many clever criticisms fermenting in the public mind, it was a difficult matter to seize precisely the right tone about the worth of the life and the work she had undertaken to recount. It may be this consciousness which has left Mrs. Miller a trifle cold and dull. She has not warmed to her task: she esteems Miss Martineau, but is a little in doubt about her real place in the Temple of Fame. Miss Martineau was eccentric; that is, her orbit was beset by strange attractions, and her deviations from the prescribed course had to be explained by occult and mysterious influences. At times she was carried away by the domination of ideas with which only true believers could be in sympathy. She was in all respects a difficult subject to treat,—too near our own time, too positive, too little rounded off by the pleasing haze of distance and forgetfulness. Then, too, although Miss Martineau did an enormous amount of work that was useful to her day and generation, her ideas were of a sort that is readily absorbed into the general sum of human thought, and they seem to us nowadays little beyond truism and commonplace. Her desire for success and her long struggle to attain it were so amply rewarded that her early career scarcely calls for sympathy, since at the age of twenty-nine she was the most prominent literary woman in England. She was sickly, yet she seemed nevertheless so well equipped with all the strength necessary for a good hard battle whenever she broached a new theory that her delicate health hardly appeared to call for commiseration. Thus perfectly qualified to contend with the world, she does not rouse the feelings and touch the heart like some others. She was, nevertheless, one of the most candid and heroic of women, capable of wide, disinterested services to humanity, while needing all the force of her personality to protect herself from the effects of her many infirmities. It seems to have been largely the result of Harriet Martineau's unhappy childhood that she was moulded

into the fine character she attained. We cannot help thinking that Mrs. Miller gives too much worth to the young girl's revolt against her home-life. In the struggle between the necessity for doing the common things which lie nearest us and a longing to achieve the great and far-off things, it generally proves our highest good fortune when we are not left free to give up work consecrated by love and duty. And to that early discipline Miss Martineau was no doubt indebted for her persistence, her mastery of facts, and her knowledge of how best and most systematically to use her powers.

Fiction.

"The Mystery of the Locks." By E. W. Howe. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

"The Author of Beltraffio," etc. By Henry James. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

"A Penniless Girl." From the German of W. Heimbürg. Translated by Mrs. A. L. Wister. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

"Weird Tales." By E. T. W. Hoffmann. Translated by J. T. Beally, B.A. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

MR. HOWE's second book, unlike his first, has no preface: hence we are left to speculate under what circumstances it was written. One may safely hazard the conjecture, however, that its real *raison d'être* was that the author was eager to make a second literary venture without loss of time. "The Story of a Country Town" was, so to speak, a spontaneous production. Certain phases of life and character had vividly impressed themselves upon the author's consciousness, and he depicted them in a mood partly tender, partly pathetic, and almost invariably humorous. Nobody in actual life ever talked as people talk endlessly in "The Story of a Country Town," but the characters appealed to us as human beings, and we seized their meaning. "The Mystery of the Locks," however, offers nothing but a procession of phantoms from old novels,—the novels of our youth. Old acquaintances revisit the glimpses of the moon in this story, and remarkable incidents, worn threadbare by use, renew their youth. The description of "Davy's Bend," the decaying town which is the scene of the story, is after Dickens, and the prototypes of the two worthies Tug Whittle and Silas Davy may be found in the works of the same author. The deserted house called the "Locks," and its "mys-

tery," are a part of the regular paraphernalia of old-time fiction, and the hero Allan Dorris, descending upon "Davy's Bend" in the blackness of night, is Jane Eyre's Mr. Rochester, tempered and softened by a few of the characteristics of Bulwer's elegant heroes. We quite agree with the heroine that Dorris is "odd;" but for behavior which transcends the usual and aspires to not only what is unknown but is inconceivable, the heroine far eclipses the hero before the climax comes. Nothing in this book equals the wit and wisdom of Mr. Biggs in "The Story of a Country Town," but there are suggestions of good characters,—like Mr. Armsby, with his vague accounts of flattering tributes from noted people whose names he has forgotten; John Bill, a newspaper editor who was "ruined by a railroad-pass;" and Tug Whittle, whom the author intended for his supreme effort, but whom he has half spoiled by over-description. If Mr. Howe's second book, like the second books of many authors, seems to be a failure, the very defeat he has now encountered, by teaching him where his real skill lies, may give some future third book a higher and more significant success than he has yet reached.

None of Mr. James's best work is to be found in the volume of stories gathered together under the title of "The Author of Beltraffio." Fairly good although the manner of the stories is, there is little in the matter to commend them. Each rests, it is true, upon a distinct idea in the author's mind. In "The Author of Beltraffio" a mother sacrifices her child's life lest he should grow up to be contaminated by his father's loose social and religious views; "Georgina's Reasons" is a Dumas-like study of an absolutely soulless woman; and "The Path of Duty" shows how a man may be happy while marrying a woman he does not love and loving a woman he does not marry. These stories probably mark an epoch in Mr. James's career when he aspired after "art for art's sake," like the modern school of French novelists. The real fact is, however, that Mr. James has not enough *laissez-aller* to depict violations of the moral code. Such stories

revolt without attracting the reader. In his exquisite sense of humor for what lies within fixed conventional limits he finds the best opportunity for that unrivalled "criticism of life" which is his province.

We have become so accustomed to the energetic modern heroine, eager to be a lawyer, doctor, author, at least a professor, anything rather than be condemned to the stagnation of the life of a conventional young woman, that Elsie, the "penniless girl" of Mrs. Wister's last translation from the German, is refreshing to us by way of contrast. The accident of her sex cuts her off from the possibility of inheriting the family property, and the "gray set life and apathetic end" of a governess is appointed to be her destiny. Elsie, however, loves the freedom and ease of every-day existence: she loves society, she is quickened by all a young girl's hopes of a happy marriage. How at first the life of a happy woman seems to have been denied her,—her temptations to accept great wealth without love,—her fidelity to the promptings of her heart,—all this makes a pleasing and excellent story.

Our present taste for short stories clear and crisp in style and realistic in situation finds an agreeable antithesis in tales like Hoffmann's, fantastic in conception, and developed in a free, unrestrained way, with a wild and shapeless outline which captivates the imagination, careless of accepted rules of art. Few will fail to find these two volumes full of interest. The author excels in the creation of Rembrandt-like effects, and every fair and soft presentation gains relief from a background black with mystery and romance. No ghost impresses the fancy like a German ghost; and in "The Entail" may be found a true Teutonic *Geist* haunting the scene of his crimes and making night hideous. "The Sand-Man" has been before offered to English readers in collections of German stories, and for a certain grotesque horror may be considered Hoffmann's *chef-d'œuvre*. Each of the stories has been chosen for some particular excellence, and, being well translated, with copious notes, the edition is one which calls for high praise.

